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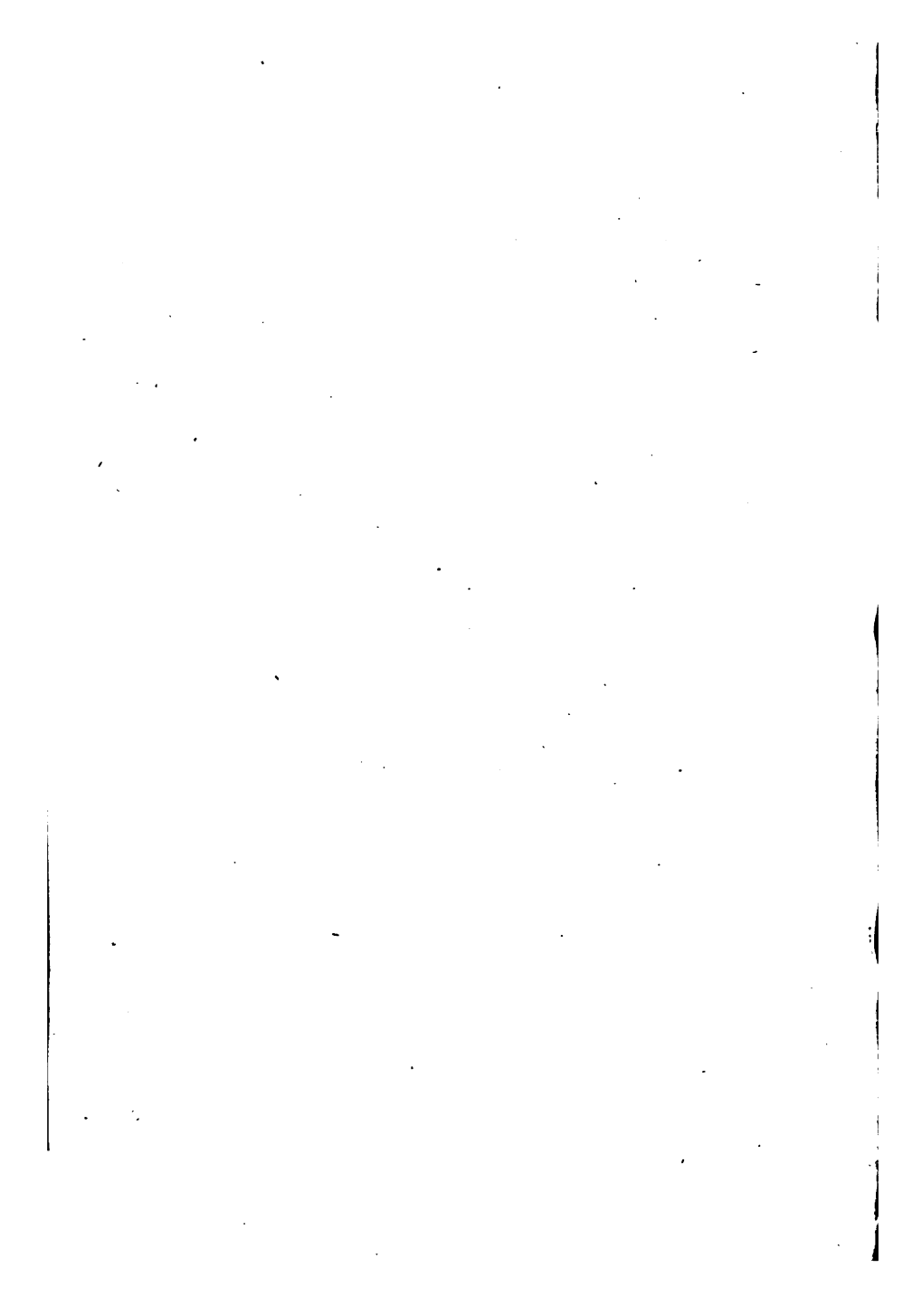
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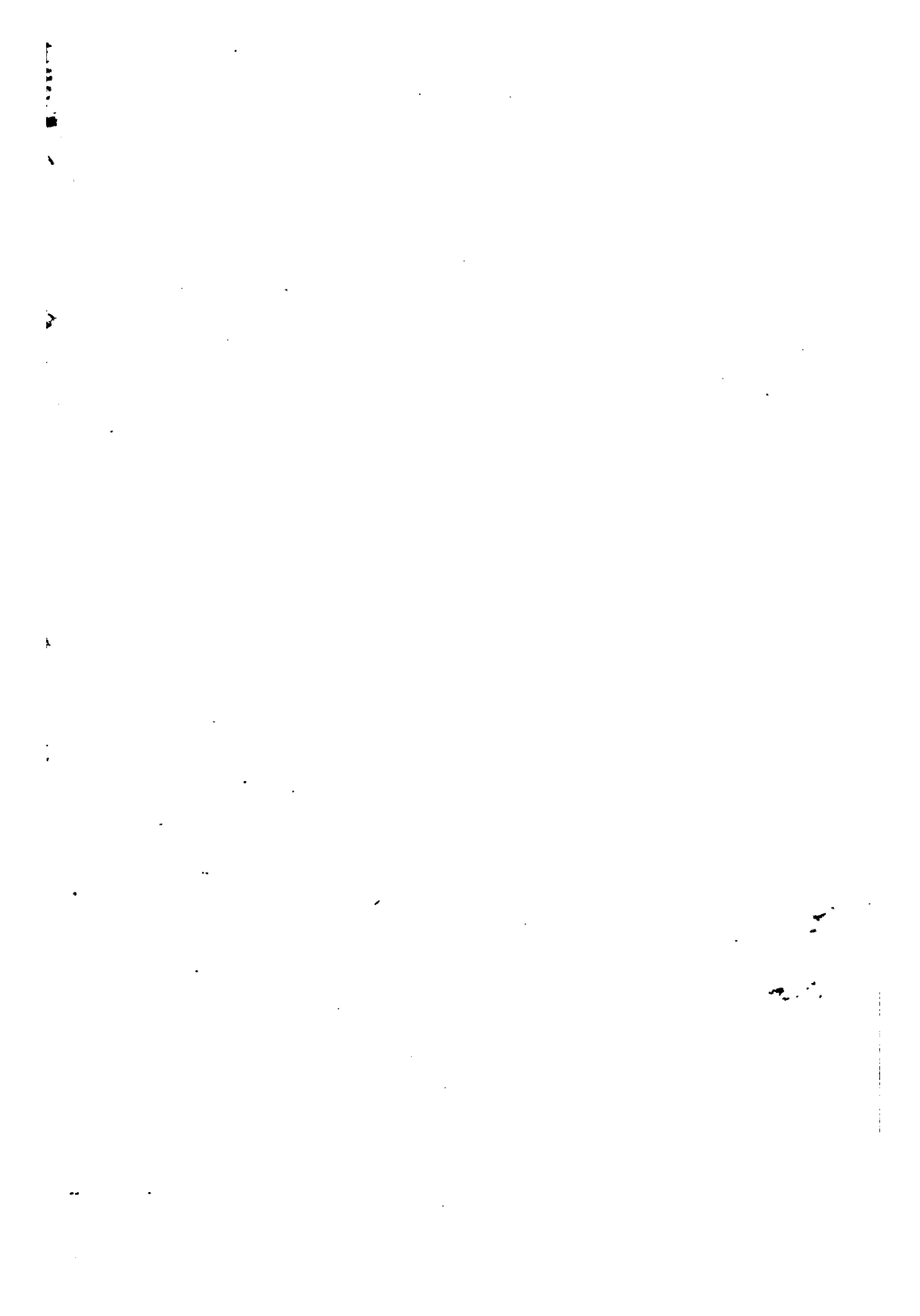
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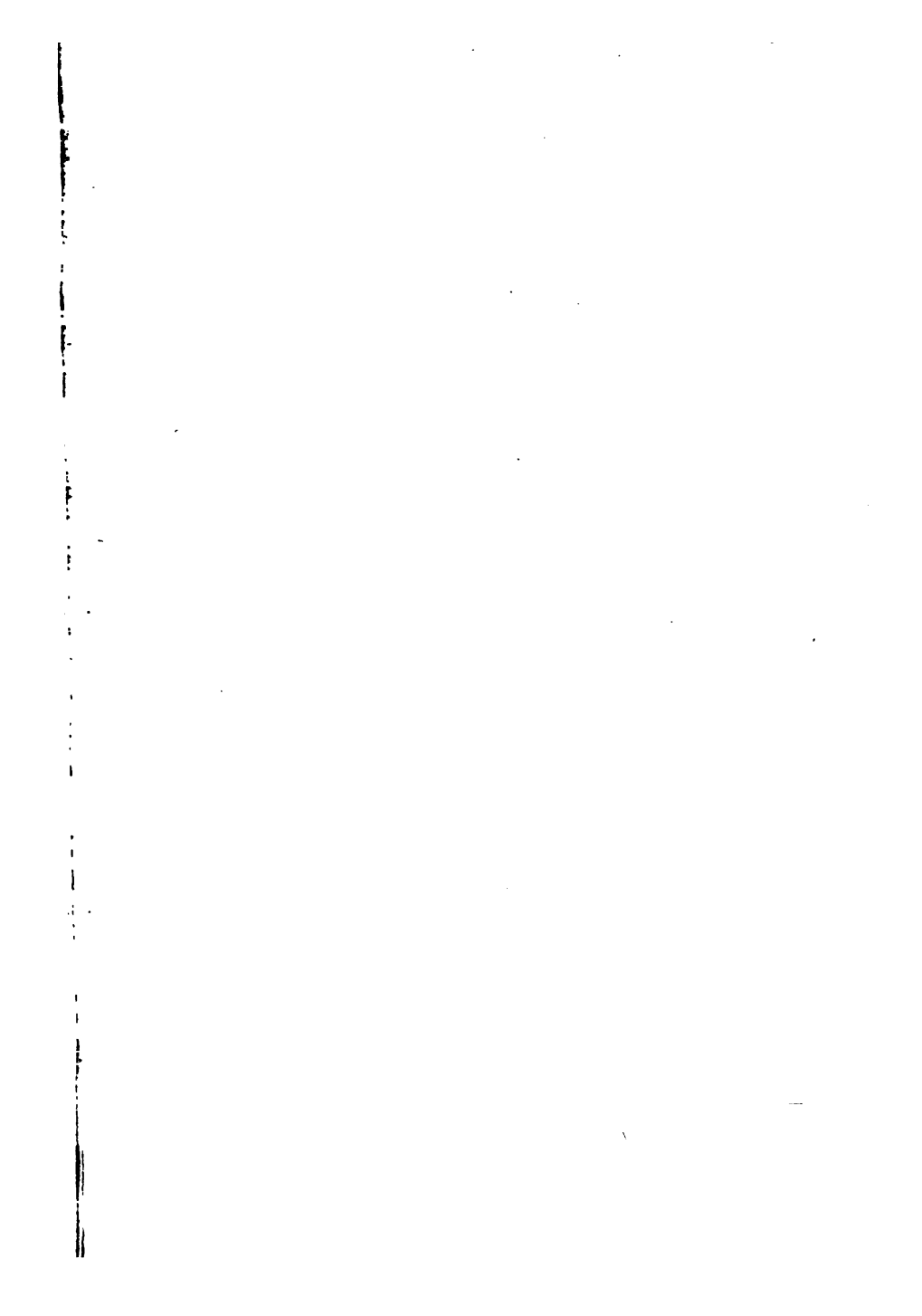
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AMERICAN HEROES

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ON

MISSION FIELDS.

BRIEF MISSIONARY BIOGRAPHIES.

EDITED BY

REV. H. C. HAYDN, D. D.



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Contents.

- NO. 1. MRS. CLARA GRAY SCHAUFFLER.
- " 2. HENRY SERGEANT WEST, M. D.
- " 3. REV. DAVID TAPPAN STODDARD.
- " 4. ASAHIEL GRANT, M. D.
- " 5. REV. WILLIAM GOODSELL, D. D.
- " 6. REV. TITUS COAN.
- " 7. REV. HARRISON GRAY OTIS DWIGHT,
D. D.
- " 8. S. WELLS WILLIAMS, LL. D.
- " 9. REV. ELIJAH COLEMAN BRIDGMAN, D. D.
- " 10. MISS JULIA A. RAPPLEYE.
- " 11. REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON.
- " 12. REV. WILLIAM G. SCHAUFFLER, D. D.
- " 13. REV. JOHN ELIOT.

4-25-32 JWB

I.

Mrs. Clara Gray Schauffler.

BY MRS. DOUGLAS PUTNAM.

AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

I. CLARA GRAY SCHAUFFLER.

EARLY DAYS.

CLARA E. (GRAY) SCHAUFFLER was born October 3, 1842, in Enfield, Massachusetts. Her father was Dr. J. H. Gray, who, soon after her birth, removed to Springfield, Massachusetts, and became a prominent physician. Her mother—now Mrs. Charles Merriam, of Springfield—was the daughter of Mrs. Leonard Woods, of Enfield. When Clara was about ten years of age, Mrs. Schauf fler's father, Dr. Gray, lost his life in the railroad disaster at Norwalk, which so thrilled the country at that time. Her attachment to him was unusually strong, and her young heart was filled with rebellion at her loss. She was never reconciled to it till she became a Christian.

A year or two after her father's death, her mother, to be near some much-loved sisters, removed to what was then "the wilds of Michigan." Clara was the eld-

est of four children, and in the privations, sicknesses, and disappointments that they were called to encounter, took an eldest daughter's place with more than usual judgment, care, and faithfulness. She was specially devoted to her kindred and to the select circle of her chosen friends and associates, but her natural fastidiousness kept her aloof from those who did not commend themselves to her taste or affections.

Her pride was severely tried by the circumstances in which she was placed at this early age. Hard discipline was mingled with these youthful experiences. Her pride, her love of ease and tasteful things, and her dislike of all that was coarse or vulgar, made many difficult places for her feet to tread. But amid the losses and adversities of her lot the Lord met and spoke to her soul and won her to himself, and she became thenceforth his loving and obedient child. She was about fourteen years of age when converted under the gospel preaching of Rev. J. T. Avery, the evangelist.

From this time onward her character grew in beauty and strength, developing steadily in the school of life—deepening, sweetening, and broadening under its varied lessons—till, the last one learned, the last battle fought, her work on earth ended, she was released and crowned. Many events in her life conspired to produce a rapid development of her character and capacity for doing good, and to fit her for the peculiar circumstances of her later life on mission ground. A year or two after her conversion her mother was laid aside by severe illness, and for a year was confined to her bed. Clara took the place of elder sister, mother, and housekeeper,

bearing both bravely and well the cares, economies, and perplexities attending pecuniary losses, sickness, and the inconveniences of life in a new country.

After her mother's recovery she pursued her education for a time at Detroit, where she made rapid progress in her studies; then for a brief period at Olivet College; and later, after her mother's second marriage and return to Springfield, enjoyed a year of great intellectual and moral stimulus at Andover, Mass., under the instructions of Mrs. B. B. Edwards and Prof. Park. These advantages, combined with her previous discipline, were among the chief providential means used to prepare her for the successful work of her after years.

Attractive in person and manners, possessed of a certain magnetism which won for her both admiration and friendship, surrounded by so much that makes life bright to the young, with a beautiful home, strong family ties, and attractive prospects, she turned from all this to lay herself at the feet of Him who had redeemed her, and gladly accepted service for him in foreign lands.

MARRIAGE AND LIFE ABROAD.

In November, 1862, she was married to Rev. Henry A. Schaufler, eldest son of the eminent and veteran missionary, Dr. William G. Schaufler, and in December sailed with him for Constantinople. On their way they tarried at Heidelberg for a few months' study, that Mr. Schaufler might be the better prepared for his duties as professor at Robert College. Their connec-

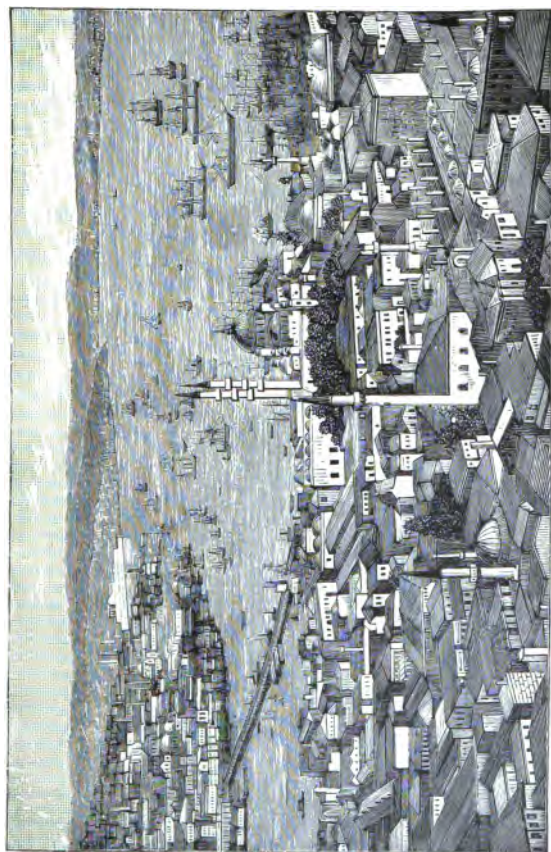
tion with this institution was exchanged after a time for the more immediate missionary work of the American Board in Constantinople.

Here she grew constantly in all that matures and beautifies Christian character. She made many warm and life-long friends. She shared her husband's trials, cares, and earnest work for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom, proving not only a loving wife, but a wise and sagacious counsellor. Here, too, she entered upon the cares, joys, and responsibilities of motherhood, devoting herself to them with unsparing devotion.

These ministrations, however, did not hinder her sympathies from going out to all about her. To do good to her own household, to her servants, to the native visitors at her house, and to all classes with whom she came in contact, was her constant aim and her perpetual joy. Not duty but the love of Christ was constraining.

To share the boxes and good things which thoughtful friends so often sent her, with those in the interior who were engaged in the same work, was a great joy. Their arrival was one of her especial delights, and probably none was ever unpacked without a goodly share of its contents being appropriated to others.

She carried other missionaries very tenderly on her heart and in her prayers, and made their wants, joys, and sorrows her own. Her aunt, Mrs. Labaree, not very much older than herself, and who only by a few years preceded her as a missionary, but going to Persia, on hearing of her failing health, wrote, "How can I give



CONSTANTINOPLE.

Clara up? I can never express what she has been to me in all these years of my missionary life. Her letters and sympathy have been a continual solace and help. Nor can I tell you how sublime the faith of this dying mother appears to me, nor what a sense I have of its far-reaching influence, in this and other lands, upon those who read the story."

Her correspondence with missionaries in various fields all over the world was extensive. With all a sister's interest did she love to welcome and minister unto those who passed through Constantinople on their way to the interior, or when returning homeward from their stations.

In 1870 Mr. Schauffler's health compelled their return to America. They brought with them four children, and remained a year and a half. This was by no means an idle period. While resting they were doing good work for the Board and for the Master. Many who had no hope in Christ, or who followed him "afar off," were reached and benefited. Many had their attention called to their obvious stewardship over wealth, and to the command of our Lord, "Go teach all nations." Mrs. Schauffler was thus brought into contact with many cultivated Christian ladies, over whose minds she exerted a strong and abiding influence for good. There have come to the writer's knowledge many touching incidents illustrating her Christian courage and faithfulness, and the power of her hearty and loyal testimony for Christ, as well as the influence of her example and Christlike spirit, as she visited and mingled with kindred, friends, and acquaintances during this

visit to her native land. Some have testified that to a chance interview with her during this period they owe an inspiration to higher Christian living, and a more earnest consecration to the Master.

LIFE IN AUSTRIA.

In May, 1872, they went to Austria, at the request of the Board, to help found a new mission among the Bohemians. It was a great trial to sever the ties formed in Constantinople; but duty seemed to point to this new work, and she entered upon it with a fresh consecration. After completing the survey of this new field, Mr. and Mrs. Schauffler settled, first at Prague, and then at Brünn, where they continued to labor until 1881, when her failing health compelled their return to this country. This Austrian field they left with keen regret, and only after the earnest advice of friends and the Prudential Committee of the Board. They were, however, sustained by the hope of an early return, after a brief period of rest and recuperation.

Secretary Clark, in one of his official reports, pronounces Austria "the most difficult field occupied by the Board." It was in the face of many and great difficulties, often apparently insurmountable, of persecutions in which the whole power of Rome and of the local civil authorities combined to crush all missionary efforts, of popular apathy and moral degradation almost incredible, and of shame and contempt heaped upon foreigners who presumed to teach a pure gospel, that Mrs. Schauffler's real missionary work was done, and her admirable qualities of head and heart, and her emi-

nent fitness and devotion, were brought most fully into light.

She commanded the respect, often the admiration, of those who became acquainted with her, though she never failed to show her colors or to seize with courage and tact every opportunity that offered to speak for Christ or benefit souls. Whether it was a government official or a family physician, a man of learning or an ignorant child, a lady of rank or a beggar, that she met, her heart went out in longing desire to win that soul for Christ—a desire manifested in wise and gracious words, and if possible by some kind service done or help rendered.

For nearly nine years she thus labored in this field. When her way was hedged up in one direction she turned to another. When prohibited from having Sabbath-schools in her house or any general instruction, she turned her efforts towards her domestics and those with whom she came in contact in the market or the store, and was ever on the alert to benefit and save them. In their times of sickness and sorrow she went to them with comfort and sympathy, thus winning many a noiseless victory for Christ, despite the close scrutiny of the enemies of religious liberty.

A venerable missionary, visiting them on his way home from his field of labor farther east, remarked of her, "Mrs. Schauffler will not be hindered from preaching Christ; she will do it through the crack of a door, if no other way offers."

Her life in Austria was an intense one. So acute was the pain she felt at the moral looseness and degra-

dation of those she met in the various ranks of society, so untiring and earnest were her efforts to reach and save them, so great the excitement caused by the persecutions of the civil authorities, that, when to this were added the peculiar difficulties connected with house-keeping and the training of a large family of children, under many limitations and circumstances hard to be understood in this country, there was a constant strain upon her vital forces, which at length gave way and were utterly broken down.

The family lived mostly in flats, and often on the third story. There were no schools for their children to attend, and scarcely any companionship or sympathy for them outside their home. They were shunned and insulted, while their parents were denounced in public and in private. Always closely watched, they were sometimes dragged before the courts, fined, and warned to leave the country. Yet she succeeded in doing a wonderful work for her children—one that many a favored mother in this country of opportunity and privilege might covet for herself.

Few can be found more thorough as housekeepers and care-takers; few give so much personal supervision and attention to a large household; few are more ingenious and painstaking for the entertainment and amusement, as well as for the education and moral culture, of their children, than was she, with all this tax on her time and strength, in such adverse circumstances. In addition to all this, she kept up an extensive correspondence, not only with friends in this country, but with missionaries and friends of missions in other fields

and lands. She also frequently used her pen for the press, consuming in this way and in correspondence hours needed for sleep. She wielded a graceful pen, but found time and strength to use it only on occasions when her heart was unusually stirred by the wants of the field, or by the apathy and worldliness of Christians at home.

There was enough in all this, with the sicknesses incident to family life and her consuming zeal, to break down her naturally fine constitution. For two years before her return to this country she battled against the inevitable, and yielded most reluctantly.

HER LAST ILLNESS.

Soon after her return to America she gave birth to her eighth child, and from that date her strength steadily failed. She was called to part with this child in two months, to the great grief of her tender mother-heart. It was confidently expected that she would rally in time and recover her health. Eminent physicians pronounced her malady "complete nervous prostration," but gave confident hope of ultimate recovery. Hindered thus from returning to his work in Austria, Mr. Schauffler accepted a call to temporary mission work among the Bohemian population of Cleveland, Ohio, whither he removed with his family in October, 1882. It was the same work as in Austria, but under circumstances of more comfort and freedom. Here he hoped to start a good work, and if Providence favored, to leave it in competent hands and return to resume missionary labor in benighted Austria. She bore her

removal to Cleveland well, and for a time seemed really better. Her mind recovered its glow and brightness under the stimulus of service in a mission field. But in January, 1883, old symptoms returned with fresh force, and towards the close of February she was compelled to take her bed. During the six months which elapsed before her death she suffered great and often excruciating pain. Towards the last there was added to this a weakness that often amounted to agony. July 2d she underwent a painful surgical operation, which, though successful, did not arrest the progress of disease, which baffled the skill of her most excellent physicians. She died of ulceration of the bowels.

About the middle of July her medical attendants pronounced her life in danger, and her mother was summoned. She was not in the least surprised or disturbed. Rather did she rejoice in the prospect of being with her Saviour. To those who knew her strong affection and devotion to her family and friends, it may seem strange that she was so willing and even eager to depart. But months before, when first confined to her bed, foreseeing the end, she had fought her battle and won her victory. At that time she passed through a severe mental struggle, which resulted in her being able henceforth to trust her dear ones fully to the Lord's care. In some verses which she penned about that time she expresses her faith that all her children would meet her in heaven, "covenant children, saved by grace."

When expecting soon to die, she said, "I ought to be the happiest person living, for I have not had a shadow come over me, nor one anxiety or trouble. I

have wondered if I could realize that I am dying, for I cannot be troubled by anything. I am sure He will take care of you all. He took away my anxiety about that weeks ago."

Conversing on the subject of the full assurance of faith, she remarked that, in order to attain it, we need,

1st. To get hold daily of some portion of Scripture (not large), and live up to it.

2d. To do what we know to be our duty—all we know the Lord asks of us.

3d. To practise self-denial in some definite matter every day, as Christ did, who pleased not himself, but spent his time and strength in works of mercy.

4th. To pray in the morning before setting about the day's duties.

She also said, "I found, a couple of years before leaving Brünn, that I must meet with Jesus before anything else in the morning. I rose at six to pray before the children began to stir. It strengthened me to bear what I could not otherwise have borne."

She bore her great sufferings with wonderful patience and submission, never forgetting those who suffered with her in their sympathy, affection, and care for her. Once, when in great distress, she exclaimed, "No more pain! I do not ask Him to take away the pain, but to help me to bear it." At another time she said, "It is a sweet and blessed thing to say, 'Thy will be done!' When I am dying keep repeating it to me." One of her favorite hymns, which she wished often repeated to her, and which was sung at her funeral, was, "My Jesus, as thou wilt."

One of her marked traits was her humble opinion of herself. She loved to quote the lines, "I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all," etc. When her husband once referred to her great love and yearning for souls, and her sympathy with the poor and lowly, she replied, "I did not always feel so. In my youth I was proud and exclusive, looking down upon and avoiding the ignorant and those who offended my taste. It is the grace of God alone that has wrought the change and awakened my sympathies for everybody for whom Christ died."

When some one referred to her unselfishness—a prominent characteristic—she replied, "I am glad no one but Jesus knows my heart fully."

On another occasion she said, "I have no good life behind me, no good deeds, but a loving, loving heart for my Saviour. I love, love, love him. I know he is right here every moment." Though "homesick for heaven," and filled with such intense longing to be with her Lord that she was disappointed whenever the symptoms appeared more favorable, she said, "I do not say much of what I am looking forward to, for it would seem selfish when you are all so sad." To her husband she said, "What plans, hopes, joys are laid up for us above, towards which we have been looking these years past!"

After expressing wonder that one so undeserving as she should be admitted to the glory of heaven, she added, "But my great thought is, I want to be with Jesus, who loved me and gave himself for me."

Her heart habitually overflowed with gratitude. For

years she kept a "thankful book," in which she noted all presents sent her and all kindness shown her. This she kept on her sick-bed till she had no longer strength to hold a pencil. To the Lord she was full of thanksgiving, even amid great suffering. Once, after a season of much distress in breathing, she became able to draw a full breath, whereupon she exclaimed, "Oh, what a good breath! Lord, I thank thee for that breath!" She was very grateful to the many friends and neighbors who remembered her with kindnesses and delicacies, and to the boys and girls who sent her flowers, many of whom she had never seen. She often asked God's blessing on them all.

As in life, so in view of death, her soul was not only full of love to Christ, but also for souls, and pressed with ardent desire for their salvation. Once on her sick-bed she exclaimed, "Oh, it is glorious to live and work for Jesus, perfectly glorious! There is no other work on earth worth living for. As I lie here and think of the blessed missionary work, and that I shall never be able to do any more for it, my heart goes out to the dear young people who have lives and strength to give, and oh, how I long to have them take it up with all the strength and enthusiasm of their souls, and ask themselves, How can I be a true missionary? You all who love me listen to my last words, and will act upon them. Why should not all Christians act upon the last words of Christ, and try to preach the gospel to every creature? For twenty years I have had the privilege of doing this blessed work, and each year has brought me a richer blessing than anything the world

could give; and if I had a hundred lives, I would give them all to that dear work."

At another time she exclaimed, "Oh, my heart is filled with love for everybody!" Once last year, as she sat at a window and watched the workingmen return from their labor, she remarked, "I never see a day-laborer pass without thinking of his soul, and whether something cannot be done for his spiritual good."

About the same time, while suffering great bodily weakness, so that she found it very difficult to walk or stand, she heard of a neighbor who had become misanthropic and virtually lived the life of a hermit. She immediately set to work to storm that castle and win that heart for her Lord. She sent her children on various errands with kind messages and marks of attention, but with little success. At length she dragged herself to that door, barred against the world, and when the recluse opened it, stood for half an hour on the doorsteps winning her way into the heart of the woman who would not ask her in. The next time she went she found so warm a welcome that neighbors wondered.

On her death-bed she was full of the tenderest concern for the salvation of friends and acquaintances far and near, to whom she sent messages, some of which she could only utter in a whisper.

She might well have said with Prof. Tholuck of Halle, "I have a passion for souls." Of her this was emphatically true. The Austrian Mission, the many souls for whom she had prayed and labored there, the Brünn Home for girls, and the Krabschitz school, were always on her heart. She once said, "When the love

of missions takes possession of a heart it never leaves it." For many years she sent a box to the Krabschitz school, and into it she always put some one gift that cost her special self-denial, besides the other good things that she packed into it with her prayers and love. When she felt that she should never send another, she longed to have some one take her place in this labor of love, and was greatly relieved and delighted when a younger sister gladly promised to take the sacred trust.

Pastor and Mrs. Schubert are at the head of the Krabschitz school, the Mount Holyoke of Bohemia, the only school of the kind in existence for the sixteen and a half millions of Slavic population in Austria. She greatly longed to have the debt of \$3,600 yet resting on the school building raised, and on learning of the failure of one more appeal from her death-bed could not refrain from tears of disappointment. To them she sent the following: "Your work is so dear to me that it seems as if I should find myself praying for it in heaven."

To some young friends in that land she sent word, "Keep near the Saviour, and think nothing worth living for that is not for the good of others;" and to another, "Do n't stand on half-way ground. Be truly and wholly consecrated, even if it leads to missionary work."

To another she sent this message: "Tell her to pour out the whole wealth of her heart's best love upon Jesus, and she will find that it will all come back upon herself, and flow all over upon others. She will find that this love for Jesus will lead her into many places

whither she has never thought of going ; and she will not only go, but she will love to go, because she is full of the love of Jesus ; and it will never move her if others disapprove or ridicule, it will only make her all the stronger ; and then, when she is where I am, she will be full of his peace."

Between July 13 and September 3 there were many alternations of hope and fear on the part of her friends. After one of these intervals of hopefulness she relapsed into great suffering, and in one of the pauses in her agony she turned a sweet look on her family surrounding her bed, and said, "I think the dear Lord let me come back and suffer so, that you may all be more willing to give me up when you see what long and hard suffering I must endure to crawl back to health."

Although those about her, and also her physician, felt that any day might be her last, yet as late as a week before her death an eminent doctor, who came from a distance to see her, gave such hope of her ultimate recovery, that her mother, who had been with her more than six weeks, returned home, and her eldest son started for college. As her mother took leave of her she reminded her of some of the doctor's last injunctions, and tried to reconcile her to his prohibition of "all talk, of seeing her children even, or hearing letters read," as the only hope of rallying. She replied, "Of course I shall do as I am told, and homesick as I am for heaven, do n't you know that I will be glad to minister to my dear ones longer, if I may?"

Her attending physician, Dr. A. G. Hart, whose Christian sympathy was as grateful to her as his medi-

cal skill was efficient in alleviating her sufferings, writes: "For weeks Mrs. Schauffler had given up the hope of recovery, and only waited anxiously but most patiently for the final hour. She was often so weak and exhausted, and her sufferings so severe, that it seemed to her and to those about her that the time must be very short. At my evening visit she repeatedly asked me, 'Doctor, can't you tell me that before morning I shall be released from my sufferings and be called home?' and when I replied that there was nothing yet to lead me to expect it, a look of intense disappointment crossed her face; then in a moment her faith would reassert itself, and she would say, 'It is the Lord's will. I am willing to wait his time.'"

Hardly had her mother and son reached their destination when the telegraph summoned them back, but too late to find her alive. Friday, August 31, she grew suddenly worse, and continued failing till the end. Sunday and Monday she was almost wholly unconscious, though apparently in great suffering. Her doctor says, "Just twenty-four hours before her death I found her failing rapidly. Her face betrayed her physical suffering, and her mind was wandering. I was ready then to answer her oft-repeated question. With some effort I got her attention, then said, 'Mrs. Schauffler, at last you can say, "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."' As I repeated the words slowly, the troubled look disappeared, and a bright triumphant smile illumined her face as she repeated, 'I have kept the faith.' Waiting a little, I said, 'Can you

think of the crown of righteousness?' 'Oh, yes,' she answered; 'blessed is he that overcometh, for he shall receive a crown of righteousness.'"

Monday evening, at 8:50, she threw up her arms convulsively. Her husband and older children, with nurses and domestics, knelt round her bed while slowly and peacefully she breathed out her life.

"The work of living a life was done,
The long fight over, the victory won,"

and she had her desire; she was "for ever with the Lord."

"Oh, where are words to tell the joy unpriced
Of the rich heart that, breasting waves no more,
Drifts thus to shore,
Laden with peace and tending unto Christ?"

Though she had lived in Cleveland but one short year, and that one of such extreme invalidism, never but once, and then with great pain and fatigue, attending the Mission Chapel where her husband ministered, she had attracted to herself a circle of warm and devoted friends. Herself and family were the constant recipients of delicate and helpful kindness and attention, which were continued to the last.

Loving hands, that did not seem like those of strangers, robed her for her last sleep, placing in profusion, within and upon the casket and about the room, the most exquisite flowers.

The afternoon of September 6 was a sweet and peaceful one, full of autumnal brightness, well befitting the return to the bosom of earth of one who had been such a blessing while she walked upon it.

The services at her desolated home were conducted by Rev. H. M. Ladd, who as a missionary's son had known her in Constantinople, and by Rev. J. T. Avery, under whose preaching she was converted in Michigan. The house was filled with a large number of friends, whose tearful faces and tender and appreciative words of sympathy to her bereaved ones attested the hold she had acquired on the hearts of those but recently strangers.

Her precious remains were carried thence to the beautiful Riverside Cemetery, where, shortly before a glorious sunset, the last prayer was offered, some of the grand promises of the New Testament were read, the newly-made mound was covered with flowers by loving hands, even the little one of the flock tenderly planting upon it his offering, and the much-loved form was left to its rest, to await the glad morning of the resurrection.

Upon the home where she had so long reigned a queen there rests a shadow and a sense of loss that no human sympathy can dispel; but upon it a radiance streams from the celestial home through whose open portal she has passed, and those whom she has so loved and served are not comfortless nor forsaken.

Answers to her fervent prayers, memories of her counsels, instances of her cheerful faith and patience, wise and holy words of cheer, and her triumphs over pain and death, linger in that home, and will continue to brighten and shed over it the perfume of a sacred memory.

WORDS OF FRIENDS.

It would be easy to fill many pages with loving testimonials fully bearing out all that has here been said. A very few must suffice.

On hearing of her dangerous illness, a Christian friend in Austria wrote: "Oh, that the spirit of dear, precious Mrs. Schauffler might rest on us! She literally consumed herself in work for the Lord."

A New England friend writes: "I shall never forget my delightful visit with her in Springfield; she was so bright and cheery, and had so many encouraging things to say to me. Well, her life has been short in years, but really long, because so filled with works of love and mercy to all who came in contact with her. Who can tell how great the number will be of those who will rise up at last and call her blessed?"

Another: "Her short life is filled with the fragrance of good deeds, and crowded with sweet and tender memories. She was a companion alike for old and young, interested in others' joys and sorrows, with a heart full of sympathy for all who had any claim upon her."

And yet another: "I never knew one who was to me more fascinating and delightful. Her winsome ways and warm, glowing heart, her quick sympathy, rare wisdom, and childlike utterances, will never fade from my memory. I am thankful to have been permitted to know her on earth, and to look forward without one doubt to meeting her again. It is sweet to think of those tired hands and weary feet at rest, and that heart,

so wrung with grief for others, now sharing the Master's joy. I rejoice and give thanks for her with all my heart."

We close these memorial pages with the following appropriate lines from Professor Park, of Andover, to Mr. Schauffler:

"Like every other friend of your departed wife, I have felt very strongly inclined to express the high opinion which I entertained of her. When she was a schoolgirl at Andover I thought her not only truly, but very, remarkable. When I saw her at Constantinople I was very much impressed by her great dignity and sweetness of demeanor. I did not wonder that so many English travellers expressed so great admiration of her. I have been equally affected as I have seen her from time to time in this country. She combined depth of piety with affable manners—a profound religious character with a sunny cheerfulness of temper. I have seldom seen a person so evidently fitted to do good. Men not at all interested in religion were interested in her. I have heard very delightful accounts of the speeches which she has made at the ladies' missionary meetings. One of them in particular has been described to me as wonderfully eloquent.

"Although I have often heard of her sicknesses, I always imagine her to be in full health. When she was last in Andover she was quite ill, but appeared to be very well. As I cannot form a picture of her when feeble or diseased, neither can I conceive of her as not being in the land of the living. It is certainly very pleasant to reflect that I need not try to form any such

conception of her, for she is in the land of the living, the land of the truly living. She has been translated to life. She is one of those persons who does not seem to need much change in order to mingle with the saints and the angels. Some persons may be equal to her in religious attainments, and yet appear to need a great transformation before they can be at home in the society of the blessed. I suppose that Mrs. Schauffler had her faults, but they were not apparent. I do not know what they were. I think that in the Biblical language she may be called perfect, because I think that persons whose faults were not prominent were called perfect when on earth. It is delightful to reflect that now she is perfect, without any accommodation of language."

Upon whom shall the mantle of this rare consecration fall?

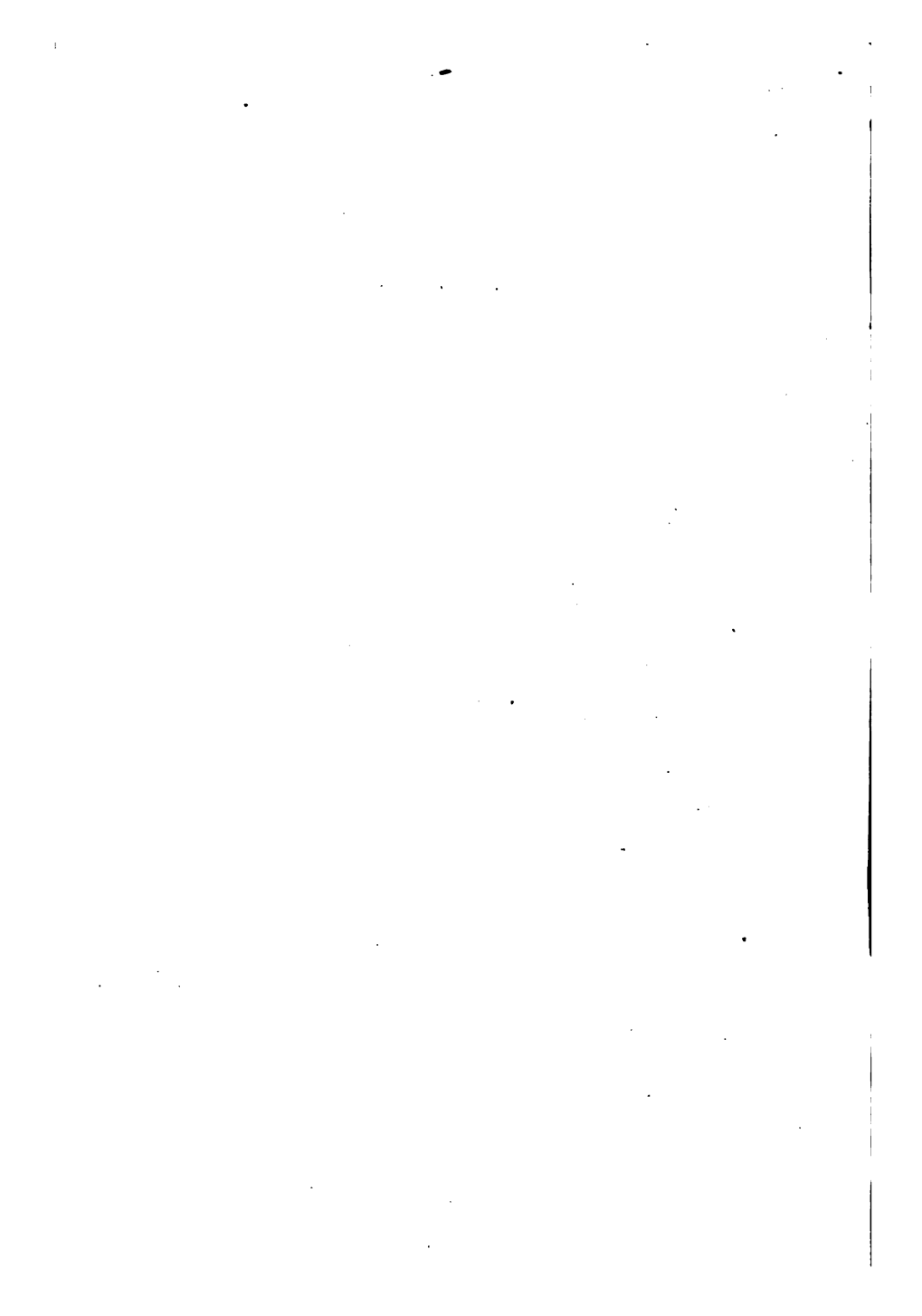
The work remains, though one of the Master's most faithful ones has finished her course and "rests from her labors."

"Oh, blessed thought, that we at last,
By patient toil and lowly prayer,
Through God's great love, may come at last
To join her happy praises there!
Oh, sweeter hope, that we may bring
Some soul, now walking in the night,
Our dear Redeemer's love to sing,
And in his smile to walk in white!"

II.

Henry Sergeant West, M. D.

BY MRS. MARY E. NILES.



AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

II. HENRY SERGEANT WEST, M. D.

MEDICAL Missions now come to the front among the potent factors that are changing the face of the world. Fifty years ago they were not so recognized. Even so recently as twenty-five years ago we find in Henry S. West, M. D., a pioneer Medical Missionary of the American Board. He was born in Binghamton, N. Y., January 21, 1827. His father, Silas West, was a physician before him, and a Presbyterian elder, both widely known and greatly loved as a devoted Christian and an honored citizen, skilful in his profession.

Henry's mother, Lucy C. West, was the youngest child of the Rev. John Sergeant, missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, whose father, bearing the same name, was the first missionary to this tribe. We are taken back to a very early day in our American history when a Bible was sent from Old England directed

to that "vaste wilderness known as New England." He was contemporary with David Brainerd and intimate with him. From all which it appears that the promise of our Heavenly Father that he will remember mercy unto thousands (of generations) of them that love him and keep his commandments was fulfilled in the subject of these pages.

His mother was a fair, sweet woman, full of the Holy Ghost and wonderfully gifted in prayer. That Scripture, "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart," was blessedly fulfilled in her case. Like Hannah of old, she asked the Lord for this son that he might be a missionary, and, like her, she prevailed: in the seventh year of wedded life the joy of motherhood was hers. She received the infant Henry as a treasure lent her from the Lord to train for him and his service, and right well did his parents fulfil the trust committed to them.

The boy early developed a love for books and a thirst for useful knowledge. At the age of four he read with the family at daily devotions, and thus early is believed to have given evidence of a truly Christian spirit. Both in the home and at the house of an intimate friend of the family, a granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, he was ever in the hands of those whose first concern was for the spiritual welfare of the child. At ten years of age he entered the school of Rev. Isaac Headly, of Owego, and for two years found this a helpful place for both his intellectual and spiritual growth.

At fourteen he entered the training-school of Rev.

J. A. Nash, of Pittsfield, Mass., improving to the full the advantages offered, and proving the earnestness of his piety by his successful efforts to win others to Christ. His home correspondence was at this time most delightful, and he seems to have been a favorite with his teachers.

We next find him living at home and pursuing his studies at the Binghamton Academy. At this susceptible age, environed by the beauties of natural scenery for which this inland town is justly famed, and, above all, by the pure, sweet atmosphere of such a home, he was specially favored by helpful influences on all sides and at all times; and, characteristically, in those days of darkness when the terrible blot of slavery lay on our fair land, sometimes the kitchen of Dr. West, sometimes a hired room, was converted into a schoolroom for the instruction of colored people in the elements of education, and Henry here began his missionary career.

COLLEGE DAYS.

He entered Yale College in the autumn of 1844, and was associated with two other Binghamton boys, like-minded—John D. Lockwood and Charles S. Hall—who proved helpful to each other in keeping alive on the altar of college life the flame of godliness.

Within three months Lockwood was suddenly removed by scarlet fever, and during his brief illness, and afterwards, it fell to Henry to be the ministering spirit of consolation. The experience of these sad days was sanctified both to him and to the college. Concerning

his life at college we have this delightful testimony from a classmate, I. S. Newton, Esq., of Norwich, N. Y.: "I first met Henry in the recitation-room at Yale, in 1844. We were strangers, but soon became fast friends, and for nearly two years much of the leisure that we could take from the ceaseless round of study we spent together. Henry soon had the reputation of being one of the best scholars in his division. In all branches of study his place he earned and held—not the highest, but a high rank. He was an earnest Christian, always hopeful and happy, and among his fellows was inclined to pleasantry, rather than to an extreme of seriousness. Indeed, his facetious words and ways were so natural, constant, and dry that they often proved to be the best sauce afforded by our club; but the droll and the wag-gish were never unseasonable. No one would fail to see that he was living, and fitting to live, a real and an earnest life. He carried all this in his face, in his delicate suggestions, warnings, and entreaties. It was evident to every intimate friend that his highest desire was to be all the time busy where the Master pointed the way. Unobtrusive, and in class gatherings almost diffident, he seldom sought place or notice. In the weekly religious gatherings he was always present and often heard, but he was exceedingly afraid of that forward manner that tends often to drive out rather than to invite serious thoughts. . . . Thus he stayed with us, winning friends and esteem, until suddenly, at the middle of a term, he left us. And an unusual honor it was in those days when, near midnight, the most of the class

escorted him to the distant steamer and bade him good-by.

"Few of us then, in our fondest anticipations, saw in the modest youth who was leaving us the germ of the famous physician of the East, or in our escort the type of the loving throngs that hereafter, in the distant land of his adoption, would crowd his journeyings, and at his death gather to do him honor.

"It was my good fortune to continue the acquaintance thus begun into after life. I remember saying to him, and with some emphasis, in reference to his acceptance of missionary life, that it seemed to me he was not called to leave his parents and enter upon that work. A quiet answer came from his father's chair: 'Our journey is almost done. God has thus far cared for us, and he will care for us. We have talked it all over, and agreed that it is Henry's duty to go.' And then the mother also testified her approval. The short life was a full life, and I love to linger among its memories."

Ill health obliged him to terminate his college course in the middle of Sophomore year, but not till, with his friend Mr. Newton, he had shared the honor of taking both the mathematical prize and the prize for proficiency in Latin. To be thus arrested in his course of study was a great trial, but it was borne with serenity and submission, looking forward and not backward.

He soon became enamoured of the medical profession as he accompanied his father in his daily rounds, and then chose it for himself and went about the work

of preparation. He in due time graduated with honor from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, and was thus fully equipped for the struggles and triumphs of his future brilliant career. His special skill and tastes lay in the line of surgery, and though at first inclined to settle in some one of the many new towns of the West, he soon found that they did not furnish an ample sphere for his special gifts. After a brief but profitable experience in Kansas, he accordingly returned to his dear old home. "There is no place like it in all the world besides," he writes to a sister in Wisconsin. And of himself he says, "I think my heart is more set upon my God and my duty than ever before; everything seems a bawble but duty. I mean to do it more and better."

MARRIAGE AND MISSIONARY LIFE.

In 1858 a special appeal was made by the American Board for skilled physicians to go out upon foreign fields and care for the missionaries, who often suffered for lack of medical skill. Dr. Jessup, then of Beirut, at that time presented these claims to the young physician, and others also interested themselves in leading Dr. West to feel that, since he had been given to God from before his birth, the hand that formed him might now be pointing him to the land which eighteen centuries ago was traversed by apostles as his special field of labor. After a severe but brief struggle Dr. West gave himself fully to the work of missions in the foreign field. For this service he was eminently fitted, being a natural

linguist, a fine scholar in every department to which he gave heed, and an earnest disciple of the great Physician.

On the 26th of September, 1858, he was united in marriage to Miss Lottie Youtz, of Rome, Pa. He found in the companion of his choice a devoted and ready helper and a faithful wife and mother, who brightened his pathway in a land of strangers. They sailed for Turkey the following February, and, after spending a few delightful weeks in Constantinople, journeyed directly to Sivas, a city near the centre of the Turkish Empire, to which they had been designated. From the moment that Dr. West set foot upon foreign soil, the Lord, whom he served continually, seemed to set his seal of approval upon him and his work. Before acquiring the language he commenced the practice of medicine and surgery among both natives and missionaries, and found in this ancient land, with its peculiar customs and ideas, just the field which he had so long desired and for which he was so wonderfully prepared. He was placed thus centrally, first of all, as a physician to the missionaries themselves; but not alone at Sivas. Fifty miles away to the northwest, at Tocat, were two families depending upon his professional care. One hundred miles to the southwest was Cæsarea, with two families likewise dependent. In addition were two others at Arabkir, one hundred and eight miles to the northeast; and Harpoot, one hundred and eighty miles to the southeast, all equally dependent upon him in their times of need. His field had therefore a radius of

more than a hundred miles, and to traverse it was to expose one's self to many perils and hardships.

Of Sivas itself the doctor thus writes: "This city of forty-five thousand souls is situated in a broad plain, through which flows the ancient Halys, once the eastern boundary of Lydia. Its present name is Kuzzle-Urmak—Red River. It is colored by the red soil through which it flows. Its ancient name indicated its salty character, owing to the salt-springs about Sivas. This is the ancient Sebaste, the residence of Mithridates, king of Pontus. It is surrounded by mountains of carbonate and sulphate of lime, out of which its buildings are mostly constructed. The walls of many of the houses are two or three feet thick, and they are consequently warm in winter and cool in summer. The better houses are two-storied and have roofs of tiles; the poorer are flat-roofed, covered with earth, packed with a roller of stone after storms to keep it hard and impervious to water. Sivas is on the old post and caravan road from Constantinople to Bagdad. The roads through this region are in many places mere paths made by animals. In the rainy season they become very bad, especially in the forests near the sea-coast. They are then but a series of holes, each one full of muddy water, through which the weary beast plunges. On the high lands, where much snow falls, the roads are mere paths beaten by animals into the surface of the snow. A storm fills them up, and there being no fences, all trace of the route is lost and travel for the time being suspended. Many perish in the storms at such times.

In the spring, when they break up, the roads become almost or quite impassable. In some ravines among the mountains the drifting snow has filled up deep chasms over which these paths lead, which at length become very dangerous to man and beast, and many of them find their graves at the bottom of some precipice or in the depths of some roaring torrent."

It was over such roads, with added perils of robbers, that Dr. West made those journeys of love and mercy which brought cheer to the hearts of missionaries, often proving as life from the dead to them, as well as healing to the sick and sight to the blind.

Soon after his arrival in Sivas he opened an office in the bookstore of the mission for the sale of Bibles and Testaments, kept by one Mardyros, a helper in the work of Christ. Two hours of every morning he gave to the multitude of patients that soon thronged in upon him from the city and surrounding villages. They were afflicted with all manner of infirmities, but most common of all, then as now in the East, were diseases of the eye, and surgical operations of this class became frequent. Meanwhile he pursued the study of the language, and, by the aid of Dr. Goodell's translation of the Bible into Turkish, was able in a few months to take a Bible-class and to welcome to it strangers, both Armenian and Turkish.

Here, too, they set up the altar of home, and children were born to them. We have the doctor's testimony to the value of the simple life of a missionary family among Oriental peoples. He was wont to say

that this itself was a witness for Christ, and that the fact that at home Mrs. West received the respect due to a Christian wife and mother was a continual lesson to the natives. They therefore rejoiced that their first child was a daughter, that all might see their affection for her, and learn that in Christ there is no respect of persons. The need of such lessons was forcibly illustrated when once on a time a Turk came to his house and found Mrs. West writing. "He lifted up both hands in astonishment. 'What, a woman write! Well, the next thing they will be teaching the donkeys!'"

Into this home sorrow came, first, in the death of the aged father in Binghamton not many months after they reached Sivas; and then, in 1865, one of the two sons given them in the land of strangers was taken to be with the Friend of children, and they sorrowfully made their first grave in the East. Out of these experiences grew the purchase of mission premises and a burial-place for their dead, which had heretofore been but an unfenced common. Here at length he was to lie and two other little ones beside him. By all these experiences of domestic life, in these early days of missions in Turkey, they were putting before the people an object-lesson of Christian faith and practice which in these later years has been often copied by natives themselves.

MEDICAL TOURS.

The doctor was often accompanied by his family on his medical tours, the children being taken in baskets hung over their beast of burden, carrying their own

provisions for the most part, and stopping at little way-side inns at night. These khans were scarcely more than a protection from the weather, animals and people being huddled together under the same roof, sometimes parted by a partition, oftener by a raised platform for the men, women, and children.

No sooner did they enter a town than the doctor was surrounded by a crowd who besought medical attention, which he freely gave, at the same time preaching Christ as the Great Physician of souls. A single instance will serve as a sample of many. He had come to Cæsarea to visit the Farnsworths. When he entered the court on horseback he found it filled with an eager and expectant crowd, and as he rode through them some lifted their hands: "O doctor, just feel my pulse;" others, "Just look at my tongue;" "Give me a little medicine." He dismounted and served them as best he could, supped, and then continued his ministrations till the day was far spent. With the first streak of day a surging crowd gathered and waited for his appearing, only to renew the appeals, receive the aid, and hear the good news of God as on the previous day.

All this fails to make its due impression, unless we are careful to keep in mind the needs of a people destitute of skilled physicians and loving ministrations, to whom such a man was more nearly like Christ to the crowds of Galilee that thronged him and followed him than any other man could be.

The following graphic account of medical work in the field is from his own pen: "In looking over my

experience, I can see some things which tend to discourage one of my profession in carrying on his work here, annoying and at the same time amusing. One thing is this: the Oriental has been so accustomed, from time immemorial, to resort in sickness to prayers, incantations, and charms, that he expects the physician to work, as it were, miracles, and to remove long-standing, chronic diseases by two or three draughts of his magic potions; and when he does not see this accomplished at once, he infers that the medicine is of no use, and immediately resorts to something else. As a result, we see the people frequently changing their medical adviser, sometimes half a dozen times a week, besides resorting to every new device they hear of, be it nostrum or witchery, and then in the end declare that they have tried everything to no effect, whereas they have faithfully tried nothing.

“Another discouragement is the stupidity of the people about understanding and following directions. I have often known this to occur: taking for granted that if a small dose is of service, a large one will be much more so, they take several doses together, so as to get well at once—pretty much like the Golden Egg fable, and with a like result. For example: I recollect when I first came to Sivas giving a patient a bottle of cod-liver oil, which was to last for some time, and seeing him march gravely in the next day, stating that he had taken up all the medicine and received no benefit—a more harmless experiment than some others that have fallen under my notice.

"Some seven or eight years ago, attending a man in Sivas sick with inflammation of the lungs, I had ordered my apothecary to prepare some cooling powders, and a paper of mustard to be applied in the form of poultice to the chest. Next day on my visit to my patient, instead of finding him in a perspiration and his fever cooled down as I had hoped, I found him parched with burning fever. On examination, what was my dismay to find that he had taken up pretty much all the mustard prepared for the poultice! The man who came for the medicines having, through negligence, left the powders in my shop, had concluded that the mustard was to be divided up and given every hour; and thus adding fuel to the flames, he came pretty near burning up the patient.

"One other case: about seven and a half years ago I was attending an Armenian in Sivas for chronic dysentery, and was giving him powerful astringents. One day on going to him I found his servant quite sick, and on inquiry found that, the day before, being sent to my office for the astringent powders his employer was taking, the man himself, quite out of sorts from constipation, concluded that he must need medicine too, and reasoning that the remedy was in his own hands, swallowed some of the powder, making out quite the reverse of a homœopathic dose—although unconsciously following out a homœopathic principle—and with anything but a gratifying effect."

But there were also happy offsets to all these things, and he could say in closing, "I have thanked God con-

tinually since I set foot in this land for the work which he has permitted me to do, and for the still greater, because spiritual, work which he has permitted me to see."

He continued this life of devoted service for seventeen years, once only visiting his native land for a brief period, then hastening back to the work to which his heart had been given. It helps us to understand the estimate in which he was held by the people when we find that he passed among them as the "Pitying-souled one."

It was after the death of his youngest daughter that Dr. West's spirits drooped, and, with the constant pressure of his extended medical practice, gave serious premonitions of failing health. In this precarious condition he was called to attend cases of malignant typhus-fever. They were children who drew largely upon his sympathies and claimed of him the best he could give them, and before he was aware of it he was himself prostrated by the same disease. After a four weeks' illness, though watched over and cared for untiringly by a brother physician and by a missionary family beloved, on the first day of April, 1876, he gently breathed his life out on the bosom of the Saviour he had so dearly loved and so faithfully served. During his illness he was mildly delirious, but ever happily so, often repeating, "The Lord knoweth them that are his," and often crying out, "I want my sister Mary." Loving hands laid his body to rest in an Eastern grave; "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was sung by Oriental lips, and multitudes thronged the burial, testifying how they loved him. An Armenian priest called on Mrs. West

to comfort her, saying, "You must not mourn too heavily your husband's death. He is not dead, but living. I dreamed last night that I went to a most beautiful place. I was not worthy to enter, although the door stood ajar, and I looked in. While I was looking I saw twelve thrones, and one was vacant, and I saw them conduct your husband to it, and from the throne he looked at me and said, 'Go back and tell my wife that I am not dead but living.' The work which your mission has commenced will not cease, and multitudes of our people will become 'Protestants.'" These prophetic words have been fulfilled. The Lord brought joy out of this sorrow, light out of this darkness. The memory of Dr. West is still fragrant in Asia Minor. He lives in the affection of them to whom he ministered, and in the native physicians, not a few of whom he trained to a noble calling. One room in the medical college at Aintab is dedicated to his memory and bears on its walls an inscription to his honor.

TESTIMONIES.

The following graphic testimony from contemporaries and fellow-workers in the same field sets forth the Christian nobility of the man and the boundless charity of his most useful life.

Mr. Hubbard, who watched by his bedside assiduously, wrote the day after his burial: "Another tired traveller has finished his journey and fallen asleep. Yesterday, amid the lamentations of this whole city, we laid in the grave the body of our beloved physician,

Dr. West. Constant pressure, from diseased bodies and diseased souls that thronged him on every side, in every place, had so far reduced his strength that while attending one of the poor families of Sivas, in the children of which he had become much interested, he contracted from them the typhus-fever, and this becoming complicated with pneumonia, was more than a match for the best medicines and the most tender nursing.

"Those of us who have seen death in many forms, and many times, never knew the angels to come more gently than they came to him. Lovingly, to an inexpressible degree, they seemed to part the great soul from the weary frame and bear it away.

"The Turkish Empire has lost a national benefactor; Sivas and all the neighboring stations have lost a father and a brother. The memory of his meek, earnest life is a reproof and an inspiration to us all. During the series of meetings that grew out of the Week of Prayer in Sivas this year he took his turn in preaching, and in addition to his medical practice did more than any one of the rest of us in pastoral work and personal conversation. His hard day's work was seldom followed by refreshing sleep at night; but as we stood by his side in his last moments on earth we thought we had never before seen a more beautiful illustration of the familiar words, 'He fell asleep.'

"His sleep seemed so peaceful, and he had been so patient, loving, and thankful during all his fever, that at last I felt for a while like lying down by his side and sharing with him his quiet sleep."

Mr. H. N. Barnum, of Harpoot, on hearing of his death, wrote: "Dr. West was a noble, cheerful, kind, unselfish man. He was always ready, at whatever personal sacrifice, to help a missionary family in any time of need. He was a man of rare skill in his profession. I presume that it is no disparagement to others to say that there is probably no physician in the Turkish Empire who enjoys an equal reputation among the people.

"He was withal, and best of all, a humble, sincere, earnest Christian. In addition to his professional services, he trained up quite a body of native physicians in a region cursed with ignorant quacks. One of his students is a physician in Harpoot. He is equal to the average of his profession in America, and is the only trustworthy doctor within about a hundred miles. When this young physician was examined four years ago in Constantinople, by the faculty of the Government Medical College, for a diploma, his examiners said: 'The Turkish Government is greatly indebted to Dr. West for educating so many young men, and so well, for the medical profession.' Through these pupils and in other ways Dr. West will perpetuate his influence."

Mr. Tracy, of Marsovan, testifies: "One of the most noted men in Asia Minor has passed away. He pursued his course in the medical department with such quiet zeal, exhaustless patience, and consummate skill that he attained an eminence reached by comparatively few in his profession. The almost unprece-

dented number of surgical operations which he has performed have given him celebrity, not only in the East, but also in Europe and America. His lithotomic operations reached the number of one hundred and fifty, or more, of which scarcely half a dozen resulted unfavorably; and other operations were numerous in proportion. The blind eyes he has opened are past counting; the crippled, the deformed, the sick from various diseases, who have been relieved by him, if all assembled, would make a great host. Much the larger portion of these cases were attended without pay, and all his earnings from patients able to pay were turned over to the treasury of the Board. He received personally nothing but his regular salary; yet many a case which he has attended would, in America, have brought him hundreds, even thousands, of dollars.

"Wherever he went, the diseased, the halt, the lame, the blind, thronged him. It reminded one of the multitudes following our Saviour; and the natives remarked, 'He is like Jesus.' Pashas and great men would humble themselves to secure the help of this plain, unpretending physician. The ignorant would get his prescriptions and hang them about their necks as charms, or dissolve the papers in water and drink them, hoping for healing efficacy.

"His simplicity and faithfulness were admirable. Without hesitation he would lay his ear, for auscultation, on chests so foul and squalid that native doctors shrank from them. He never flinched in duty, and never showed a nervous hand in the most difficult operations.

It was affecting to witness when, as ether was about to be administered to the patient before the operation, the doctor would call on some gray-bearded native brother in the company to offer prayer, then coolly give the ether, take the knife, and proceed.

"Dr. West's special duty was the care of the missionaries in sickness, and this duty he discharged with great faithfulness, not shrinking from any hardship, making long and perilous journeys on horseback. All Asia Minor became familiar to him on account of these travels. The story of his adventures and his medical practice in Turkey would make a singularly interesting book.

"The missionaries who have enjoyed the benefit of his inestimable services and genial society feel bereaved and downcast at their loss. Who now will brave storm and mud and winter snows, wolf and Circassian and Koord, on wild mountain and desolate plain, to minister to our sick, bringing such love and skill to the work? Ye afflicted, poor, and sick of Pontus, Cappadocia, Galatia, Cilicia; ye dwellers in mountain hut and miasmatic plain, we weep with you. You will now know what 'the beloved physician' was to you when he is no longer within your reach, and you have no one like him to go to with your sicknesses and troubles."

The following, from the "British Quarterly Review," enlarges and confirms the view we have already got of this remarkable man:

"Dr. Henry S. West, after eighteen years of faithful service in Turkey, has recently been removed by death.

"He is described as a man of small stature, of a nervous temperament, of kind and genial manners, who loved his profession passionately, and who had devoted his life to the good of his fellow-men in the practice of that profession. His modesty and diffidence were proverbial among all who knew him. In order to practice successfully among the native people he learned the Turkish language. He attended to the wants of a large number of missionary families, located in some cases hundreds of miles from his own home and from each other, and all his journeys were made on horseback. He educated nineteen young men as physicians, taking them through the various departments of their medical studies unaided and alone.

"He was compelled to practise in all branches of medicine and surgery, and his practice was so successful that patients came to him from all parts of Asia Minor, often crossing high mountains, and exposing themselves to great danger and suffering, in order to avail themselves of his skill. He sometimes received large sums as medical fees, but his own salary was only that of an ordinary missionary, while all his fees were given to a fund for building chapels and schoolhouses for native people.

"One or two instances of his surgical practice will not be out of place. On one occasion, soon after he arrived in Turkey, he stopped about sunset at a rude village where he expected to spend the night. He was scarcely seated in the rough quarters furnished by the villagers when word was brought that a man in a

khan near by was suffering from a dangerous rupture. Friends and neighbors begged the doctor to go and see him. He found the patient lying on the floor in a dark room suffering from strangulated hernia. Several hours had passed since the obstruction occurred; the man was already much exhausted and the parts swollen and feverish. Dr. West knew scarcely a dozen words of the Turkish language, and he had no translator and no assistant but a common native servant, who was ready to faint at sight of blood. There was no light to be had except that given by one small candle. The obstacles certainly were great, and the chance of success was very small. The doctor, however, true to the teachings and spirit of his profession, did not hesitate a moment. He threw off his coat, and in that dark room operated on the poor man alone. The operation was a complete success, and the patient entirely recovered.

"On another occasion he stopped at a Koordish village to spend the night. A young Koord was brought to him, fifteen years of age, totally blind; his eyes were covered with cataract, and had been so from birth. Dr. West examined them, and resolved to remove the cataract. He performed the operation, and the next morning before leaving the village gave a few simple directions as to the subsequent treatment, and afterwards learned that the patient could see as well as any man in the village. At the time of his death Dr. West had performed about fourteen hundred operations on the eye alone; thirteen times he had been called to

operate for strangulated hernia, and his lithotomy cases had amounted to one hundred and fifty-four.

"It was said at his death that Turkey had lost a public benefactor. During his last illness prayers were offered for his recovery in the Armenian churches and in the Mohammedan mosques, as well as in the Protestant chapels. Thousands of people of all nationalities accompanied his body to the grave. It is probably not too much to say of him that, unaided and alone, by precept and example, he elevated the standard of medical practice throughout the whole of Asia Minor. He taught rich and poor alike, whether Turk, Christian, or Jew, to respect and place confidence in educated physicians, and to distrust mere pretenders."

We conclude this sketch by inserting an appreciative notice from the pen of the missionary brother who attended him in his last illness, and which first appeared in "The Christian at Work:"

"Two and a half years ago, when we arrived at Sivas, Asia Minor, we found that Dr. Henry Sergeant West, the missionary physician, was not at home. He had gone away on horseback more than a hundred miles to see a sick missionary. Since then we have known him to go more than three hundred miles away for the same purpose and in the same style. And upon returning more than once has he found a telegram calling him scores of miles in another direction—not the same direction, for everybody knows when Dr. West is passing. He alights at a house, and it soon begins to fill with the lame, the blind, the aching, and the sore.

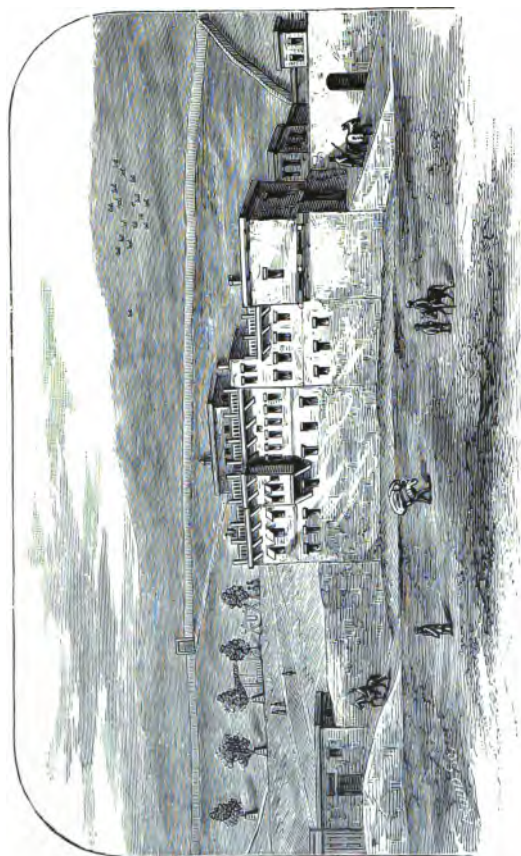
Last year, while at Cæsarea, more than three hundred at one time were clamoring for admission at his door. His missionary associates while travelling sometimes must post a man at the door of their khan to say to the oncoming crowd, 'This is not the doctor.' When summoned to one of the villages immediately surrounding Sivas he is usually at first left free to attend the dangerously sick one who sent for him, but after that come scenes for a painter. Half a score of men and women besiege him, some presenting their complaints or exhibiting their sores and deformities in person, others imploring him to come and see their friends. Going out into the street, on this corner stands a woman with a sick child in her arms, and on that a man with diseased eyes, having heard that the 'Physician Chief' is passing by.

"For Turkey is not without other physicians. The priests have charms for enticing away diseases. Seventeen years ago, just before Dr. West's arrival, the cases of lithotomy, which are numerous here, were usually handed over to the tender mercies of a Koordish surgeon, whose instrument was a big jack-knife. There were also Armenian practitioners, whose little learning was almost invariably a dangerous thing. Dr. West, who while in Yale had taken the prize for excellency in Latin translation, began the practice of medicine, and put a class of young Armenians through a regular five years' course of instruction. These students did not suffer for want of clinics. We have known the doctor at his office in Sivas busy with his knife all day

long. We lived for more than a year in the room over his office, and we think he has had cancer, harelip, cataract, a case of lithotomy, typhus-fever, and smallpox, and perhaps all hurled upon him in a single day. And he kept cool nerve and patient heart through it all.

"It was better than an army hospital for the boys who wished to learn. One of these boys with Dr. West's diploma is now practising in Harpoot, the headquarters of the Eastern Turkey Mission; another at Sivas; another at Cæsarea, where the Protestant community, heretofore large, has more than doubled in number during the past year; another at Tocat, where lies the dust of Henry Martyn; and another at Marsovan, where is located the West Turkey Mission Theological School and Female Seminary. Some of them have saved life even in missionary families. One of them went to America, gave his heart to Christ while assisting in a Brooklyn hospital, finished the regular course in the Medical Department of the University of New York, taking Professor Roosa's prize for best examination in diseases of the eye and ear, also Professor Arnold's for the best examination in physiology, and is now on his return to his native land, holding appointment from the American Board as Professor in Central Turkey College at Aintab.

"Dr. West was a kind of Christian at work that can be appreciated even by the bigoted Turks. He had been at Sivas only five years when the pasha issued a decree that all physicians of the city appear before Dr. West, the American gentleman, to be examined. If



HARPOOT, EASTERN TURKEY.

they pass, well; if not, they must quit their business *instantly*.

"After sundry experiences of his own and full consultation with those still more experienced than he, it was decided that Dr. West, while continuing his practice free to missionaries, the helpless, and the poor, must charge for services to the rich. Often have we heard him say, 'There's an operation for which they charge hundreds of dollars in America.' 'And how much do you charge here?' 'Oh, I let it go for about five dollars;' or, 'Oh, he's poor; I don't charge anything.' But it was easy for us sometimes to see the half-suppressed smile with which he takes money from a rich Turk; for the doctor's salary is the same as that of other missionaries, and his annual receipts, which are usually nearly double his salary, are all spent in building meeting-houses for the Protestant Christians of Turkey.

"But Dr. West is more than physician, surgeon, and church-erection society. Whether attending American missionary, Turkish pasha, Armenian priest, passing European tourist, Sunday-school scholar, ignorant woman, or street beggar, he is working for healing of soul as well as body. Very quietly and lovingly, hour by hour, often in places where other missionaries are not admitted, and to hearts grateful for alleviation of physical pain, he is repeating the warnings and invitations of Christ. He takes time to teach a class in Sunday-school, oversee teachers' meetings, and help gather the children in. He has no license from the church to

preach, and needs none. Many a time have we seen him speaking from the pulpit to audiences hushed and tearful under the spell of his tender and thrilling illustrations.

“This is Dr. West as we knew him on earth; but he is in heaven now.”

The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance. Dr. West is but one of many devoted souls whom the American churches have given to the Turkish Empire for Christ—an honor to the Master, to the land that gave them birth, and to the churches that sent them forth. Many are still in the field, reaping where others sowed; but many also have fallen asleep, and their works do follow them. All honor to the memory of such brave, unselfish lives!

III.

Rev. David Tappan Stoddard.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

III. DAVID TAPPAN STODDARD.

THERE are men, whose earthly work is finished, the flame of whose lives seemed to be seraphic. They were so swift-winged in God's service, they stood so near his throne, as if to catch the first whispers of his will, there was so much of grace and glory in their words and work, that they seem rightfully to have belonged to the ranks of those ministers of God that do his pleasure in heaven, as though he only lent them to us a little while, and then took them away, as he did Elijah, amid the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.

Of one of these rare men we write—one of the sanctified and glorified return-gifts to us who remain at home of the cause of Foreign Missions. For this great cause not only takes our sons from us, but gives them back a hundred-fold more precious than when they were taken. Such a man was David Tappan Stoddard, who was born in Northampton, Mass., December 2, 1818, and to whom the Lord gave both grace and glory.

ANCESTRY.

From Anthony, who came over from the west of England ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims, and whose son, Solomon, was pastor of the church of Northampton fifty-seven years—a man so much revered by the people of the region that, when a Frenchman was directing his gun at him from an ambush, he was warned by an Indian of the party that he must not fire, since that was the Englishman's God—for six generations his ancestors on both sides had been godly men and women. Thirty of the Stoddard family, in direct line from Anthony, had received a collegiate education, flowering at last into the consummate scholarship of that simple-hearted, conscientious Latin teacher and author, Professor Solomon Stoddard, of Middlebury College. And a similar consummation in the line of spirituality was his brother, David Tappan Stoddard, of Oroomiah, who was no less an honor to the cause he espoused.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, himself an illustration of his theory, claims that it takes the third generation from the plough to produce the Brahmin class in New England; that is, the æsthetic class, represented by such men as Hawthorne and Emerson—men who flower in the garden of culture, whose sphere is the realm of literature. While it is a melancholy thing to look at the moral and spiritual degeneracy of some of the old religious families of New England, though their æsthetic career may have been ever so brilliant, it is very grateful to find, as we do in the Stoddards, a line of moral

and spiritual descent growing more and more glorious, until the later-born show themselves worthy of their noblest ancestry. And it takes very little imagination to find in David Tappan Stoddard the better characteristics of such men as the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, whose walk was such before his generation that the Indian did not regard him a proper object for a Frenchman to point a gun at; and also those of Colonel John Stoddard, to wait upon whom at the door the chief magistrate of Massachusetts, Governor Shirley, felt that it became him to rise from a dinner-party, saying, "Excuse me, gentlemen, if it is Colonel Stoddard, I must rise and go to him;" as well as of the colonel's second sister, Esther, the mother of Jonathan Edwards, the greatest metaphysician this country ever produced—a man whose life was as pure as his intellect was clear; not to speak of his Huguenot ancestry on the Tappan side, one of whom, his grandmother, prolonged her ministrations to the sick to such a period of age that, though she died over eighty years old, the day before she was taken ill she sat at the bedside of a friend, carrying cheer and comfort to her heart, thus bringing forth fruit in old age. This was the godly woman who had said when this grandson was born, "Well, he will live to see the millennium."

MR. STODDARD'S CHILDHOOD

Was spent in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut River, in one of the most charming of New England towns; in one of the most Christian of households. Of

this period he himself says, "Almost as soon as I could speak I was taught to pray every morning and night; and as soon as I could read, I used once a day to read a chapter in the Bible to my mother." He was for all this a vigorous boy, "neither a cherub nor a cipher." Like other boys he could sometimes say, "I will—I wont;" but he was amenable to parental discipline, which, being both firm and kind, availed to hold in check a generous though impulsive nature.

He was fond of boyish sports. As a boy, he could swim the Connecticut River, climb a church spire, or fall from the limb of a tree and break his bones, and he did. He also had a special genius for mechanics. His scholarship, if not extraordinary, was bright and good. He was in the Latin Reader at ten years of age, and shared the excellent advantages of the "Round Hill School" in his preparatory course.

Serious religious impressions came and went through his youthful years, but his mood was vacillating. For once at least he came under the influence of Drs. Finney and Skinner while on a visit to New York; and though lasting impressions were made, a confession of faith was still deferred.

COLLEGE LIFE.

He entered Williams College as a Sophomore in the fall of 1834, undecided as to his course in life, and really so in religious character. He came immediately under the influence of Tutor Simeon H. Calhoun, afterwards missionary to Syria, the greatly-beloved and

venerated. Mr. Calhoun endeared himself to the young man and entirely won his confidence. But "there was no marked development of religious character in his life at Williams College." Owing to his inadequate preparation for the advanced class that he had entered, so great was his dissatisfaction with the result of his first year's work that he determined to enter the same class at Yale, which he accordingly did in the fall of 1835. Here for the first six months, though his outward life was blameless, his Bible, he confesses, remained unopened for weeks, and his Sabbaths were desecrated by secular reading and study. But all this was soon and for ever to be changed.

The spring of 1836 in Yale College was a time of the special visitation of divine mercy. It began with the annual day of prayer for colleges.

The New England college was founded as a nursery of the church of Christ to educate pious young men for the ministry, and revivals of religion among the students were anxiously sought after by those who in the fear of God presided over them. No day in the year, not even the great Commencement day, was reckoned of so great importance as the day of annual prayer for colleges and institutions of learning. Endowments, libraries, observatories, these of late have come to be the great things sought after for the betterment of literary institutions. To this Egypt do we go down for help. In olden times it was different.

The day of prayer was one of great solemnity. College studies were frequently dispensed with. Profes-

sors and students met for public worship and a special address or sermon. The different classes met for prayer, each in its own recitation-room, and in the evening little circles for prayer and praise were improvised in various quarters of the institution. Much personal work was done among the students. It was often a day when lips, long sealed in silence or desecrated by foolish talking and jesting, seemed purged of uncleanness by a live coal from God's altar.

On such a day as this, February 26, 1836, a fellow-student, Joseph Parrish Thompson—afterwards one of our most distinguished and influential divines—approached this young man, who was destined to become a missionary of the American Board to Persia. The approach was met with the frank and truthful temper so characteristic of young Stoddard. This was Thursday. On Friday a second interview occurred, which was closed with prayer. The next day, after a similar meeting, the young man himself poured out his soul to God for forgiveness, light, and joy. With the dawn of the Lord's day he was again in prayer, but without assurance that he had risen to newness of life until the evening twilight, when there was light. On Monday he writes home to his mother: "Yesterday was a day long to be remembered by me as one on which my final, deliberate choice was made for eternity. From beginning to the end I have endeavored to be governed by reason, not by feeling. In view of three worlds, in view of eternity, I trust I resolved, like the prodigal, to return and seek my injured Father's face. It seemed to be a

glorious thing to be permitted to take the lowest place in God's service and in the building up of his kingdom. Can I close without asking your forgiveness for my ingratitude and disobedience? To both my parents I have often been a disobedient and wayward child. For this and my other sins I ask pardon from above, and may I not indulge the hope that for my offences against you, my parents, I may receive forgiveness?"

That very Monday morning he received a letter from his devoted mother, who was entirely ignorant of what was passing in his mind, in which she reminded him that in his infancy she had consecrated him to God for the work of the Christian ministry, and informed him that on the previous Thursday she had spent a great portion of the day on her knees in prayer for his conversion.

The first great step was taken: to be the Lord's for time and for eternity.

OPENINGS AND QUESTIONINGS.

Young Stoddard did not decide at once to be a missionary, but he had serious thoughts upon the subject. It lay thus before his mind even then: "The question seems to resolve itself into this: How can I exert the most influence upon the ultimate conversion of the world? My reasons for deciding in favor of Foreign Missions are briefly these: six or seven hundred millions of heathen are perishing for want of the bread of life, multitudes of whom never heard of a Saviour's love. At home we have a population of thirteen millions, who might all probably have access to the means

of grace. True, our home destitution is alarming, and young men are needed to go forth to the West and other sections of the country in mighty armies. But when we consider how few, compared with the whole number of ministers, devote themselves to the missionary cause, does it not seem that the calls of those who sit in darkness are too much unheeded? And the question might also with propriety be asked, Will our efforts ~~do~~ relieve and succor the benighted impoverish ourselves, or will too many be likely to volunteer at present for this work? Will not, on the contrary, every one who goes abroad exert a reflex influence upon those at home? Thus will the promise be fulfilled, that the liberal man deviseth liberal things and by *liberal things he shall stand*. . . . Many who would go cannot; and does it not behoove all who know nothing to prevent to fill their places?"

He completed his college course at Yale, full of bright zeal and activity in his studies, and bearing upon his countenance that radiant hopefulness which rightfully belongs to one whose conversation is heaven. Slender in frame, of womanly sensibility, yet in all manly exercises among the foremost, an enthusiastic student of natural science, experimenting in the laboratory, star-gazing in the observatory, with a mechanic's skill to construct whatever he chose, making balloons and telescopes as though this was to be his business in life. Almost before he knew it he was out in the world and the world was pressing its claims upon him.

While he was still in college, indeed, he received an

invitation to join the United States Exploring Expedition to the South Pacific, under Commodore Wilkes. Of this invitation he writes: "I could not go as a Christian, for little opportunity would be afforded me for doing good, and such a voyage might have a very unhappy effect upon my Christian character. I could not go as a man of the world, for I have a Master, whose I am and whom I am ever bound to serve. Were I to look only at time, and ask myself what course would be likely to advance me in worldly science, I might accept the offer. I could not, however, forget the interests of eternity and the life which I had chosen, or, rather, I hope I may say, the life to which I have been chosen—that of an ambassador of Jesus Christ." Thus he deliberately declined the possible career of a Christian scientist, such as God opened to Brewster and Davy, Silliman and Guyot, not because he loved God in nature less, but because he loved God in grace more.

The question was again raised when, three years later, he was called to the Professorship of Natural Science in Marietta College, Ohio: "Shall I spend my life in making chemical experiments, or in service as a minister of the gospel for the conversion of souls?" And he answered it as one who had a high calling of God in Christ Jesus, as one who preferred to walk in the steps of the apostle Paul and his great Master to sitting as a teacher beneath honored academic shades at home, though it were to interpret the Creator to his creatures through his works.

In the summer of 1838 Mr. Stoddard graduated.

After a year as tutor in Latin and Greek at Marshall College, Mercersburgh, Pa., meantime studying Hebrew and German, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover. Here he came under the enthusiastic and paternal sway of Professor Moses Stuart, so much revered and beloved by all his pupils, a man as reverent of God's Word as he was ardent and glowing in its critical study. After a single year at Andover came an invitation from his Alma Mater to return to her pleasant halls as tutor. This he does to provide means of support while he moves grandly on his chosen way. Of this appointment he writes: "The temporary honor of being a tutor in Yale College will not, I hope, draw me away so that I shall choose a course which will not on the whole be for my advantage. Telescope-making once gained me a little credit; but the glory is all over now, the popgun is fired, and I have to regret that so many of my precious hours were almost lost. At this time I have no idea of firing another popgun, but mean to take a serious and manly course."

In October, 1840, he was present at the installation of his classmate, Joseph P. Thompson, as pastor of the Chapel Street Congregational Church in New Haven. Mr. Thompson was then only twenty-one years of age, at the threshold of his career as minister of the gospel, editor, and author, of large and beneficent influence at home and abroad.

Coming home after the installation, having already chosen the work of the Christian ministry, but not yet the work of the Christian missionary, these are some of

his thoughts: "A candidate for the sacred ministry myself, and hoping in a few years to assume the same responsibilities, the public consecration of a young minister could hardly fail to awaken my sympathy. Besides, Thompson is my classmate, my friend, my peculiarly-endearred Christian brother. It was he who was the means of my hopeful conversion to God, and we have often taken sweet counsel together and walked to the house of God in company. I felt for him, too, because of his youth and inexperience—only two months since he came of age! I came away feeling more than ever what it is to be a minister of the gospel. The pious minister stands between heaven and earth. He tells of a Saviour crucified, and points those who are making the world their portion to a better portion, to a crown of glory, to a heaven of rest. It is his to strengthen the weak, to confirm the doubting, to comfort the afflicted, to preach of life and immortality to the dying Christian. He has the satisfaction of saving souls. And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, he, with his own flock around him, shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. Who would not wish to be a Christian minister, to live his life, to die his death, to receive his reward?"

Mr. Stoddard was licensed in the spring of 1842 by a Western Massachusetts Association, not kindly disposed towards "New Haven divinity." In writing to a friend of that occasion, he says: "I was *barely passable* in their view, not from a deficiency in knowledge so much as from heretical notions. As I was a young man,

they hoped I would live to repent." Even then he could say: "I sometimes feel that it is a matter of no importance whether my bones peacefully repose in my own New England, or whiten on the deserts of Africa, provided I live while I live to save the souls of men." It is evident that he had an orthodox experience, whatever may be said of the "notions."

DECIDES TO GIVE HIS LIFE TO PERSIA.

In September, 1842, soon after he began to preach, Mr. Stoddard visited his brother in Middlebury, and preached for the Rev. Dr. Merrill. Dr. Justin Perkins, who married his wife in this place, and who was then in this country on a missionary tour with Mar Yohannan, the Nestorian bishop, was one of his hearers. In a sermon preached at the funeral service of Mr. Stoddard, this venerable and honored missionary thus describes the impression made upon his mind by the speaker: "In the autumn I went to Middlebury to pass a quiet Sabbath and rest from protracted and exhausting labors. After I entered the meeting-house on Sabbath morning there came in a young man and ascended the pulpit whose appearance was quite youthful yet very mature, and whose whole air seemed to me more angelic than human. I was no prophet. But hardly could the mind of Samuel of old have been fastened more confidently on David the son of Jesse as the future king of Israel than did my heart fix upon David T. Stoddard, from the moment my eyes rested on him, as the young man whom, of all I had ever seen, I could wish to have as

our companion in the toils, trials, and joys of missionary life, and whose prayers and labors here the Lord would delight to honor in the salvation of souls. In all the subsequent years of our intimate missionary connection the vividness of that first impression has never faded from my mind." It was Christian love at first sight.

That evening the preacher called on the missionary, and he pressed upon him the claims of Persia. He promised to consider the matter, but was inclined to the opinion that he should hardly go anywhere as a foreign missionary. The next day, alluding in a letter to this interview, he says: "It seems to me that I can be more useful in the West than in the foreign missionary field. At any rate, brother Solomon and I agree that I can never attempt to fill a *large place*. If I can get a good log-house on a prairie, and a good wife and food and raiment, I trust I shall be therewith content."

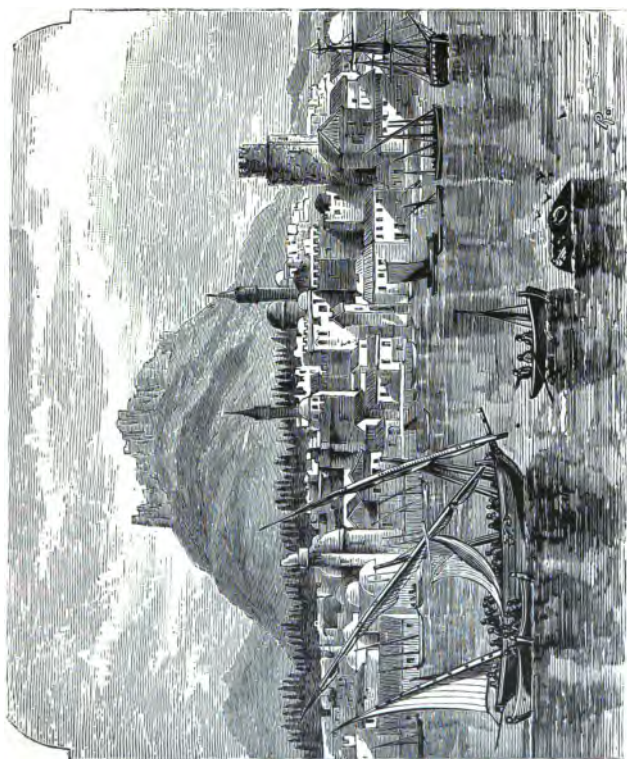
However, after a third interview with Dr. Perkins, Mr. Stoddard decided to go to Persia. He was certain to find the place of highest service the ideal place for him, and now that seemed to be the foreign field. "I cannot bear," writes he after this decision, "to see young men, beginning to preach the gospel, going round and round hunting up parishes and complaining how hard it is to find an opening. The fact is, *the whole world* is open. . . . I can go to Persia with cheerfulness. To leave home, friends, country, and all in this world to which my affections cling, to go far hence to the Gentiles—to live for them, to die for them—I glory in the privilege! Soon it will all be over; the labors of earth

will be followed by the rest of heaven." And again, "I am not only entirely calm and reconciled to it; I feel almost joyful, and I think this is one indication that I am in the path of duty. So far as I know my own heart, I can go and lay down my life cheerfully for the cause of my Saviour, and I pray that I may catch more and more of his blessed spirit."

December 15, 1842, he applied for an appointment to the Nestorian Mission, and on the 27th of January, 1843, was ordained in the church of his beloved classmate in New Haven. His marriage followed soon after, February 14, 1843, which united him with Miss Harriette Briggs, of Marblehead, Mass., then a teacher in Bradford Academy. "With beauty of person and sweetness of natural disposition, she united a high degree of intelligence and culture and a rare devotedness to the service of Christ."

THE VOYAGE.

Never a happier missionary band set sail from New England shores than that which left Boston in the bark "Emma Isadora" for Smyrna, Tuesday, March 1, 1843. There were six in all, among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Perkins, the pioneers of the Nestorian Mission, and these two radiant recruits, Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard, as happy in each other as in their work and in their Lord. With a parting note to his father and mother, full of filial reverence and gratitude, they turned away from the sweet towns of New England and saw her last headlands sink down behind them into the sea.



SMYRNA.

During their voyage they occupied themselves in the morning studying Turkish and geology. "For," said this young missionary, "if the mountains of Persia have coal-beds, I want the geologist's eye to discover them;" the very spirit which was in David Livingstone, who believed that he no less served the kingdom because he was the herald of a higher civilization. In their afternoons they wrote letters to their friends, and at six in the evening they met for social singing; for these people of God were going to Persia "with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Then came their evening devotions and a familiar study of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation. And so the seas had commandment to bear them far hence to the Gentiles.

April 4 they were on the Ægean Sea, beneath cerulean skies of which we Occidentals have no conception. There were hours of memory, with the stars all out and the planets full-orbed, such as this Christian astronomer loved to behold and describe in glowing terms. May 1 they were amid the "surpassingly lovely" scenery of the Bosphorus, "the tall cypress, the sycamore, the fields of waving grain, the blossoms innumerable, the birds singing on a thousand trees and skimming in large flocks over the surface of the water, all reminding of an earthly paradise."

The opportunity was given them, before making their overland trip to Oroomiah, to visit different missionary stations in Turkey, going from one missionary family to another, giving and receiving benedictions.

Then came the caravan ascent of the mountains of

Armenia, which was made literally fulfilling the apostolic injunction, "speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and making melody to the Lord in your hearts." Indeed, Mr. Stoddard's soul seemed to overflow with the choicest selections of sacred literature, and he poured them forth as from a heaven-touched fountain.

About the middle of June they reached the city of Oroomiah, having been met, miles distant, by a small escort of friends on horseback with the salutation, "You have come; welcome!" and finally they were escorted, as if in triumphal procession, to the house of Mar Yohannan's father. Their hearts were full of gladness, and they gathered, a little company of them, into one of the missionary homes for prayer and praise.

LIFE IN PERSIA.

Then began the missionary's work—that of learning the language; for, as Mr. Stoddard expresses it, he finds himself *tongue-tied*. He has a message, but no medium through which to communicate it. Indeed, his work required not only the Turkish, but the Syriac; and he addressed himself to the task of mastering both. After one year of patient study he began to preach in Syriac. It was to some forty or fifty women and children in the house of one of the missionaries. "Of course," says he, in speaking of it, "it was a feeble effort, but it *was* an effort, and encouraged me to try again. By God's blessing I shall be able to preach next summer. I cannot yet pray in the language, but it is quite time I was learning."

Mr. Stoddard's missionary duties were mainly in connection with the seminary. But he found time to mount his telescope and to point out to a Persian almanac-maker the various planets, to prove to him that Jupiter has moons which revolve around him, and that the earth is round, which up to that time he did not believe, to make sun-dials at various quarters on the seminary grounds to promote punctuality in the students, to clean clocks and watches, mend broken wagons, and superintend the erection or the repairs of the mission buildings. He sometimes writes letters in his school, with all his bees, as he calls them, humming around him. The school was mainly a Bible school, and his care seemed to be, first, to bring the pupils to the Saviour. In this his efforts were not in vain. In the winter of 1846 came a wonderful revival; the pupils flocked to his room for inquiry; some of them remained up all night, because they could not sleep.

About this time he writes to Dr. Perkins at Mount Seir: "I believe the members of our mission here deeply feel our need of a day of fasting. We need—oh, how much we need—wrestling prayer for these souls. As soon as Zion travailed she brought forth children. And will it not be so with us? If we are all found prostrate before God, confessing our sins, pleading for mercy for ourselves and others, shall we not see triumphs of grace?" Later he writes: "I have just passed a solemn night. In my room I had a constant succession, in companies of three or four, till about midnight; and then perhaps more than half the boys were

up, some weeping, some earnestly praying, and all very solemn. How long they continued up I do not know; but on rising before light this morning I found many of them up and walking about the yard, and before I could have an opportunity to pray alone I was visited by an inquirer."

Two months later he writes: "During six weeks we have had the presence of the Holy Ghost, and I may almost say we are rejoicing with joy unspeakable." Again: "You cannot imagine what were my feelings when I sat till midnight pointing inquiring souls to Christ. I never saw anything in America like it. You are in a land of revivals. You expect to hear of them and share in them; but we sit in the region of the valley of death. Around us are millions of Mohammedans, who have no Saviour and no heaven of glory before them." And again: "About three-fourths of our pupils are hopefully born again." Dr. Perkins writes: "I have had considerable experience in talking with convicted sinners, but I feel utterly insufficient for the dreadful responsibility."

DEATH OF MRS. STODDARD.

Mr. Stoddard commenced his labors in Oroomiah about the middle of June, 1843, and wrought almost uninterruptedly until June, 1848. This period is marked by two events of very general interest: the intrigues of the Jesuits and Nestorian ecclesiastics, involving the mission in trouble with the government, and the wonderful revival above mentioned, which at once embraced

his and Miss Fiske's school and the neighboring regions, remarkable for the depth of conviction wrought and the number and character of the converts. During this period two daughters were born to them, and the health of both became enfeebled. On this account they left the field, June, 1848, uncertain as to their destination, whether only to Constantinople or on to America. They reached Trebizond July 27, and within a day or two Mrs. Stoddard was suddenly removed by cholera and laid in a midnight grave. Mr. Stoddard took up his motherless babes and journeyed on, refreshed by the great kindness of the missionary families Hamlin and Schauffler at Bebec, where the children's nurse died also of cholera, thence homeward, reaching New York October 27, 1848.

During his stay in this country Mr. Stoddard chafed not a little under the restraint which kept him here. This came both from his physicians and from the secretaries of the American Board. It is touching to read from one of his letters to Rev. A. Hazen, who afterwards became his brother-in-law, urgent cautions about overdoing, and yet to see how little he could subject his own ardor to such restraints. Three or four times he fixed for his return, but was overruled. As his strength rallied he moved among the churches of this country, "burning like a seraph," carrying the audiences that he addressed, as his biographer expresses it, to some mount of transfiguration, where they beheld the higher glories of Christ and his kingdom.

While in this country he visited the city of Wash-

ington at the time of President Taylor's inauguration. Of this visit he says, "I have two classmates in Congress, and another was private secretary of President Polk. These I have seen, and they were polite to me; but I can truly say, I envy them not their distinction. Let me have a quiet corner among the Nestorians, and be the instrument of turning some of them to righteousness, and this will be honor enough for me. There let me live, there let me die."

On the 14th of February, 1851, Mr. Stoddard was again married. Miss Sophia D. Hazen, sister of the Rev. Allen Hazen, missionary to Bombay, and teacher beloved by all in Mount Holyoke Seminary, thus became the partner of this good man's life, and with his little daughter Harriette, and others going forth, embarked from Boston March 4, 1851. The glad day at length had come. The missionary, long impatient, was on his way to his chosen Persian field, which he reached in October, and was warmly welcomed.

LAST YEARS.

He went joyfully back to his associates, to his beloved seminary, to the translation of the Scriptures into modern Syriac, to the making of a Syriac grammar, to the diplomacy required to keep the mission in amicable relations with the government—in a word, to a few more years' service as a seraph in human form, and then to pass to his reward on Thursday, just before midnight, January 22, 1857, eleven years from the night when the first converts in the great revival were rejoic-

cing in a new-found Saviour. He had just returned from Tabreez, whither he had been sent on a troublesome and, on the whole, unavailing mission to get relief from governmental interference. He was taken ill on his way home, and after struggling on for a few days succumbed to typhus-fever. He died as he lived, in closest fellowship with his Lord.

In the mission graveyard at Mount Seir, among the little children who had died, his sacred dust lies buried. It was fitting, for he was as much a child as any of them. For months after his death the members of the seminary were accustomed to repair in groups to his grave, and there pray and sing the songs of Zion. The Psalmist says, "The Lord will give grace and glory." As we make this brief monograph these words, *grace* and *glory*, seem the most applicable of all words to apply to him and to his work. Much is said about heredity in these days. When on his death-bed Mr. Stoddard said again and again, "I have given myself to Jesus, and I look upon him as my *family* Saviour. He was my grandmother's Saviour, my mother's Saviour, Solomon's Saviour, Harriette's Saviour, and I know he will be mine." He did not regard himself an especially holy man. In his last sickness, when it was told him that prayer unceasing was offered in the seminary for his recovery, he said, "It were far better to pray that I may become a better Christian." And again, "It were a thousand times better that I should die now than to recover and not be a better man. Oh, if I live I want to be a holier man." And yet of him a

native Nestorian pastor said, "Did you ever see that good man when the knees of his pantaloons were not covered with dust or worn threadbare? And do you know why it was? Because he spent so much time in prayer."

Perhaps he might have lived here longer had the flame of his zeal not been so consuming to the outer man. Thirty-eight years, and then to pass away for ever! Men sometimes say, "Wherefore this waste?" But the Master, who commended the costly anointing for his burial, surely does not so regard the consecration of a life to make him known. Too short indeed for us and for the millions of Persia that know not God, but long enough to go with the light of the truth around the world as the life of one who did what he could to make the name of Jesus a joy in the whole earth. What young Christian can read this life without saying to himself, This man chose the good part that never shall be taken from him? And if it was worth Stoddard's while to build his short life here into that kingdom of whose increase there is no end, is there not something that we can give or do that shall guarantee our kinship with him and with all such in the glory of that kingdom?

IV.

Asahel Grant, M. D.

BY REV. THOMAS LAURIE, D. D.

AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

IV. ASAHEL GRANT, M. D.*

ASAHEL GRANT was born in Marshall, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1807, and died in Mosul, April 24, 1844—his life-work finished in less than thirty-seven years.

His pious parents came from Litchfield County, Conn. William Grant, his father, always remembered his children in family prayer, and his mother often took them into her closet. To this was added faithful training. Once, when Asahel was two years old, his mother had a struggle to secure obedience, but succeeded; and ever after a look from her was enough. He was pleasant and obliging even in childhood, and none who saw this trait in the man were surprised to know that it had been ripening so long.

* As the writer has already prepared a memoir of Dr. Grant, in this sketch he seeks to present him only to those who have not time to read the larger work.

At ten years of age he was fond of history and science. Some books he perused fastened to the plough, and during the noonings while others slept. It was a prophecy of the future when the boy rode his father's colts around the pasture without saddle or bridle.

When but sixteen he taught school with marked success, and commenced the study of medicine afterwards with Dr. Hastings, of Clinton. He then attended lectures at Fairfield, and at Pittsfield, Mass., and spent a year with Dr. Douglass, of Utica.

In his twentieth year he married Miss Electa S. Loomis, of Torrington, Conn., a lady who had been the means of his conversion. A year later he received his diploma and settled in Braintrim, Pa., and was at once chosen an elder in the church. Here freshets sometimes compelled him to cross the river in a canoe and to walk long distances to see his patients. Thus was he trained to walk over the mountains of Koordistan. His moral courage was so conspicuous that a friend wrote afterwards to the American Board: "If you have a field requiring great physical energy and moral courage, he is the man. If called to it, no fear but he will endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

After four short years of fellowship in every good work, his beloved Electa was taken from him, saying of the two sons she left behind, "The Lord will take care of them." The event has justified her faith. When she was buried, the life of her husband also trembled in the balance, but he was raised up to do other work for Christ.

He soon settled again in Utica, faithful in the sanctuary and in active Christian work. He was known as "the friend of the poor." During the cholera in 1832 he was in labors abundant till attacked himself. Even then his pastor, Dr. S. C. Aiken, could hardly persuade him to take rest. Though an enemy to Popery, he had the confidence of Papists, even the priests recommending him to their people. Here also he became an elder, and so consistent was he that even the unconverted took knowledge of Dr. Grant that he was a true Christian. So winning was he in conversation, and his life gave such force to his words, that he was very useful in revivals. He was no less happy in presenting truth, so that one said, "No wonder that one design of Providence in assembling the American Board at Utica in 1834 seemed to be to enlist Dr. Grant in its work."

His "Appeal to Pious Physicians," written while in Persia, tells us how he became a missionary. "A young physician with an extensive practice had thought much of engaging in the work, but held back under the plea that there were so many obstacles in the way. Others were better qualified and had less to keep them at home; but they did not go, and what was to be done? He prayed over the subject, and took up his excuses one by one. Where can I do most for the conversion of the world? Here I may relieve much suffering and prolong precious lives, but others could do it just as well, and I should not be missed; abroad I may accomplish much more where no one else will do it. Here I may give liberally; but money alone will not do the

work, and missionary physicians are in great demand. Here, as an officer in an important church, I may do much; but those churches that send out most laborers are most richly blessed. Can I not, then, do most for Christ at home by going abroad? But how can I leave my parents in their declining years? More, how can I leave my darling children? My parents are not dependent on me, and what can I do for my children that would not be done for them if I went? The great thing to be done for them is to fit them for the service of God; and if he calls me to leave them for his sake, he can make my going a means to this end. I dare not go up to the judgment till I have done my utmost to promote the kingdom of God in the earth."

We are not surprised that such a man went. Miss Judith S. Campbell, of kindred spirit, daughter of Erasmus Lathrop and Judith Crofts, was given him of the Lord as a companion. Left motherless when three days old, she was brought up for Christ by her mother's sister, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Campbell, of Cherry Valley. When seven years of age she was asked to contribute a favorite article of dress for a missionary box. Judith yielded, but so much of a self-denial was it that she traced all her interest in missions back to this first gift. Her education was very thorough, so much so that in Persia she studied Syriac by the aid of Latin lexicons and grammars, and used her Greek Testament for a better understanding of the Scriptures. Of amiable disposition, her piety was deep and unostentatious, uniform and aggressive.

They sailed from Boston in the brig Angola, May 11, 1835, and reached Smyrna, June 28. After a few days in the family of the apostolic Daniel Temple they sailed for Constantinople, where his medical skill gained for other missionaries access to wealthy Armenians whom they had not been able to reach before. He was now in his element; and though urged to tarry in the capital, he sailed for Trebizond, where he was again able to win the good-will of some in behalf of the missionaries, and September 17 started on the long journey by caravan for Persia. The path often led along the edge of dizzy precipices. At night they pitched their tent or slept in khans without floor or window. In these, without chair or table, they spread their beds on piles of leaves, with their baggage around them. In Koordistan their boxes and bales were nightly formed into an extemporaneous fort, with their tents in the middle. Passing Ararat, in full view of its perpetual snow, they reached Tabreez, six hundred miles from the sea, to find the cholera raging. A week later Dr. Grant and Mr. Perkins moved on to Oroomiah, where the doctor's skill so won the favor of the governor that he secured in less than a week the very pleasant premises still occupied by the mission. The location is high, the grounds spacious, with gardens and shaded courts. The summits of Koordistan look down on it from the west, and on the east lies the lake, 4,100 feet above the sea, and so salt that no fish can live in it. The plain that slopes from the mountains to the lake contains 500 square miles, dotted with 300 villages. The whole

region is an irrigated garden abounding in vineyards and fruitful fields. The walls of Oroomiah, a city of 20,000 souls, are four miles in circumference. Mt. Seir, the summer residence of the mission, is 1,400 feet above the lake, and beyond the mountains rise 14,000 feet into the region of perpetual snow. In the plain are found 20,000 Nestorians.

The mission families were safely housed in their new quarters just as the rainy season set in. Dr. Grant was at once thronged at his dispensary, while treating the nobility and bed-ridden at their homes. Moslems and Nestorians alike received attention for Jesus' sake. The aged were led by their children, and little ones by their mothers, some hardly able to walk, and others blind with ophthalmia. They sought, in gratitude, to kiss his feet and bathe his shoes with their tears. Even the moollah stooped to kiss the hem of a Christian's garment, and some said that in every prayer they thanked God for his coming. His cure of cataracts gave him immense influence. His name was carried even into remote Georgia. Princes were among his patients. He wisely won the good-will of the native doctors, whom he aided by instruction and medicine, declining their rich patients, except for special reasons. He required certificates from priest, moollah, or rabbi that they were proper objects of charity, thus preventing persecution of inquirers. A Jacobite bishop, who once anathematized him, was compelled by the people to grant the certificates necessary to secure his services.

Owing to the heat and decay of vegetable matter,

half the mission were sick much of the time. Besides, "the ferocity of the Moslems was so notorious that English friends at Tabreez considered our coming extremely hazardous. Dr. Grant was the man for the place. His personal intrepidity, especially his skill as a physician, soon won the confidence of all, and contributed to both the safety and the success of the mission." He himself suffered from fever, cholera, and malaria; but while recovering from cholera, and suffering from fever and ague, he entertained a royal prince of Persia at his table and called the school together in vacation for an examination. Such was his tireless energy.

Besides the care of his patients, he had charge of many surgical cases, a class in English, a medical student, and the boys' boarding-school, the reception of Moslem visitors, the secular affairs of the mission, the superintendence of three village schools, a school for Moslems, a Sunday-school, and a voluminous correspondence! No wonder he was occasionally laid aside.

Mrs. Grant was no less devoted. Her heart was chiefly set on a female seminary, and no one from without can appreciate the difficulties she overcame. She was also untiring in her visits among all classes, alike in the palace and the hovel.

But the Lord had other work for Dr. Grant. So often as he left the plain his health improved, and returning, it was worse; so that death or removal from Oroomiah was the alternative. Mrs. Grant was also removed by death, leaving a son and two daughters.

All things now pointed to the mountains, though the Koords were the incarnation of treachery and the hereditary foes of the Nestorians. Unable to enter the mountains from Persia, Dr. Grant proposed, having secured an associate from Constantinople, to try the western side, and almost perished in a snowstorm in the pass of Dahar, at the west of Ararat. But when all seemed lost God sent some mountaineers to meet them, one of whom turned back and led them safely through. In returning from Constantinople, at Diarbekir, where H. A. Homes joined him, and at Mardin, they were in constant peril. The battle of Nizib had let loose the elements of anarchy. They heard themselves cursed in the streets, and plots were laid for their lives.

An incident of this journey reveals the spirit of Dr. Grant. "Suppose," said his associate, "that when you reach —, you find no safety, what will you do?" "Go to —." "And if there, too, your way is hedged up?" "I will do so and so." "And what then?" "I do not know now, but when God brings us there he will show us what to do." In this spirit he lived and by such faith accomplished so much for Christ.

Mr. Homes here left him, and, disguised in Oriental dress, Dr. Grant went alone to Mosul, hoping from there to enter the mountains. He left Mosul attended by two Nestorians, a kawas from the Pasha, and a Koordish muleteer. Two days brought him to Akra, where he prescribed for the Koordish chief who was now responsible for his safety to the Nestorian frontier. On the third he entered Amadiéh, the first European to pass

within the gates. Out of a thousand houses, three-fourths were in ruins, and both the civil and military rulers were ill. Here he discovered the true course of the river Zab, and soon after set out for Tyary. His kawas was loath to go nearer to that dreaded tribe. "To the borders of their territory," said Mohammed Pasha, of Mosul, "my head for yours; carry gold on it and fear nothing; but I warn you that I cannot protect you one step beyond." At the top of the pass over Tûra Matineh Dr. Grant saw for the first time the mountains of the Nestorians across the Vale of Berwer; and as he approached Dûree, after a weary ride of seven hours, in rough guttural Syriac issued from the rocks above and on either side, "Who are you? What do you want? Where are you going?" They asked the guide whether he was a Papist whom they might rob. The poor kawas lost no time in leaving. But when the people heard Dr. Grant speak their own tongue they gathered around him as a friend, and bade him welcome. He was the guest of a bishop, in a church which was a cave enlarged, with a wall in front, lighted only by a small lamp. Patients thronged him from all that region. A high mountain range still separated him from Tyary. He had been warned not to enter without an escort from the Patriarch Mar Shimon. That would require ten days, and he felt that to throw himself on their hospitality would win their confidence. So, changing his Turkish boots for hair sandals, with which to traverse the smooth ledges, he set off. "The home of the Nestorians opened up before me," he says, "like an

amphitheatre of mountains, broken with dark defiles and deep glens, in a few of which I caught glimpses of the villages that had been their secure abode for ages. God himself had raised these mountain ramparts for their defence, and in this 'munition of rocks' he had preserved them from the flames of persecution and the rage of war. I retired to a sequestered nook where I could feast on the scene and thank Him who had brought me through many perils to see a land so full of hope for the future of the East. My thoughts went back to the time when their missionaries traversed Asia as far as China. I looked at them in their semi-barbarism, and my heart bled for them. But faith pictured these glens vocal with the praise of the Redeemer and their inhabitants going forth to preach his gospel; but in order to this they must be prepared for this service. On, then, to the work!"

Cautiously climbing over the cliffs, creeping along the slippery ledges, then riding down the steep zigzag to Lezan on the Zab, what reception is he likely to meet from the fierce men who never saw European before? The only man he had ever seen from this region had groped over these mountains for six weeks to be relieved of cataract, and now he was the first to welcome his benefactor! The doctor was soon busy relieving others, and to this day the mountaineers tell how he came among them like Him who went about doing good. He was the guest of the village chief, sitting on the floor, dipping out of a large wooden bowl placed on a goat-skin that served both as table and cloth. In the

evening, quite contrary to Oriental custom, some women joined the circle with their husbands. We cannot follow him through all the perils of this mountain tour, which in its course brought him to the castle of Nûrûlah Bey, who put to death Schultz, the only European who had preceded him, and who, but for an illness that Dr. Grant relieved, would probably have served him in like manner. The doctor became a favorite, and departed for Oroomiah charged to come back as soon as possible and be his physician.

While resting among friends his two daughters followed each other to the grave. A kind Providence gave him the privilege of smoothing their way into the dark valley. The welfare of his children now called him to his native land, and putting his little Henry Martyn into the saddle before him, he set out for the mountains. He entered them with a single unarmed footman. The emir was at Van planning with the Turks the subjugation of the mountaineers, and the doctor argued that, while the Koord was in the power of the Turk, the missionary was all the safer in the mountains. Once at least he slept in the snow, the thermometer below zero. Through a horde of nomad Koords he passed unmolested, and now and then he and his little son were pitched into the snow by the fall of the horse. Mar Shimon was then in the castle of Julamerk with Suleiman Bey, nephew of the emir. It was too late to pass through the hot plains near Mosul, so he went to Van, provided with all things needful for the journey by his Koordish host; then on to Erzroom,

where they found a hearty welcome from the English residents, one of whom, noticing the doctor's soldierly bearing, remarked, "A good soldier was spoiled when that man became a missionary."

From the saddle in the mountains to the cabin of the steamer on the Black Sea and the little brig at Smyrna was a great change, but he landed safely in Boston the 3d of October, 1840. A pleasant home in Utica was found for the little stranger from Persia, and satisfactory arrangements were made for the two older sons. From that day God has blessed them all, so that no one can say that they have been forgotten by Him for whose sake their father left all.

Every moment of his six months' stay in this land was fully occupied, and the following May found him again in Constantinople, having been held back from sailing in the ill-fated "President," as he intended. A serious illness only led him to suggest that another missionary accompany him, so that in case of his death all the advantages of his acquaintance with the people might not be lost.

Near Trebizond tender thoughts were awakened by sight of the spot where, six years before, he had pitched his tent with Mrs. Grant. With no attendant but his muleteer, riding one horse while another carried provisions, medicines, and books for distribution, he went on his way to Van. Evidences of Turkish violence were met on every hand. The year before he found many who had not seen bread for two months. Now many had perished with hunger, and thousands had fled else-

where. Plague followed the famine, and a little later war would have arrested his steps. Part of the way it was a choice between danger in going on and starvation in delay. Sleeping on the way under the Roman walls of Malasgird, near the famous battlefield where Alp Arslan defeated Romanus Diogenes, A. D. 1071, he passed round the eastern end of Lake Van, over a road where, last year, seventeen Armenians were murdered, and now unusually dangerous from the famine-smitten Koords, to Van, where he distributed books and tracts among the Armenians, and discovered cuneiform inscriptions in the monastery of the Seven Churches. At Bash Kala, as he was too late for the weekly caravan to Julamerk, he hired two Koords to conduct him to Mar Shimon. They believe that reciting their prayers clears off old scores and leaves them free to begin anew; so on the second day, in a lonely spot, after going through their prayers, they demanded more pay, and refused to go on till it was paid. To have yielded would have invited plunder and murder; to resist was impossible, as they had arms and he had none. By a discreet firmness and a calm trust in God he induced them to go on, and at night was safe among old friends at Kerme. Next morning the patriarch welcomed him cordially, and made ready to attend him to Julamerk. High up in the mountains, in a rock-hewn chapel below a ruined castle, he found the mother of Suleiman Bey, whose kind inquiries after his little boy opened afresh the fountain of tears. It was the Lord's day, and in Christ the lone father found comfort.

Again they travelled over a glacier, where for miles the mules hardly dented the frozen surface, and here stood a rude chapel in the perpetual snow. This was the loftiest pass in Koordistan, above the sea 14,000 feet, and still the peak rose hundreds of feet higher. The plain of Mesopotamia is said to be visible in a clear day, though ten days distant. At Mar Ezeiah his heart was touched by the sound of a church bell in a sanctuary more than fourteen centuries old. In Bass the people offered him a house if he would come and live with them. Again another party of Koords sought to assassinate him, but finding he had already passed by, all turned back save one, who followed to beg medicine, and got it. In Asheta, where he spent a month teaching as he had opportunity, some took him for a spy of the Turks, others of the emir; but healing their sick and seeking their spiritual good, he won their confidence. In one day he removed cataracts from the eyes of seven. Here a messenger brought news of the death of two missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, and the illness of other two, Mr. and Mrs. Hinsdale, at Mosul, and he hastened to their relief. But the chief of Berwer, afraid of his influence at Mosul, had ordered his arrest. Ten men were sent to escort him through that district. On the way they refused to go on unless their remuneration was doubled. He replied, "You are ten and I am but one, and unarmed. If you choose to rob and kill me I will not resist, but I will not accede to your demand. If you keep your agreement I will reward your faithfulness at the end of the journey, but not

before." He would not purchase present safety at the cost of exposing his associates to similar exactions. Awed by his courage, they declared they were ready to die for him. Two of them gave out exhausted, but the rest kept on through the perilous way before them. Not daring to go openly through the Nestorian villages of Berwer, lest they should be punished for allowing him to pass, they moved silently in single file in the darkness. The fires of the shepherds enabled them to avoid them, and by a detour to pass two Koordish villages. At the second a castle overhung the road, and they heard the watch-cry of the sentinels, but in silence passed through a ravine and left it behind them. Forging the river, sunrise found them on the summit three miles from Amadiéh. Near Mosul he made another detour to avoid the Arabs who were plundering the villages, and finally passed through the gate just in time to rescue Mr. Hinsdale, who seemed about to follow his associate to the grave.

As a specimen of the men with whom Dr. Grant had to deal, let us glance at the Pasha of Mosul. When several pashas had been assassinated by the citizens, he was sent from Constantinople as the only man equal to the situation. He found every large house a fort, from which the partisans of the owner shot down their rivals; and instead of taking quarters within the palace walls, he fortified a country seat outside, where he defied the assassins, who fell one after another by the hand of his secret agents. Then he disarmed the city, and putting hundreds of the leaders to death, confiscated their

property. This energy marked the whole of his long rule in Mosul. The Koords when they rebelled were quelled as sternly, and some of them were impaled where their clansmen could see their torture as they entered the city. The Arabs were punished with equal severity, and so were the Yezidees of the Sinjar. But though the land was secure from rebellion, it was not from his rapacity. His tax-gatherers were worse than robbers, and whole villages fled from an oppression they could not endure. Flight, however, was punished so severely that they had to flee singly and at night. When the firman arrived reserving to the Sultan the right to inflict capital punishment, he assembled the leading men to hear it read, and when he was assured that they understood it, he said to them, "If the Sultan thinks I can govern Mosul without this power he knows nothing about it;" and at a signal the heads of all then in prison were tossed down before the assembly, which was then dismissed.

In February, 1842, it fell to Dr. Grant to go again to the mountains. Ismail Pasha was in rebellion, with Amadiéh for headquarters. He was therefore obliged to go around by the Persian side, climbing the rocky pass that overhangs the Ravandûz River to the town of that name. It was soon after the death of the famous Kûr Bey, who slaughtered the Christians and plundered their villages. Criminals he maimed and put to death according to the letter of Mohammedan law. Many, deprived of hands, eyes, and other members, bore witness to his severity.

He was now the first of modern travellers to visit the two Assyrian monuments at Sidek. The upper one, called the Keli-shin, or Green Pillar, is of a hard, compact stone, whose cuneiform inscriptions are still legible after the storms of more than two thousand years. From the summit of the pass the plain of Mesopotamia was seen stretching away farther than the eye can reach, while the Lake of Oroomiah sparkled in the morning sun, apparently just below him. To the south and west a vast sea of mountains rolled, wave on wave, here and there bursting into foam, for so seemed the snowy summits in the morning light. Thence he soon reached his old home in Oroomiah.

In a little more than a month he was off again for the mountains. The Turks were advancing from Van to punish some nomad Persians, and the road was covered with the fugitives—men, women, and children, flocks and herds. Descending towards the Zab from a pass of 8,000 feet elevation, he visited the Armenian church at Kandi Kileeseh, built, they say, 1,700 years ago. At Zarany the Koords refused him shelter from the cold, and though both cold and hungry he slept outside, glad to get off alive. The Turkish army was behind, and pressing on he was soon kindly received in the summer quarters of Nûrûllah Bey at Berchullah. Ismail Pasha was there to organize opposition to the Turks. Dr. Grant changed his Frank dress for Koordish, and set out for Amadiéh. At Tall, the only level place he could find for his mules was the roof of one house which formed the door-yard of the house above

it, and the people, though wretchedly poor, readily shared with him what they had. While the emir made his headquarters in Tehoma preparatory to his attack on Amadieh, Dr. Grant made a tour to Mar Ezeiah. Long before they were near enough to be distinguished the people raised the war-cry. At once the distant shepherds responded, and came running, gun in hand. Some hurried to cut off his retreat, others to dispute his approach; but as soon as he was recognized all was peace and welcome. This explains one of their measures of distance: "So many guns," i. e., the distance at which the firing of a gun can be heard.

After four days he returned to the emir, and occupied a booth large enough to lie down in, and so low that he could stand up only in the middle. Again he is on the way to Tyary, over a slope swept by avalanches so smooth to the edge of the cliff below that in one place it was necessary for one to take the mule by the tail and another by the head, and hold him up till he had crossed safely the slippery steep. Nor was this the only danger he encountered. Heiyo, the chief of Mar Sawa, was one of the worst men among the Nestorians. He was under the anathema of the patriarch, and therefore an outlaw; but if mission families were to live in Asheta he must be made to know that we were friends. So the doctor called on him again and again. In one of these visits Heiyo was surly, and even hinted how easily he could put him out of the way, drawing his finger along his dagger's edge in the presence of his cut-throat followers. Dr. Grant replied,

"I am your guest, and you can do with me as you please, but I am distressed that you should by your sins provoke the anger of God;" and though at first the ruffian declared he would turn Moslem sooner than yield to Mar Shimon, the result of his mediation was that the anathema was withdrawn, and the church of Mar Sawa, one of the oldest in the mountains, reconsecrated. At such risk did the fearless missionary inherit the blessing pronounced upon peacemakers.

Refused a guide on account of the outlawry of Heiyo, Dr. Grant went alone over débris from the crags above that reached down to the river, often dismounting to release the feet of his mule from the stones. The bridge at Chumba was one hundred and fifty feet long and three in width, formed of poplar-trees covered with wicker-work instead of boards. The vibration of the structure is appalling. The mules broke through, and had to be lifted up bodily by several men. Five and a half hours brought him to the summer quarters of the Malek of Tyary, where, from a dirty wooden bowl filled with milk—sometimes kept for weeks in a goat-skin never washed, and so acid as to excoriate the throat—which was eaten with millet-bread, compared with which rye is a luxury, he made his repast off a greasy goat-skin as a table. In all these journeys Dr. Grant never forgot his missionary character; but the excitement of the times was unfavorable to any good impression. Mar Shimon had received friendly letters from the Pasha of Mosul, and was encouraged to oppose the emir. The doctor counselled friendship with all, but did not dare

advise submission to the Turk, in view of the oppression sure to follow. Nor could the patriarch induce his people to favor the Turks; so he lost the friendship of the pasha, who afterwards found the subjugation of the Nestorians more for his interest, and the emir hated him for his correspondence with the pasha.

Meanwhile the mission was located at Asheta, and a school of thirty pupils was opened. Mar Shimon wished to compel each family to furnish a poplar-tree for the mission house, but Dr. Grant objected to compulsion, and obtained first the written consent of the emir, to forestall any complaint. It being too late to build that season, he fitted up a house in Lezan for a winter station, and sent for Mr. Hinsdale to come from Mosul, so that he enjoyed for the first time the presence of a Christian friend in that field of danger and privation. Now began a great fight of affliction. Bishop Yoosuf returned to Persia and Mr. Hinsdale to Mosul, leaving him solitary. Shortly after he was summoned to the patriarch at Chumba, and on the way met a messenger from the emir requiring immediate attendance upon him. Was it to put him out of the way? The patriarch and chief urgently dissuaded him from going, but he thought only of the future of the mission, not of personal safety. He found the Koords gathering for mischief on the road before him; but as the only alternative was to pass through a hostile tribe, he kept on. His guides, however, to shun greater danger, led him by a goat-path over the summit of the mountains. Arriving at the Castle of Julamerk, he was led through winding

passages into a vaulted room that he had never seen before. Was it his prison? In an hour he was summoned, to find that his coming had convinced his host that the reports of his building a castle at Asheta were groundless, and he was honored with the presence of the ladies for the rest of the evening.

Deeds of violence, meanwhile, were carried on without. Ismail Pasha was then arranging to plunder the borders of the Pashalic of Mosul, though at the same time the emir was in correspondence with the Pasha of Erzroom, aiming to unite with him against the Nestorians. Prostrated by ague and so delayed, the mother of Suleiman Bey found opportunity to warn him against the treachery of her race. He returned to Asheta in December, worn by illness and fatigue, and two days later was summoned to Mosul to the bedside of Mr. Hinsdale, too late to save him, but not too late to save himself from assassination, as the Pasha of Mosul had just written to the chief of Nirwa to despatch him privately. The pasha, however, though surprised, received him outwardly as a dear friend, and called on him as before for medical advice.

April found him again *en route* to the mountains, with the writer as an associate. The kawas provided by the pasha left us before crossing the Tigris, most likely according to instructions. We visited Khorsabad, where Mons. Batta was then uncovering the palace of Sargon. We also saw an extreme case of poverty and misery at Amadiéh, such as one of us, at least, had never imagined. Five armed Koords were sent from

thence to escort us through Berwer. The road to Asheta was so rough that the new-comer preferred to walk, and was content to be weary when he looked back and saw the hind feet of the doctor's mule dangling down the mountain-side, while a native helped him to dismount only to repeat the experiment.

At the mission house the workmen, with some tumult and show of force, demanded higher wages after Easter; but Dr. Grant calmly wrote on a paper the names of the leaders, and they quietly resumed their labors. Bloody encounters among themselves were by no means rare; and one was brought to the doctor terribly mangled, who had recklessly attacked a Koordish village single-handed. Indeed, daggers were drawn within sight of our door on most trifling pretexts. Meanwhile the political horizon grew darker. The Porte refused firmans to Dr. Smith and Rev. E. E. Bliss, then on their way to join us, because they did not want Franks, at that time in the mountains, to witness their evil deeds. Mar Shimon summoned his men against the emir, but they refused obedience. Even his anathema, falling on all alike, lost its power. The injury done by a handful only irritated the Koords. Bader Khan Bey and his Koords were already on the march. Indeed, late in April we opened our eyes one morning to find five of his armed men seated around the room, waiting for us to awake to summon Dr. Grant into the presence of that chief. He had given his promise to go, and would not break his word. He left Asheta for Buhtan the 6th of June. Passing up a narrow

glen into the mountains between strong forts recently built or repaired, eighteen miles brought him to the white castles of Dergûleh. In a grassy dell near a stream stood the green tents of the emir, who expressed surprise at his coming, and added, "Do not interfere with us." The doctor was received kindly, but the subjugation of the Nestorians was spoken of without reserve. It was agreed, both by Turks and Koords, that his property and person should be secure, and the whole valley of Asheta spared for his sake, if the people would only pay tribute. He thanked them for their kindness, but could not speak for the people. Bader Khan Bey was completely under the influence of the moollahs, and much of the cruelties that followed must be laid to their charge. The preparations for invasion were daily maturing, and as he could do no missionary work, Dr. Grant asked leave to return to the mountains, and a guide and purse of gold were sent him by the Bey. The first he accepted, the gold he returned with thanks, and four days later reached Asheta, where his attendants soon communicated their fears to all around.

It is not proposed to go over again the sad story of the massacre, which has been told both in the fuller life of Dr. Grant and in the Ely volume. Dr. Grant heard of the slaughter in Diss, and none, even among the relatives of the slain, felt it more deeply. He rose from a sleepless bed to hear that the main army was advancing from the northwest, southeast, and south. Other hostile bands of Koords closed in on their victims, while the Turks stood guard at the southwest. As long as

he could help those he loved so well he feared neither peril nor privation, and had he known that this was his last look on those scenes, he could not have left more reluctantly. Much as he suffered afterwards, nothing equalled the agony of that hour. As all other roads were closed, he left by the one he first entered, and spent the last night with the same aged Bishop of Dû-ree, whom he had not seen since 1839—the first to welcome, he was the last to bid him farewell. Rising at midnight and keeping a mountain between him and the Turks, he passed on and reached Mosul in safety.

Dr. Grant now devoted himself to the benefit of the refugees who fled from the mountains. Thousands were without money or food, and almost naked. Fifty of his old friends came one morning and threw themselves on his hospitality. He at once hired a house, selected the widows and orphans, with some of the more infirm, fed and clothed them, formed the children into a school, and daily sought to comfort them with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God.

Thus the winter passed, when a low typhus-fever broke out among the fugitives. It attacked them in the villages and in the city, and raged among the Turkish soldiers, till out of the ninety under the care of Dr. Grant twelve followed each other to the grave. The same fatality prevailed elsewhere. Of these last some were dismissed at once when the disease appeared. A few who had been allowed to lodge in the courts of the papal churches were now driven out lest the question of burial should come up in a new form; but Dr. Grant

only redoubled his efforts as the people needed more help. Little did he know that he was about to be called to show his love for them by sharing their illnesses and literally dying with them. But so it was. He who had been in deaths oft was brought in safety through them all to die with the people whom he loved even to the last. The last words he ever wrote were addressed to his son Edwin: "In all these commotions we are safe under the protecting power of God. His arm has been our shield in every danger, and we trust him still and ever." The letter, in its disjointed style, shows that disease was already upon him. Four days after, he resigned himself to the care of Dr. Azariah Smith, who had arrived just in time to minister during his last illness. On Sabbath he prayed for the Nestorians with such fervor as to give new force to the most familiar words. Dr. Smith said, "It seemed as though I never understood their meaning before." His mind now wandered. At one time it was on his work, at another on his children: "My dear children. God WILL take care of them and of his own cause." Next to the kingdom of Christ they were uppermost in his thoughts. And thus he died, April 24, 1844.

He was not cut off in the midst of the perils he gladly encountered in the service of his Lord, lest some future missionary should hesitate when called to meet peril for Jesus' sake. Nor did he die at home, for the grief of kindred could not have honored Christ as did the tears of strangers and even Moslems around his grave. Some rebuked us because, they said, while all

Mosul was in tears, we only did not weep. When Mar Shimon heard that he was dead, he said, "My people are gone; now my friend is gone too, and nothing remains to me but God."

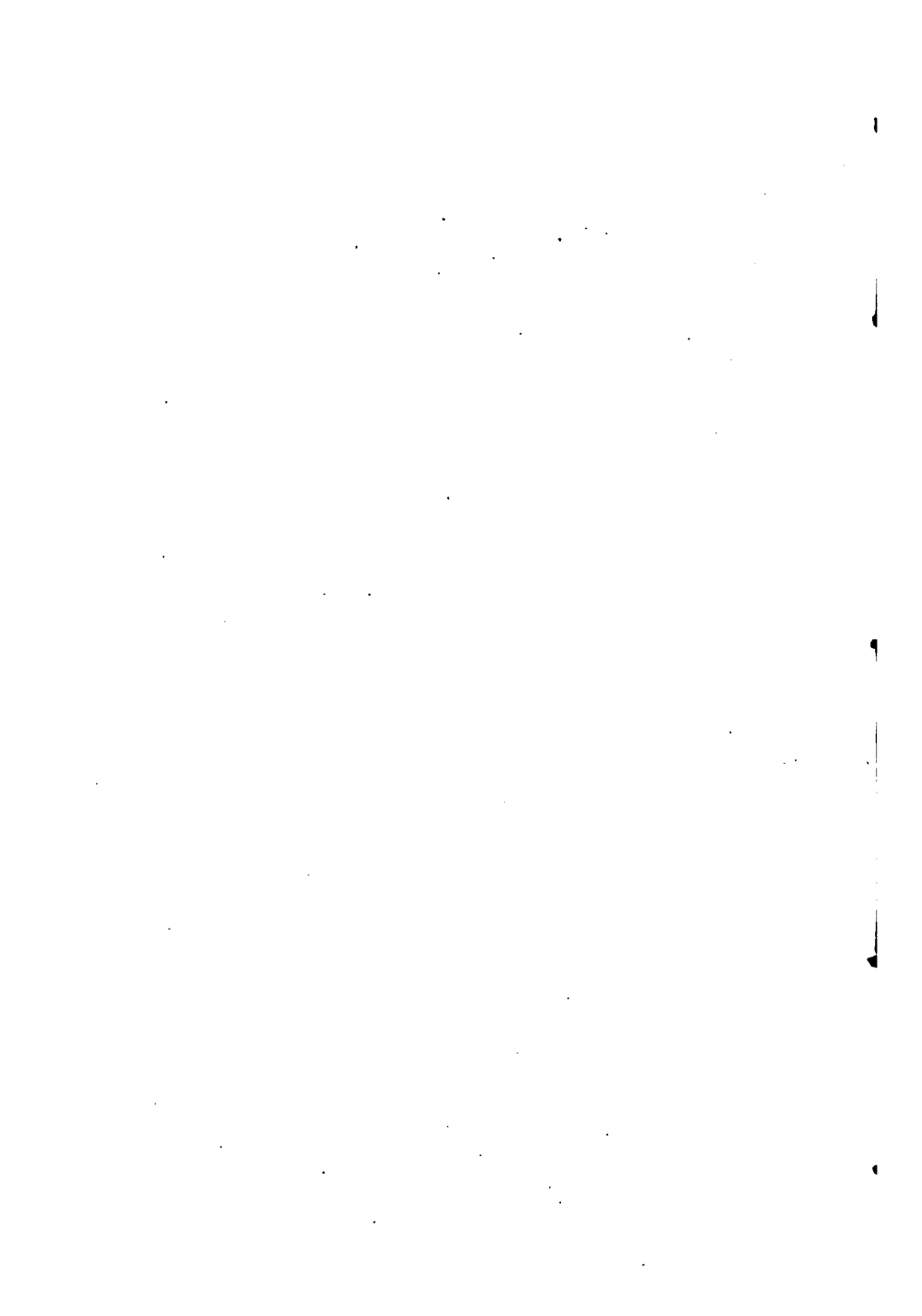
Dr. Wright, who succeeded him in Oroomiah, writes: "In Persia I have heard both prince and peasant speak his praise. In Koordistan, both in the castle of the emir, in the home of Mar Shimon, and in the hovels of Tyary, I have noticed their veneration for his character."

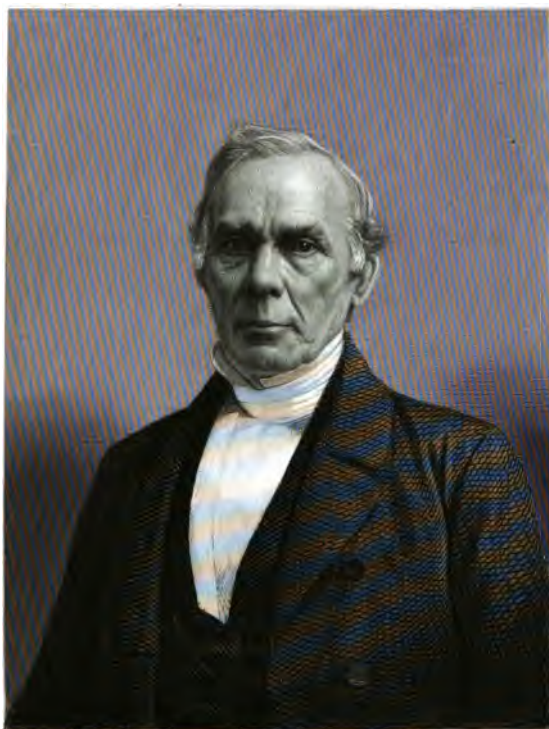
Dr. D. W. Marsh writes: "Persons in places as wide apart as Telkeif and Mardin have spoken passionately of Dr. Grant; and with all allowance for Oriental hyperbole, the man who excites such rapturous praise so long after his death must have had a character that made a deep impression. I have never seen him myself, but the image formed by the living words and tones of natives, both Moslem and Christian, to a commanding figure and great nobleness of manner adds a life so frank and manly, a policy at once so courteous and so firm, as to win enthusiastic regard. Fearless to an extreme, full of faith to enthusiasm, at home in the Koordish castle or the Nestorian hovel, and everywhere a man of God, whose bones will be wept over and his memorial set up when the great army comes to the spot where he fell."

v.

Rev. William Goodell, D. D.

BY REV. S. C. BARTLETT, D. D.





Engd. by A. H. Pichas.

W. Goodell

AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

V. WILLIAM GOODELL.*

MANY years ago nothing could be found that marked the birthplace of William Goodell in the little town of Templeton, Mass., but the traces of a cellar-hole on a hillside. But in the year 1792 there stood on that spot a one-story house, containing a garret floored with rough boards, and two rooms below. One of these rooms answered all the purposes of kitchen, dining-room, family room, and parlor; the other, reached by passing through the first, was a small bedroom, containing a bed for the parents, and beneath it a trundle-bed that was rolled out at night for the children. It was three miles from the Congregational church and from the family physician, but not far, apparently, from

* The materials for this sketch have been drawn almost wholly from the ample store contained in the volume, "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire," by E. D. G. Prime, D. D., often in the words of the author, and, when practicable, in Mr. Goodell's own language.

the district school. In this little cottage was raised up to maturity a family of eight children, of whom William Goodell was one. There was no lock or bolt on any door, and no key to any trunk or drawer, so little was there to protect. The family library consisted chiefly, if not solely, of the family Bible, "Watts' Psalms and Hymns," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," Pike's "Cases of Conscience," the second volume of "Fox's Book of Martyrs," and the "Assembly's Catechism." But this scanty religious aliment nourished a most noble and godly father and mother.

Mrs. Goodell, the mother, though called to a life of pinching economy, and at length of protracted and painful illness, was the embodiment of delicacy, neatness, taste, and industry, as well as of meekness, kindness, and devoted piety. Her son used in after days to remember her as she sat carding wool by the light of a pine knot and singing "beautiful hymns" to her children; as ministering to the needy from her scanty means, and governed in all her speech by the law of love; as absorbed with the desire that her children might be the children of God; and as passing away at last from her bed of suffering in triumph, with a "hallelujah" on her lips, interrupted in the midst, and "finished on the other side of Jordan." "O my kind mother," exclaimed the son a generation later, "what would I not give to see thy gentle face once more, and on my knees to ask ten thousand pardons for every unkind word I ever answered thee and for every grief or pain I unnecessarily caused thee!"

The piety of Mr. Goodell, the father, was of the rarest type. He seemed literally to meditate day and night in God's law. He was a man of prayer—praying aloud as he rode on horseback, praying in his heart for the stranger whom he met, praying over every rod of ground he cultivated. He was also full of the missionary spirit before the full time of missions was come. Every Sunday, whatever might be the weather, found him and his on the way to the distant church. He sat on the stout old family horse, holding one child in his arms, the wife sat on a pillion behind him with another child in her arms, and still a third child clung to her. After the Sunday dinner, which had been cooked the day before, the family were summoned to the catechism, which they were expected to have learned by heart. When they slept in the trundle-bed, the children were taught to close their day with the Lord's Prayer and "Now I lay me down to sleep." Mr. Goodell was so conscientious in his dealings that he often seemed to be more careful for the interests of others than for his own. The world did not go smoothly with him. There had been a time when he owned a hundred acres free from encumbrance. But a lung-fever, which laid him aside from his work for a year, was followed by long-continued illness in the family. His property melted away, till in the later years of his life he lived on a pension of ninety-six dollars a year, paid him as a soldier of the Revolution. "And though to his children he left no inheritance, no, not so much as a cent, yet," said his son William, "in his godly example and prayers he has

left them the very richest legacy which any father ever left to his children." When he died at the venerable age of eighty-six, his intercourse with heaven had become so constant in his later years that "we can hardly suppose," says the same son, "it was ever interrupted in his waking hours fifteen minutes at a time."

In such a home as this was William Goodell born, in the midst of a furious snowstorm, on the 14th day of February, 1792. The boy early proved to be full of vivacity and humor and to have a remarkably retentive memory. But his constitution was delicate. It was evident that he never could endure a life of manual labor, and no higher expectation was entertained for him than that he might become a teacher in the lower branches of education. He was always a conscientious boy, but not a professor of religion till the age of nineteen. In a revival of religion at that time (A. D. 1811), the faithful prayers of his "gentle mother" were answered, and very likely her blessed memory honored—for she had passed away two years before—by his public avowal of faith in Christ. He had then no purpose to be either a missionary or a preacher. But the Lord led him on step by step. It had become the intense desire of the father's heart that he should be a minister of the gospel. He encouraged the son to attempt an education, although he had no money and knew no way to bring it about. At length they heard that beneficiary aid was given at Phillips Academy, and the son caught at the hope. He walked and rode sixty miles to Andover, and "footed it the whole distance" home again, weary and foot-

sore, with little encouragement and a heavy heart. The charity fund was overloaded, other applicants were waiting, and he must in any case get on for one quarter without help. But how? And on this question they prayed and thought, and thought and prayed, till the time came for the term to begin. Then, "without money, without credit, and without any plan," he put his books and clothing into his trunk, strapped it upon his back, and took up his march.

GETTING AN EDUCATION.

There is no braver or more pathetic sight than that of William Goodell plodding through that sixty miles, with the trunk chafing his back to the permanent injury of his spine, the boys hooting at him in the streets, and he, weary and silent, steadily holding the middle of the road to save extra steps till he stood on Andover hill; depositing his trunk in the entry of the Principal, going forth with list after list of licensed boarding-places, to be refused by every one, and bursting into tears on his fruitless return; then afterwards stealing out unperceived to find a home in an unlicensed house, that of a profane and intemperate shoemaker with an earnest Christian wife. It makes one's heart ache to think of it.

His first lesson showed the quality of the youth. It was in the Latin Grammar. When called on, he recited the first page *verbatim*, coarse print and fine, notes and all, then the next page, and the third in like manner, more in extent than was assigned, and much that was

only to be read and not recited. Said Mr. Adams, the Principal, "You must have studied this before." Said young Goodell, "I never saw a Latin Grammar till you gave me this." He had made his mark. He was put in a class with two other choice boys, and the three became the delight of Mr. Adams; never absent, never tardy or unprepared, and mastering their lessons "till it seemed real fun for him to hear us." Near the end of the quarter Lieutenant-Governor Phillips volunteered to bear the expenses of the three, to their inexpressible relief.

In his second year at Andover his uncle, Solomon Goodell, of Jamaica, Vt., had written to Preceptor Adams to know if the young man was "worth raising," and received such a reply that he sent him a fine yoke of oxen. These were sold next day for money enough to pay the bills of the year. So had a good Providence smoothed the way of the penniless boy.

Here the influence of that admirable teacher, Mr. John Adams, the preaching of Porter, Woods, and Stuart, and all the new surroundings gradually and greatly changed the thoughts and purposes of this boy "just out of the woods." But the most memorable event in his experience at this time, perhaps, was his attendance on the ordination of the first young American missionaries, Judson, Newell, Hall, Nott, and Rice, at Salem. The day was bitterly cold, the way slippery, and the young men, of whom he was one, walked twenty miles, straining every muscle to arrive in time. The new and solemn service made a profound impression.

At the close he started for Andover without rest or refreshment, but became so worn out as to need the support of his friends, and reached home so exhausted as to lie down before the fire in an alarming state of exhaustion. But he felt amply repaid, for it filled his heart for life with the missionary spirit.

From Phillips Academy he entered Dartmouth College in company with his friend, Daniel Temple, each induced by the offer of a hundred dollars a year from the beneficiary funds of Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, N. H. Every winter he taught school. In every school he aimed to secure the spiritual good of his pupils, and in Keene, N. H., his efforts were attended with very deep religious interest.

While in college he was wholly unambitious, never spending a thought on college honors. He was hindered by his delicate health, which limited his time of actual study to little more than three hours a day. But those were hours of intense and earnest concentration. And he graduated with the third appointment—President James Marsh and Bishop Carlton Chase outranking him. The glimpses that we get of his college life reveal the same mingling of genial humor, intense earnestness, activity, and piety which characterized his whole subsequent life. A letter from Temple—his academy, college, and seminary chum, his fellow-missionary, and life-long friend—written December 21, 1816, while Temple was teaching at Boscawen and Goodell at Keene, incidentally implies all this and more. Temple opens with a subject that lay near both their hearts, "the proceed-

ings of the infatuated Legislature of this State," which "with gigantic strides directs its course towards Dartmouth," to "transform our good old Alma Mater and stuff their evanescent university with professorships as fugitive as the gales of autumn." But he trusts "the same Providence which has hitherto blasted their purposes and turned their designs into foolishness." It was the famous Dartmouth College case. Temple is boarding with a physician "as risible as yourself," and thinks of his friend on a certain occasion as "walking with a 'lady by your side.'" He himself would gladly "dispense with about a score of giggling boys from his school." Their friend Boardman, of Norwich, had "brought a piece of cloth, a present to Goodell and Temple" from certain ladies of his and their acquaintance, enough for two pairs of trousers. Temple anticipates longingly a return to their "beloved scenes of mutual friendship and colloquial felicity," inquires earnestly for the religious aspect of things at Keene, reports the spiritual condition at Boscawen, laments his own unworthiness, and invites his friend to meet him often before the throne of their Father.

During their college course (in 1815) occurred the most powerful revival ever witnessed in the institution, the most remarkable indeed that Goodell ever knew. The number of pious students in the upper classes had been very small—only one in the Senior class. There was no prayer-meeting conducted by students. The Theological Society, apparently just formed, held its sessions with locked doors and barred windows, to se-

cure itself against interruption. But about this time the society unanimously voted that each member should, during the coming week, converse with at least three fellow-students on personal religion. They did so—"some of them with thirty times three," for at once the Spirit descended in a most remarkable manner. Many of the finest scholars in college and many of the young people of the village were converted. The room of Temple and Goodell was thronged from morning till night with inquirers. Goodell never wearied of recalling that precious time and its bright array of converts, among whom he specially enumerates Professors Torrey, Fisk, Bush, Upham, and Haddock (and Miss Lang, afterwards his wife), Presidents Wheeler, Marsh, and Cushing, Bishop Chase, and "the beloved missionary, Levi Spaulding," who "gave his heart to God under a pine-tree that will be remembered in heaven." In his old age Goodell wrote, "I do not know that we were ever more honored of God as his instruments of doing good than during those blessed years."

MISSIONARY IMPULSES.

Near the close of his Freshman year he seems first to have raised the question of entering the missionary work. He was profoundly stirred by the life of Harriet Newell. "I could not restrain my tears while looking on her likeness." In July the following year he was present at the ordination of six missionaries at Newburyport—Mills, Richards, Meigs, Warren, Bardwell, and Poor—and we learn nothing further of the leadings

of his mind in this direction till we find him at Andover (in 1817), a member of that "sacred band"—with its secret constitution written in cipher—the missionary band. Here the personal contact with Fisk, Parsons, and Spaulding pressed home the question of duty, till he adopted their determination "to stop his ears against all the apparently restricted calls of duty to remain at home." One difficulty remained—the dependent condition of his father. This he removed by leaving the seminary long enough to secure for him a pension as a soldier of the Revolution, after which, receiving his father's approval and blessing, he recorded, Feb. 12, 1818, "And now 'tis done.... Send me where Thou wilt."

During this year his heart was cheered by another missionary ordination at Salem, where, he records of a little company of ordained and expectant missionaries, "there were eleven of us together, a number equal to that of the apostles when they returned to Jerusalem from Olivet." It would seem to have been in this year that another great life-question was virtually settled for him. He had been greatly exercised as to a suitable companion, "had prayed more in reference to this subject than in reference to any other temporal subject whatever," and had often wished that some maternal association or Moravian church would settle the matter for him. But at length, in passing through the town of Holden one vacation, he was "providentially introduced to a lady of singularly sweet disposition, modest appearance, and dignified demeanor, bearing the name of Abi-

gail P. Davis." And from that day till the week before his death, when he penned these words, he had "been so thankful that the business was not left to any maternal association or to any church or to any other organization under heaven." His last writing was an expression of love and commendation for this wife of his youth and his old age. His own personal success, however, did not prevent him from offering his services to his friend Thurston in an emergency—suggesting the lady, bringing about an introduction, securing the publication of the banns, and, in company with a lady friend, visiting Boston to procure the outfit—all within the space of three weeks before Thurston sailed for the Sandwich Islands.

While in the theological seminary he spent his vacations in evangelistic work, visiting from house to house, distributing tracts, and holding religious meetings. His labors at Newcastle, N. H., were especially blessed. After his graduation he made an engagement to visit the churches and awaken an interest in foreign missions. He began in the towns upon the Hudson River, in one of which, the town of Catskill, he was thrown from a carriage, and the beginning of his missionary labors came near being the end. He travelled thence westward through the then almost unsettled portions of New York, Ohio, and Indiana, and afterwards, at the request of Secretary Evarts, visited the Indian missions at the Southwest, travelling on horseback much of the way through a wilderness.

IN MALTA AND BEIRUT.

On the 9th of December, 1822, Mr. Goodell, with his wife, to whom he had been united three weeks previously, set sail, appointed to the mission in Palestine, and expecting to labor at Jerusalem. But they never saw the Holy City. For when, long afterwards, a friend invited him to take the journey without expense, though Jerusalem had been the dream and goal of his early life, he would not leave his work to enjoy the gratification.

They landed first at Malta, as was then the custom, to commence the study of the languages, and, after a few months, at Beirut. Here, though their stay was intended to be but temporary, they entered at once on active labors, meanwhile pursuing the study of the Turkish, Arabic, and Armenian languages. The polyglot condition of the missionary company then gathered in Beirut is illustrated by a remark in one of his letters: "We almost daily read the Scriptures in ancient Greek, modern Greek, ancient Armenian, modern Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Arabic, Italian, and English, and frequently hear them read in Syriac, Hebrew, and French." It was in the midst of the war between Greece and Turkey. Here came their first trial. A band of Greek sailors landed on a pillaging expedition, and came to his door, but left him unmolested. On their departure the Albanians and Bedouins rushed in, terrified his family, threatened his life, and committed violence and depredations. By the ingenious device of sending a pic-



THE SHIPWRECK AT MALTA.

ture of the scene to the Pasha of St. Jean D'Acre, however, he obtained redress.

Soon after this commotion was fairly over persecution commenced. It was made by the ecclesiastics a penal offence to salute the missionaries or render them any service whatever. The Turks joined the combination. The missionaries were in constant apprehension of personal violence when abroad, and at night knew not what assaults might be made on them before morning. For two years Mr. Goodell seldom closed his eyes to sleep without first thinking over the means of escape, and seldom walked abroad without looking for places of refuge.

At length new complications arose from the Greco-Turkish war. The Turks were exasperated against all Europeans, and the situation of the missionaries became so perilous that, as Mr. Goodell wrote, "we almost nod now and then to see whether our heads are on our shoulders." His family were sent for safety to the mountains, where he could visit them only by stealth. The continuance of the troubles determined them (in 1828) to withdraw for a time to Malta, where then, for similar reasons, nearly all the American missionaries on the Mediterranean were gathered. But already he had commenced the great work of translating the Bible into Armeno-Turkish, and while at Malta issued the entire New Testament and sent it forth with a characteristic prayer and benediction.

TRANSFER TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

And now, at length (in 1831), the American Board sent him to the chief scene of his life-long labors, that city of unrivalled situation, Constantinople. His wife and the ladies who accompanied her were supposed to be the first American ladies who ever visited that famous city, as Dr. Schauffler, who arrived a year later, was the first person to introduce a cooking-stove and a rocking-chair into the Turkish Empire.* Two months after Goodell's arrival in Constantinople, just as he was established in his house and ready for work, came that terrible conflagration which swept more than a square mile of the city with indiscriminate destruction. It not only consumed nearly every article of his property, including grammars, dictionaries, commentaries, translations and manuscripts of every kind, but brought him at last a narrow escape with his life. "It reminded one of the fires of the last day." His losses were eventually, in great measure, made up by friends. But he was for a time a wanderer, and three weeks later found himself in the vicinity of the plague and the cholera with a new-born son in the family. At this time Commodore Porter, our excellent chargé d'affaires, kindly offered him a home for the winter, which was gratefully accepted; and thus commenced an intimacy terminated only by the death of Porter. He entered at once on his work with that mingled activity, devotedness, and conciliation

* This was said to the writer by Dr. Schauffler in Constantinople in 1874.

which followed him throughout life. Within a few weeks he had established among the Greeks four so-called Lancasterian schools, which were soon largely increased in number, and was engaged in his personal work with the Armenians.

His principles were to prosecute his work diligently but quietly, to avoid mere controversy and all movements which would invite opposition, to leaven individuals and communities with the gospel, and to aim at no outward changes, except as the way was clearly prepared by Providence. His ready wit and humor often served him a good turn. Thus when the Patriarch's vicar was determined to force him into a dispute on the eucharist, which would have frustrated the object of his visit, he twice parried the effort with a pleasantry which produced a general laugh, ended the discussion, and kept all serene.

SICKNESS AND PERSECUTION.

His first school for girls, in May, 1832, created a commotion which had hardly subsided when, in the same summer, the city was visited with the plague, the cholera, and rumors of war—the decisive war between the Sultan and Ibrahim Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt. Many of his neighbors were carried off by the cholera, and he did not escape without an attack.

The gospel began to take effect. The conversion of Hohannes and Senakerim began the good work and the counter-excitement, both of which went on by a kind of action and reaction, intensifying as they went, until the

opposition became (in 1839) persecution, attended with exile and imprisonment of the converts. But before this persecution culminated he was again surrounded by the plague in its most frightful form. The reported victims for a time averaged from six to ten thousand a week. All ordinary intercourse was broken off. Every thing and person was fumigated. Letters were received with tongs, and then disinfected. Families dared not make purchases. Everything was suspended but sickness, and death. Mrs. Dwight and her son died, the only ones of the missionary band. But they were all in danger; indeed, all were in a very unusual manner exposed to it. Goodell wrote: "How many of us or who of us may be alive after another week no man can tell." But he also wrote, not long before, while in the midst of all the frightful precautions they were obliged to take, "You would see us generally cheerful and happy, attending to our translations, having our precious little meetings together, and sometimes feeling that we were probably within a day or two of heaven." They were then in the habit of often reading the ninety-first Psalm.

The persecution did not abate with the cholera. It grew fiercer and fiercer, not only expending itself upon the native converts and friends of the missionaries, but threatening to break up all missionary operations and banish the missionaries. Mr. Goodell calmly awaited the expected order to leave, after having secreted in different places all his papers. But at the darkest moment God interposed in the defeat of the Sultan's army at Aleppo, the sudden death of Sultan Mahmoud himself,

a great fire in Constantinople, and the impoverishment and overthrow of many leading persecutors. The hand of violence was arrested.

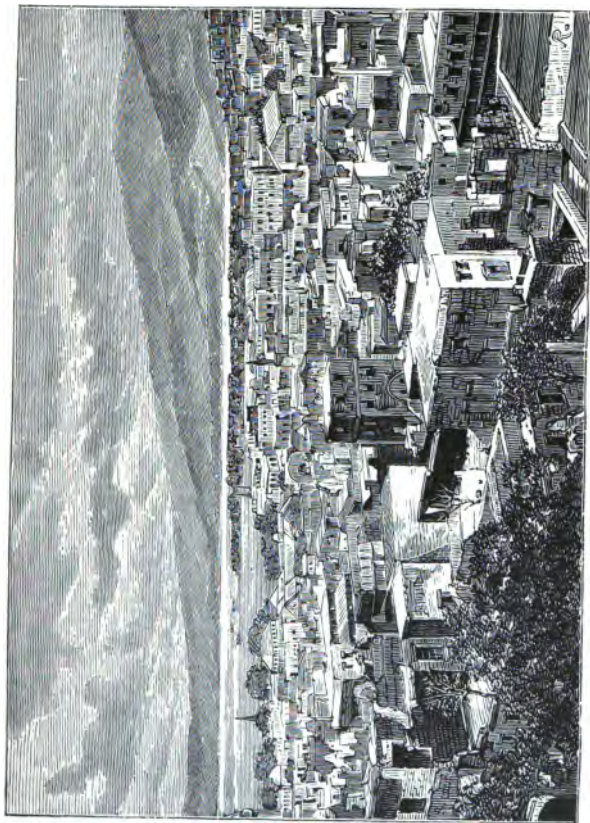
Other trials followed; indeed, they were scarcely intermitted. For two years there was uninterrupted illness in the home, and a beloved son, the firstborn of Americans in Constantinople, was called away. There are few tenderer and more touching tributes than his account of the child's sufferings, patience, and death. To recount all the heavy and almost overwhelming strains upon his faith, patience, and Christian courage would be to follow him through most of his missionary life. But no trials or afflictions seemed to depress his spirits or to hinder his work.

THE ARMENO-TURKISH BIBLE.

In the year 1841 he had accomplished what may be considered his one greatest achievement – the translation of the entire Bible into the Armeno-Turkish language. It was the toilsome but loving labor of many years, and was revised again and again, to become one of the great landmarks of missionary effort in Turkey and a perpetual fountain of life. Eighteen years before its publication the work had been urged upon him by Rev. Pliny Fisk, and only his determination to make it as perfect as possible, a permanent acquisition to a great nation, prevented the issue of it long before. No one can appreciate, without reading his own account, the painstaking diligence, the conscientious use of helps, printed and oral, far and near, the elaborate and oft-

repeated scrutiny of individual passages, and, above all, the devout and absorbing love with which the work was carried through. "My feelings have gone along with those of the sacred writers to such a degree that often, when alone in my study I have been reading a page perhaps for the seventh time, I have had to stop to wipe away the fast-flowing tears or to offer up such prayers and praises as the subject called forth." At this time he spoke of it as the work of "eight years." But for twelve years more he was engaged from time to time in revising it, "with as much painstaking and prayerfulness as the original translation;" and it was only in 1863, four years before his death, that it finally left his hands.

During much of the time, while engaged on this translation, he found it necessary, after repeated trials of a different course, to withdraw from active labors abroad and devote himself "to this and nothing else." And nothing is more noteworthy than the quiet resolution with which he steadily followed his own conscientious convictions, and the unfaltering, genial good-nature with which he received all manner of inconsiderate advice and undiscerning criticism. He hardly ever alluded to the subject. But once, a few months before this translation was published, he wrote to a fellow-missionary some of the conflicting suggestions which were made to him: to give more time to his family; to work more vigorously in translating; to do nothing but "preach, preach, preach;" to write more letters to missionary stations and to all parts of America; to be more



BEIRÛT.



constant in his correspondence with his many friends, who say hard things about him. "Now what to do I know not. I would most gladly give my time to my friends; I would give it all to my family; I would devote it all to translating the Word of God; and I would with all my heart spend it in publishing the good news. But to devote the whole of it to each one of these objects is an impossibility. . . . I must try more to please my blessed Lord, and let the whole world go."

A striking instance of mistaken criticism by an intelligent and friendly person occurred some years before. While at Beirut Mr. Goodell had translated some tracts, and among them the "Dairyman's Daughter." Just after the fire at Constantinople a distinguished medical gentleman from New York had spent some months in the same house with Mr. Goodell and in the pleasantest of relations. This gentleman, on his return, published a volume in which, while commending the activity of the missions, he regretted that "such benevolent efforts should in some instances have taken a wrong direction." And he mentioned, as a specific case in point, this tract the "Dairyman's Daughter." Now it so happened that about the very time, 1832, when this remark was published in New York, Mr. Goodell, on a journey to Brûsa, had passed through Nicomedia, and at the door of a church had put this tract into the hands of a boy and passed on. The boy carried it to the priest, and he to another priest, and both these men, Vertanes and Harûtûn, were converted by means of it; a company of believers was organized by their efforts,

and the revival spread into the neighboring villages. Long ago this tract was circulating in twenty languages.

OTHER LABORS.

After the publication of the Armeno-Turkish Bible, Mr. Goodell was enabled to engage in a greater variety of labors, and to exert a steadily growing influence within and without the missionary circle. Those who would fully understand the work, or appreciate the rare spirit and the marvellous buoyancy and brightness of the man, must be referred to the excellent narrative of his life, entitled "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire." His letters present a combination of devoutness, tenderness, quaintness, wisdom, wit, and facility seldom equalled. They are remarkable alike for their inimitable naturalness of style, their almost unconscious Scripturalness of phraseology, their unfailing vivacity of thought, and the genial humor that never could be long repressed. They redeem the art of letter-writing in modern times. Not the least pleasant aspect of his correspondence is the thoughtfulness and love with which, in their times of special joy or sorrow, or of his own impulse, he remembers his old and distant friends: his preceptor, Adams, his college classmate, Haddock, his fellow-students Sidney E. Morse and the missionaries Winslow and Spaulding, his old friend Judge Cooke, his long-time associate, Temple, his afflicted missionary "sister" at Brûsa, Mrs. Thurston, of the Sandwich Islands, the widowed mother of a missionary to Constantinople, Drs. Anderson, Schauffler, and many

others. His affectionate interest and sympathy flowed out in every direction. His letters to the Society of Inquiry at Andover, "to the children of America," to his "dear Cherokee daughters," to his "dear children and grandchildren in Constantinople, Harpoot, and America," and his farewell letter to the evangelical churches of Turkey, breathe the apostolic spirit.

To follow him through the details of his missionary life and experiences would be to give a history of the mission in Constantinople for a generation. It would show how with a constitution always feeble, by his industry, promptness, and method he accomplished a vast amount of labor; by his unselfish disinterestedness he gained and wielded great influence; by his peace-loving spirit he ever advocated and maintained friendly relations, and commanded universal love and respect; by his modest sagacity he helped solve many a perplexity; by his cheerful courage he passed happily through what he well called a "stormy life;" by his simple, fervent piety he helped many souls towards heaven; by his untiring industry he preached the gospel in six different languages; and by his conscientiousness and unwearied scholarship he achieved "a work that fairly places his name beside that of Wicklif and Tyndale." All this he did amid constant hindrances and interruptions, among which may be mentioned the fact that he speaks of having been obliged to change his residence "dozens of times."

But without dwelling on the long catalogue of trials by sickness, fire, alarms of plague and cholera, embar-

AMERICAN HEROES.

rassments of all kinds, manifold oppositions and persecutions, often distressing and violent, proceeding to imprisonments, and in one instance to the public execution of an Armenian convert, he lived to rejoice abundantly in what he had been permitted to do and to behold—"much greater things than we had ever expected in our brightest days of hope and anticipation." In one of his last letters to the Board before the termination of his labors, he says (March 2, 1865), "The work of missions appears to me more excellent and glorious as I begin to feel that my connection with it is drawing to a close. I bless God for the great privilege of being connected with it for so long a time."

The changes he had seen were great indeed. He had arrived in Constantinople when the opinion had been recently expressed that a Protestant service in any language would not be tolerated, except in the palaces of the foreign legations, when the Armenians were wholly inaccessible, and there was not a European in the city who could fully sympathize with him in his work, and but "a single native found whose heart seemed at all moved by the Holy Spirit." It was with the utmost difficulty he could even gain a residence in Bebek, not being permitted to live in Constantinople proper or any of its suburbs, except Pera. Schools and religious assemblies, though held in private apartments, were liable at any time to be interrupted. He was enveloped in an atmosphere of misrepresentation and of opposition on every hand, stronger from nominal Christians than even from the Turks. It seemed a forlorn hope.

He lived to see the Turkish Government steadily changing its attitude; induced or constrained to issue a formal Bill of Rights in 1839 (the Hatti Sheriff of Gül Hané); to give the personal pledge of the Sultan in 1844 against persecution; to issue in 1847 and 1850 a charter for the Protestant Church, in 1853 the firman of protection to Protestants, and in 1856 the celebrated Hatti Humayoun, declaring—however imperfect the subsequent fulfilment—that “no subject of the empire shall be hindered in the exercise of the religion that he professes, nor shall be in any way annoyed on this account.” He lived to see schools for girls, colleges, and theological seminaries flourishing in the Turkish Empire, and a noble band of churches organized with all the agencies of life and growth and inextinguishable power. He lived to see the American mission work in Turkey profoundly respected and extolled by the highest European authorities for its singular wisdom, catholicity, and efficiency, and himself beloved and honored as one of its noblest representatives and patriarchs.

VISIT TO AMERICA.

Nor was he less honored and beloved in his native land by thousands that never had seen his face, but knew him by his charming letters and noble labors. After nearly thirty years of voluntary exile, by special request of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, in 1851, he and Mrs. Goodell visited their native land. He came, in the fulfilment of his own prayer, that “it may be both to receive and to impart a bless-

ing." He reached Boston just in season to be at the dying bed and to attend the funeral of his beloved friend Temple. He visited his native town to look upon a Sabbath congregation where he could not recognize one countenance, and to search in vain for the grave of his "gentle mother." He then visited his relatives scattered over the country, who in every instance failed to recognize him till he made himself known, often in his own humorous way. But they were joyful meetings.

After thus gratifying the yearnings of his warm family affection, he gave himself for two years almost incessantly to travelling the country in aid of the cause of missions. During this period he "travelled about twenty-five thousand miles, addressed more than four hundred congregations, speaking on an average about an hour each time," besides meeting "students of colleges and theological seminaries, Sabbath and select schools, all over the country." It refreshed him. "Instead of being worn down, I feel all the fresher and the better for it." While thus doing good, he was also getting good. Everywhere he was welcomed, and he enjoyed everything. It was a perpetual delight. "We have loved to look upon the greenness, the freshness, and the verdure of your meadows, so different from the East, and to think what a good land it is which the Lord God of your fathers has given unto you. We have loved to look upon your godly-minded farms, as they might almost be called, that is, farms cultivated with honesty, industry, and economy, and in many

cases 'sanctified by the Word of God and prayer.' And after having for so many years seen scarcely a face which was not distorted more or less by arrogance or cringing servility, by intolerance, bigotry, selfishness, or unjust suffering, we have gazed with delight on the tens of thousands of happy countenances in this happy land which are lighted up with such bright expressions of kindness, benevolence, and Christian hope. . . . These pleasant fields and beautiful gardens, with all their fragrant flowers, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, we have enjoyed them all. In all our travels through this good land we have met with the most hearty welcome and have had the best of accommodations. We have had no taxes to pay and no trouble with domestics, nor have we been burdened with any care or responsibility; and yet, during all our sojourn here, we have been like the possessor of a great estate, having 'servants and maidens, and men-singers and women-singers, musical instruments, and that of all sorts,' for our special entertainment. The Bible promises a hundred-fold to those who suffer any loss for the truth's sake; but this good Bible always does better than it promises; and we here publicly acknowledge, for the encouragement of all others, that we ourselves, however unworthy to suffer or to speak of suffering, have already received ten times nearer a thousand-fold than a hundred."

HIS LAST TWELVE YEARS.

Dr. and Mrs. Goodell returned in 1853 to the field of their life-work in Constantinople, where he continued with increasing influence and honor till his advancing years and failing strength admonished him that his work was nearly done. He then gathered up forty-eight of his sermons and published them in the Turkish language, with a farewell letter to the Protestant churches, and in 1865 requested of the Board a release. "It is," said he, "a sad conclusion to which we have come, but after much thought and consultation we are unable to come to any other. When we left America the first time, in 1822, I do not recollect that either of us shed a tear. When we sailed the second time, in 1853, and left five children standing on the wharf in Boston, not one of whom had yet found a home, we sat down and wept. But at the very thought of leaving our work in Constantinople, together with our beloved associates and all the dear objects of our prayers and labors in the East, our head seems ready at once to become waters and our eyes a fountain of tears. Of all our separations this seems the hardest to bear."

The parting was almost equally sad to a large circle of friends, English and American, by whom he was tenderly beloved. They held a public meeting to prepare an address and make him a present. Various families and individuals, including a company of the missionary children, sent him testimonials of their affection. The United States Ambassador, Hon. E. J. Morris,

wrote him a letter of regret, in which he said, "In my intercourse with men I have never met with one who, in his actions, speech, and manner of life, more truly represented the excellences of the Christian character." He spent several days in visiting from house to house, conversing, singing, and praying with the families. A hundred of the people came the evening before his departure to sing a farewell hymn, and "among the crowd that followed him weeping to the wharf were some who had stoned and spat upon him in the days of the persecution." His heart lingered behind as he left for ever the scene of his labors. "As we swept around Seraglio Point, and I caught the last glimpse of Constantinople and its magnificent surroundings, I kept saying in my heart, 'Farewell, thou beautiful city. May thy moral beauties soon equal all thy natural. I should love to preach the gospel to thy people once more.'"

The remainder is soon told. But about eighteen months were left. He preached and delivered various addresses, and gave accounts of the work in the East. He addressed the students of Auburn Theological Seminary and conversed with individuals who looked to the missionary work. He spoke at South Hadley Seminary, and finally made his home with his son in Philadelphia, where he took charge of a Bible-class of business men and entered into all the Christian activities of the church.

The most striking of all his appearances in public was when, in October, 1865, he attended the meeting of the American Board in Chicago. No one will ever for-

get him who saw him there, with his flowing white beard and the velvet cap wrought with Arabic sentences by the schoolgirls of Aleppo, or who felt the hush when he rose and with feeble voice addressed the great assembly thus: "When I went from my native country in 1822, it was to go to Jerusalem; that was my destination. There I expected to live and labor and to die and be buried, arising again at the resurrection of the just. I have never been there. I have now set my face towards the New Jerusalem, taking Chicago on my way."

He was not far from his second goal. For a little more than a year he continued the labors that have been indicated, including a five months' tour, in which he preached every Sabbath but one, and made public addresses nearly every day, spoke to the students of Amherst College, attended the Andover anniversaries and one more meeting of the American Board, at Pittsfield. It was so ordered in the good providence of God that on his return his final and delighted occupation was, in compliance with his children's earnest request, to write out the precious reminiscences of his early life; and the very latest thing he wrote was the letter telling "how he found a wife." One full day more was given, the Sabbath day, on which he attended church, conducted his Bible-class, came home "so happy," in his evening prayer mentioned all his children by name, asked God's blessing on all "Eastern and Western" friends, and retired in apparent health.

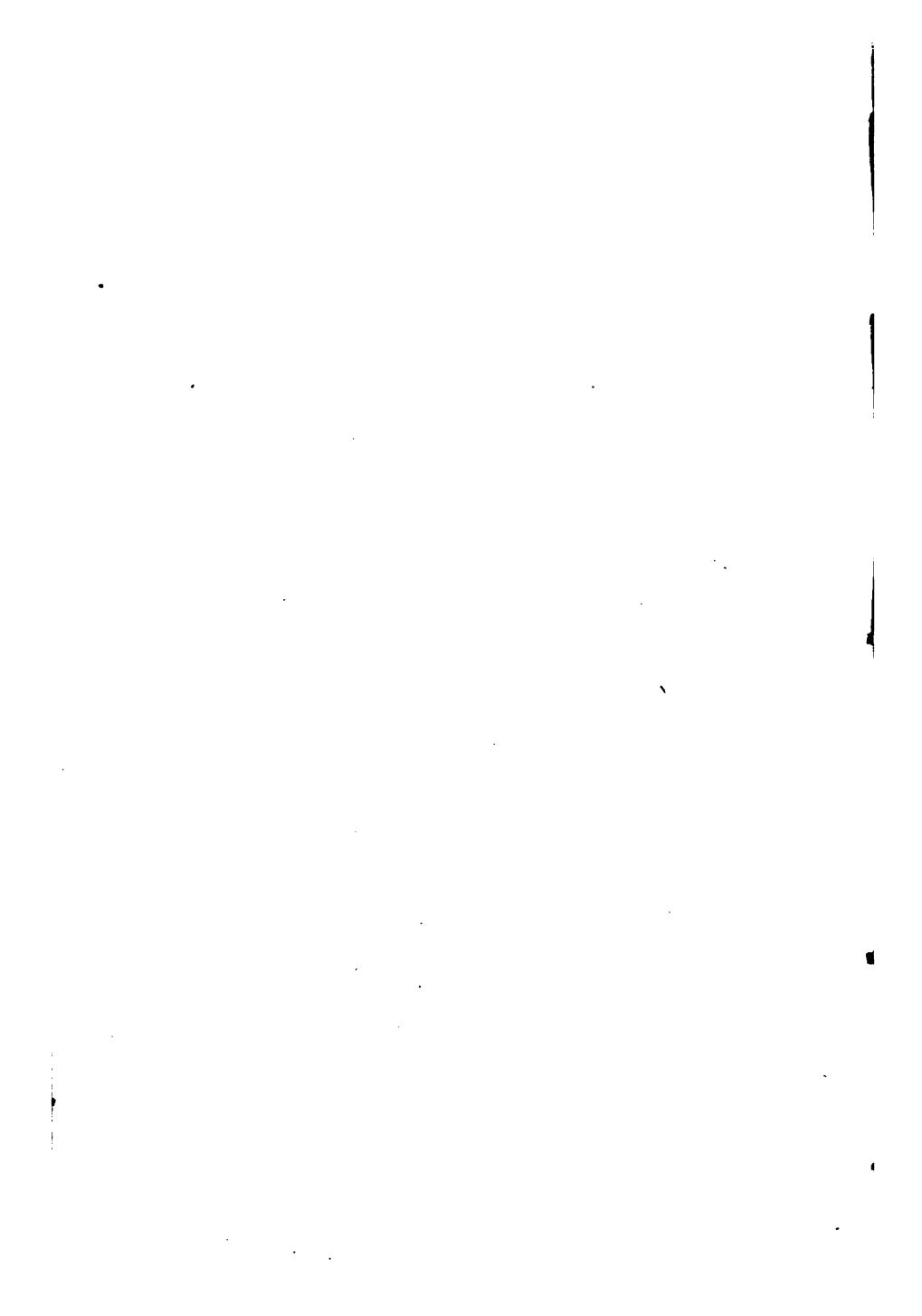
At midnight he awoke in great distress, which con-

tinued unabated ; and though he said he had never been so ill before, he also said later in the day that this, which was his birthday, had been "one continued psalm of thanksgiving." Towards evening he was relieved of pain, slept a little, awoke with the words, "I am so tired," and in a few minutes more had gone up to the New Jerusalem. A blessed life and a blessed death. May his mantle rest on many a young Elisha!

VI.

Rev. Titus Coan.

BY REV. S. J. HUMPHREY, D. D.



AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

VI. TITUS COAN.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

A STRIP of island seacoast from one to three miles wide and a hundred long, dotted with groves and seamed across by the deep chasms of mountain torrents; behind this, for twenty-five miles, a belt of dense forest and jungle, fencing in, since the days of Vancouver, numberless herds of wild cattle; beyond, in the interior, a rough, volcanic wilderness, culminating in two summits 14,000 feet in height—a chaos of craters, some on the peaks of mountains, and some yawning suddenly before you in the forest; some long idle, some ceaselessly active, making the night lurid with their flames, and still building at the unfinished island; one, a vast black hollow, three miles across, the grandest active crater on the globe; 15,000 natives scattered up

and down the sea-belt, grouped in villages of from 100 to 300 persons, a vicious, sensual, shameless, and yet tractable people, slaves to the chiefs, and herding together almost like animals—to this parish, occupying the eastern third of the island of Hawaii, a strange mingling of crags and valleys, of torrents and volcanoes, of beauty and barrenness, and to this interesting people, was called the young missionary Titus Coan.

EARLY DAYS.

He was born February 1, 1801, in the town of Killingworth, Conn., the descendant of old New England stock. He studied at Auburn Seminary in 1831-3; and much success attended his evangelistic labors in connection with the revivals that followed the preaching of his cousin, Rev. Asahel Nettleton, and of Rev. Charles G. Finney. He was licensed to preach April 17, 1833; a few months afterwards he was ordained to the ministry; and on August 16, 1833, under the direction of the American Board, he sailed on a mission of exploration to Patagonia, leaving behind him his affianced bride, Fidelia Church, who mourned for him as for one never to return. "I think I am willing," she wrote to him a few days before he sailed, "I think I am willing to give you up to the Lord's disposal; . . . but oh, the life, the soul, of my earthly joys has departed!"

With one companion, the Rev. Mr. Arms, he was set ashore among the savages of Gregory Bay. Their little vessel had sighted the "Beagle" in the straits, the

vessel on which Charles Darwin was making his famous voyage of exploration. It is a suggestive thought that the missionaries of science and of religion should thus have crossed each other's tracks at the outset.

Mr. Coan and Mr. Arms lived and roamed with the ferocious nomads of the eastern coast of Patagonia, striving in vain to communicate to them something of their message. The savages grew suspicious of their motives, and at last it became evident that there was nothing to do but to escape with their lives, if possible. A chance vessel gave them the opportunity; they evaded their captors by stratagem, and were returned to New London in May, 1834, after an absence of four months. It was like a reappearance from the dead. Not a word from Mr. Coan had reached family or friends during all this time; and to the heart of one whom he had left behind the separation was perhaps as bitter as death, because of its uncertain duration and fate.

After this trial came the joy of reunion and the serious resolve of a common consecration to the missionary's life-work. On the 3d of November, 1834, Titus Coan and Fidelia Church were married at her father's house in Churchville, N. Y., and on the 5th of December embarked at Boston on the ship *Hellespont* to spend the remainder of their lives on alien ground. Six other missionaries sailed with them: the Messrs. Edwin O. Hall and Henry Dimond, with their wives, and the Misses Lydia Brown and E. W. Hitchcock.

For all of them it was a very real consecration. The

Hawaiian Islands were then the very ends of the earth. Neither Mr. Coan nor his bride had any idea of ever retracing their six months' voyage around Cape Horn. It was a different affair from that of a missionary post on a railway and in a European town. They arrived at Honolulu June 6, 1835, and were welcomed by the missionaries then assembled at their annual meeting. On the 21st of July they reached the serenely-beautiful village of Hilo, now a thriving town, then the almost absolute retirement in which they were to spend their lives, and here, devoting themselves to self-denying labors, they achieved, through the divine blessing, a success hardly paralleled elsewhere in the history of missions.

AT WORK IN HILO.

We can perhaps see more clearly the character of Mr. Coan and best learn the secret of his career by looking in upon him in the midst of his work. Especially will those memorable years of the Great Revival, in which he was one of the chief factors—years which saw nearly two-thirds of these savage islanders transformed into Christians—give an insight into the life and qualities of this eminent servant of God. If we supply the record largely from his own pen, the result will be all the more satisfactory.

Upon reaching the island he found that some leaven of the gospel had already been cast into the lump of heathenism. Different missionaries had resided here for brief periods. Several schools had been established, and about one-fourth of the natives could read. A

marked change had come over the mental and social condition of the people. Most of them had a little knowledge of divine truth. There were a few hopeful converts and a little church of thirty-six members.

The Rev. Mr. Lyman and his wife, most devoted and efficient colaborers, were already on the ground; after an unbroken residence of fifty-two years in Hilo, they are still there (September, 1884) in steadfast consecration. To them came the charge of a boarding-school and much labor at the home station; while to Mr. Coan, robust in health and a fervid speaker, the preaching and the touring were naturally assigned. His mental force and abounding physical life revealed themselves at the outset. In three months' time he began to speak in the native tongue, and before the year closed he had made the circuit of the island by canoe and on foot, a trip of three hundred miles. On this first tour, occupying thirty days, he nearly suffered wreck of his frail craft, as also twice afterwards. He preached forty-three times in eight days, ten of them in two days, examined twenty schools and more than 1,200 scholars, conversed personally with multitudes, and ministered to many sick persons, for he was a not wholly unqualified physician withal. He had at that time also a daily school of 90 teachers and Mrs. Coan one of 140 children, besides a large class of more advanced pupils.

This vigorous beginning, however, was but the prelude to the more incessant labor and to the marvellous scenes of the years following.

On a tour made in the latter part of 1835 Mr. Coan saw signs of unusual attention to the truth. "Multitudes," he says, "flocked to hear; many seemed pricked in their hearts. I had literally no leisure, so much as to eat. One morning I found myself constrained to preach three times before breakfast, which I took at ten o'clock." He could not move out of doors without being thronged by people from all quarters. They lingered by the wayside, and some followed him for days from village to village. Much of this may have been mere curiosity of an idle people; but some of it, as the event proved, was the working of a divine leaven.

The tours of 1836—he sometimes made four or five in a year—revealed that the work was deepening. "I began to see tokens of interest that I scarcely understood myself. I would say to my wife, 'The people turn out wonderfully.' The attendance increased, and many crowded around me afterwards to inquire the way. I preached just as hard as I could. There was a fire in my bones. I felt that I must preach to this people."

REVIVAL SCENES.

In 1837 the great interest broke out openly. It was the time of a wonderful stir through all the islands. Nearly the whole population of Hilo and Puna turned out to hear the Word. The sick and lame were brought on litters and on the backs of men, and the infirm often crawled to the trail where the missionary was to pass, that they might catch from his lips some

word of life. And now began a movement to which the history of the church furnishes scarcely any parallel. Fifteen thousand people, scattered up and down the coast for a hundred miles, hungry for the divine bread, cannot be reached by one man, and so whole villages gather from miles away and make their homes near the mission-house. Two-thirds of the entire population come in. Within the radius of a mile the little cabins clustered thick as they could stand. Hilo, the village of ten hundred, saw its population suddenly swelled to ten thousand, and here was held literally a "camp-meeting" of two years. At any hour of the day or night a tap of the bell would gather from three thousand to six thousand. Meetings for prayer and preaching were held daily. The people wrought with new industry at their little taro patches. The sea also gave them food. Schools for old and young went on. "Our wives held meetings for the children, to teach them to attend to their persons, to braid mats, to make their tapas, hats, and bonnets." Special meetings were held for all classes of the people; for the church, for parents, mothers, the inquiring, and for church candidates. There was no disorder. A Sabbath quiet reigned through the crowded hamlet, and from every booth at dawn and at nightfall was heard the voice of prayer and praise.

Let us look in upon one of the assemblies. The old church, 85 feet wide by 165 long, is packed with a sweltering and restless mass of 6,000 souls. A new church near by takes the overflow of 2,000, while hun-

dreds press about the doors, crowding every opening with their eager faces. The people sit upon the ground so close that no one, once fixed, can leave his place. It is a sea of heads with eyes like stars. There is a strange mingling of the new interest and the old wildness, and the heated mass seethes like a cauldron. An effort to sing a hymn is made. The rude, inharmonious song would shock our ears, but the attempt is honest, and God accepts it as praise. Prayer is offered, and the sermon follows. The scene is most affecting; it calls for all the power of the reaper to thrust in the sickle. The theme is the great salvation, and this the accepted time. The whole audience trembles and weeps, and many cry aloud for mercy.

It required rare gifts to control such meetings and secure good results; and Mr. Coan was equal to the task. "I would rise before the restless, noisy crowd and begin. I soon felt that I had hold of them and that they would not go away. The Spirit hushed them by the truth till they sobbed and cried, 'What shall we do?' and the noise of the weeping silenced the preacher. It was God's truth preached simply, and sent home by the Spirit, that did the work."

There were not wanting those physical manifestations which have often attended the work of grace, especially among ruder peoples. There was weeping, sighing, and outcrying. "When we rose for prayer some fell down in a swoon. There were hundreds of such cases. I did not think much of it. On one occasion I preached from the text, 'Madness is in their

hearts.' The truth seemed to have an intense power. A woman of great beauty rose and cried, 'Oh, I'm the one; madness is in my heart!' She became a true Christian. A man cried out, 'There's a two-edged sword cutting me in pieces!' A backwoods native, wicked, stout, who had come in to make fun, fell suddenly. When he had come to, he said, 'God has struck me!' He was subdued, and gave evidence of being a true Christian. Once, on a tour, while I was preaching in the fields to about two thousand persons, a man cried out, 'Alas! what shall I do to be saved?' and prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' The whole congregation joined in with ejaculations. It was a thrilling scene. I could get no chance to speak for half an hour, but stood still to see the salvation of God.

"There were many such scenes; and men would come and say, 'Why don't you put this down?' My answer was, 'I did n't get it up.' I did n't believe the devil would set men to praying, confessing, and breaking off their sins by righteousness. These were the times when thieves brought back what they had stolen, quarrels were reconciled, the lazy became industrious, thousands broke their pipes and gave up tobacco, drunkards stopped drinking, adulteries ceased, and murderers confessed their crimes. Neither the devil nor all the men in the world could have gotten this up. Why should I put it down? I always told the natives that such demonstrations were no evidence of conversion, and advised them to quietness. And I especially tried to keep them from hypocrisy."

Into the midst of these thrilling revival scenes there came suddenly a divine visitation, which, under less skilful guidance, might have proved a serious hindrance to the work. But it became a sermon more pungent than any that human lips could utter, and reached many who had hitherto withstood the Word.

It was November 7, 1837. The revival was at its height. The crescent beach, dotted with native booths, reaching up into the charming groves behind, smiled in security. A British whaler swung idly at its moorings, and the ocean slept in peace. From daybreak onward the usual succession of meetings was held. One of the texts was, "Be ye also ready." At the time of evening prayer a heavy sound was heard upon the beach as of a falling mountain. Instantly a great cry and wail arose, and a scene of indescribable confusion followed. The sea had suddenly risen in gigantic waves and fallen upon the shore. Men, women, children, houses, canoes, food, clothing, everything, floated wild upon the flood. So sudden was the catastrophe that the people were literally "eating and drinking," and "knew not till the flood came and swept them all away. The volcanic wave fell like a bolt of heaven, and no man had time to flee or to save his garment. In a moment hundreds of people were struggling with the raging billows. Some were dashed upon the shore; some were drawn out by friends who came to their relief; some were carried out to sea by the retiring current; and some sank to rise no more till the call to judgment wakes them." There was no sleep that night. "To the people it seemed to be as

the voice of Almighty God when he speaketh." The next day the meetings went on with renewed power; and through all the week, as the sea gave up, one after another, its dead, and the people bore them with funeral rites to their resting-places, the Spirit sent home this new sermon with divine effect.

In the year 1838 the waves of salvation rolled deep and broad over the whole field, and the converts were numbered by thousands. We may well ask, in view of so slender a missionary force, By what aids and means were such results wrought and secured in permanency? There was a marvellous outpouring of the Spirit. The battle-cry was, "The sword of the Lord." But it was also the "sword of Gideon." The human means were adapted to produce the results. Mr. Lyman was a true yoke-fellow, preaching in addition to teaching. The missionaries' wives, besides caring for their own little children, held daily meetings with the women, the audiences sometimes numbering thousands. The method of Mr. Coan was wise; his energy and zeal were indefatigable.

As we turn over his letters, written at that time, the wisdom to plan and the strength to execute which were given him of the Lord seem marvellous. "On these tours," he says, "I usually spend from two to five weeks, visiting all the church members in their respective villages, calling all their names, holding personal interviews with them, inquiring into their states, their hearts, prayers, and manner of living; counselling, reproving and encouraging, as the case may require, and

often 'breaking bread' from place to place, besides preaching twenty or thirty times a week." The physical labor of these tours was great. The northern part of his parish was crossed by sixty-three ravines, from twenty to a thousand feet in depth, difficult of passage, and, in times of rain, perilous. And then the rivers, leaping and foaming along the old fire-channels, must be crossed. "Some of them I succeeded in fording; some I swam, by the help of a rope to prevent me from being swept away; and over some I was carried passively on the broad shoulders of a native, while a company of strong men locked hands and stretched themselves across the stream just below me and just above a near cataract, to save me from going over it if my bearer should fall." This experience was often repeated three or four times a day.

PARISH WORK.

It was only by an exact system that Mr. Coan was able to "overtake" his parish of 15,000 souls. Not St. Francis or Dr. Chalmers knew his people better than he. When his church numbered more than 5,000 he could say, "My knowledge of the religious experiences and daily habits of the individuals of my flock at the present time is more minute and thorough than it was when the church numbered only fifty or a hundred members. By drawing lines in my parish, by dividing the people into sections and classes, by attending to each class separately, systematically, and at a given time, and by a careful examination and a frequent re-

view of every individual in each respective class, by keeping a note-book always in my pocket to refresh my memory, by the help of many faithful church members, and by various collateral helps I am enabled, through the grace of God, to gain tenfold more knowledge of the individuals of my flock, and of the candidates for church-membership, than I once thought it possible to obtain in such circumstances."

The children did not escape his care. From his earliest ministry he had believed in childhood conversions. Besides Sabbath-school instruction, a regular weekly lecture was maintained for them throughout the year. There were also numerous occasional meetings for different classes of children—for those in church-fellowship, for the children of church members, and for the anxious. During the protracted meetings there was usually a sermon each day for them at eight o'clock in the morning. As the result of this faithfulness there were, in 1838, about 400 children, between the ages of five and fifteen years, connected with his church.

It was Mr. Coan's purpose that there should be no one in all Puna or Hilo upon whom the claims of the gospel had not been pressed. No village was so remote or insignificant that it did not receive frequent visits. Families were tracked into mountain fastnesses and plied with the invitations of mercy. In order to do this "many of the more discreet, prayerful, and intelligent of the members were stationed at important posts, with instructions to hold conference and prayer meetings, conduct Sabbath-schools, and watch over the

people. Some of these native helpers were men full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and succeeded admirably. Other active members were selected and sent forth, two and two, into every village and place of the people. They went everywhere preaching the Word. They visited the villages, climbed the mountains, traversed the forests, and explored the glens in search of the wandering and the dying sons of Hawaii."

On one occasion Mr. Coan sent out about forty church members to visit from house to house and in all the "highways and hedges" within five miles of the station. They were instructed to pray in every house, to look after all the sick, the wretched, and the friendless, to stir up the minds of the converts, and to gather the children. Two days were spent in this way. Every cottage was entered, every fastness of Satan scoured. "The immediate result was that several back-loads of tobacco, *awa*, and pipes were brought in and burned, and about 500 hitherto careless and hardened ones were gathered into the house of God to hear the words of life. The Spirit of the Lord fell upon them, and it is believed that many of them were born again."

To the heart of our missionary the ingatherings of the souls over whom he had brooded with such intense solicitude were occasions of rare delight. They were also times of great solicitude.

The great harvest years were 1838 and 1839. Seven or eight thousand natives had professed conversion, but very few had thus far been received to the church.

The utmost care was taken in selecting, examining, watching, and teaching the candidates. The ever-faithful note-book was constantly in hand. People from the distant villages came in and spent several months at the station previous to their union with the church. Day by day they were watched over and instructed with unceasing labor. Together with those on the ground, they were examined personally many times, sifted and resifted with scrutiny, and every effort was made to discriminate the precious from the vile. Many of them were converts of two years' standing. A still larger class had been on the list for more than one year, and a smaller number for a less period. The accepted ones stood propounded for several weeks, and the church and the world, friends and enemies, were called upon and solemnly charged to testify if they knew aught against any of them.

The communion season was held quarterly, and at these times the converts, thus accepted, were added to the church. The first Sunday of January, 1838, 104 were received. Afterwards, at different times, 502, 450, 786, 357, and on one occasion a much larger number. The station report for the mission year ending June, 1839, gives the number of accessions for that twelve months at 5,244. A large number of these never came to the central station. The sick, the aged, and the infirm were baptized and received into fellowship at their own villages. Some believers were thus accepted who could neither walk nor be carried, and who lived far up in the mountains.

A MEMORABLE DAY.

The first Sunday of July, 1838, was a memorable one in the history of missions. It was the day of the greatest accession. On that afternoon 1,705 men, women, and children, who aforetime had been heathen, were baptized and took upon them the vows of God, and about 2,400 communicants sat down together at the table of the Lord.

We look in upon that scene with wonder and awe. The great crush of people at the morning sermon has been dismissed, and the house is cleared. Down through the middle are seated first the original members of the church, perhaps fifty in number. Mr. Coan then calls upon the head man of each village to bring forward his people. With note-book in hand, he carefully selects the converts who have been previously accepted. They have been for many weeks at the station. No pains have been spared, no test left unused, with each individual to ascertain if he be truly a child of God. The multitude of candidates is then seated upon the earth floor, in close rows, with space enough between for one to walk. There is prayer and singing, and an explanation—already made many times, that none may trust in the external rite—is given of the baptism they are now to receive; the sealing ordinance is reverently administered. "I never witnessed such a scene before," said Mr. Coan, looking back through the lapse of thirty years. "There was a hush upon the vast crowd without, who pressed

about the doors and windows. The candidates and the church were all in tears, and the overshadowing presence of God was felt in every heart."

Then followed the Lord's Supper. And who are these that take into their hands the emblems of the Lord's death? Let him tell who broke the bread and gave the cup. "Not only the young and strong were there; but also the old and decrepit, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the withered, the paralytic, and those afflicted with divers diseases and torments; those with eyes, noses, lips, and limbs consumed with the fire of their own or of their parents' lusts, with features distorted and figures the most deformed and loathsome; these came hobbling upon their staves, and led or borne by their friends, they sat down at the table of the Lord. Among this throng you could see the hoary priest of idolatry with hands but recently, as it were, washed from the blood of human victims, together with the thief, the adulterer, the unclean, the sorcerer, the highway robber, the blood-stained murderer, and the mother—no, the monster—whose hands have reeked in the blood of her own children. All these met together before the cross of Christ, with their enmity slain and themselves washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." Has Jesus come again? Is this one of the crowds which he has gathered, upon whom he has pronounced the words of healing? Surely it is. In very deed he is there. These are the lost whom the Son of man came to seek and to save. And the rejoic-

cing angels are there; they leave behind the pomp of cathedrals, and fly with eager wing to this lowly island tabernacle. With holy wonder they hover over the bowed heads of these weeping redeemed sinners. "The bright seraphim in burning row" ring out anew the praises of the Highest as they hear recounted these triumphs of almighty grace.

It sometimes happens that men who have had remarkable success in winning souls to Christ fail in the after-training of their converts. And the question will naturally arise, Do these results abide? Tried by any fitting standard, we can safely say, They do abide.

The care and painstaking of the pastor were not less remarkable than the success of the preacher. There were reactions. But what revival in America—where the people have garnered into themselves the growth and moral stamina of a thousand Christian years—is not followed by reaction? There were apostasies; but we are constrained to say, after careful examination, that the permanence of the results seems to us almost as marvellous as the revival itself. During the five years ending June, 1841, 7,557 persons were received into the church at Hilo. They were about three-fourths of the adult population of the parish. About one in sixty came under discipline—a discipline stricter than ours at home, and that among babes in Christ. The greater part of these were restored, and few were finally cut off. "I never administered the quarterly sacrament without receiving from ten to twenty persons. No year has the number gone below fifty. It

did not prove a great excitement, to die out. When I left for a brief visit to the United States, in April, 1870, I had received into the church, and myself baptized, 11,960 persons."

Under this training the people became more and more settled in faith and morals. An irruption of Catholic priests drew away but few of them. There never was a grog-shop in the entire parish. Probably to-day the ratio of people in New England who cannot read and write is greater than among the Hawaiians in Hilo and Puna. Not in New England is the Sabbath better observed; and the industries of civilization have now largely taken the place of the old savage indolence.

In 1867 the grand old church was divided into seven local churches, six of them with native pastors. Three of these are on the lava-fields of the south, and three among the ravines of the north. The remaining one is at Hilo, where also is an American church for the foreign population. To accommodate the widely-scattered people, these churches have built fifteen places of worship, seating from 500 to 3,000 people each. Five of them have bells, and the church building at Hilo cost about \$14,000. This has been done with the Hawaiians' own money and by their own labor.

Another fruit of the faithful training of Mr. Coan is the growth of beneficence in the churches. The Monthly Concert was held from the beginning, and a contribution was always taken. They "first gave their own selves to the Lord," and then it was "according to that

a man hath"—a fish, a fowl, a cocoanut, and later, money, but in all sacrifice and worship. Each month, on the first Sunday morning, a sermon was preached on some department or interest of Christ's kingdom in the broad world. They never even heard that miserable sentence of a narrow faith, "There is so much to do at home!" Their lips never uttered the miserly falsehood, "It takes a dollar to send a dollar to the heathen." They were instructed in all causes, and gave to all. More than \$10,000 have come to the United States from the Hilo church; \$200 went to a Chinese mission, and \$100 to Syria at the time of the massacre and famine. The appeal of Father Chiniquy, in Kankakee, Illinois, reached them; and when the letter which brought him \$200 from these poor islanders was read his whole congregation bowed down weeping! Their monthly collections have averaged from the beginning about \$100, the highest reaching \$265, and the grand aggregate for all religious purposes amounts to above \$100,000.

One of the legitimate fruits of a true Christian training is a desire to carry the gospel to "the regions beyond." The faithful pastor was not slow to perceive this, and he was among the first to advocate a native mission to Micronesia.

The idea of a missionary packet, and an appeal to the children of the United States to build it, seems to have sprung from his fertile brain.

As a delegate of the Hawaiian Missionary Society he made two voyages in the "Morning Star" to the

Marquesas Islands. After the wreck of the second ship he became an earnest advocate of steam as an auxiliary motor to help the little vessel in its errands of mercy. He had the satisfaction of seeing nearly a score of persons, wholly sustained by his church, go out on the "Morning Star" as foreign missionaries to the dark islands of Micronesia.

Mrs. Coan's work was not less constant and tireless. For several years she taught a school for young girls. This she was finally forced to relinquish by the growing cares of her family, cares that were doubly exhausting in that land of untrained servants and wholly unorganized social life. A great labor of entertaining also fell unavoidably upon her. The traveller may now find excellent boarding-houses in the beautiful and flourishing town of Hilo; but during all of Mrs. Coan's life both friends and strangers came to the missionaries for unrequited entertainment. The most serious trial of the early days has not been mentioned. One by one her children left her to continue their education and to seek their home in the United States. It was the most cruel trial of the parent's heart, for these partings were often final.

On the occasion of their visit to the United States in 1870 Mr. and Mrs. Coan renewed many old ties and formed many new ones. But Mrs. Coan's strength was already spent in the service. She died at Hilo on the 29th of September, 1872. A woman of tender frame and of high social and intellectual cultivation, this missionary work was for her a sacrificial consecration.

Through her whole island life she was an invalid. But she was her husband's faithful helpmeet during thirty-eight years of married life; she was the patient, intelligent, unselfish, and loving spirit to whom a great part of Mr. Coan's large success was due—a greater part indeed than the world will ever know. Mrs. Coan was his guide, counsellor, friend, and fellow-worker. Accepting a task which her deep and sure intelligence told her from the first was too severe for her, she never flagged until her strength and life were spent, until she fell, a Christian martyr.

While Mr. Coan was intent upon his great work as a missionary, he was not insensible to the scenes of natural beauty and grandeur around him. His two volumes, "Adventures in Patagonia," and "Life in Hawaii," are written with a graphic pen, and reveal not only keen observation, but a fine poetic sense. The greatest volcano on the globe was in his parish. He was the ardent and frequent observer of grand phenomena—the shudder of earthquakes, the inflowing of great volcanic waves, the red glow of lava streams marching seaward, the leaping of fire cataracts into deep-lying pools, sending off the water in steam and burning them dry in a night. There were few days when the smoke of subterranean furnaces was out of his sight.

Once a river of lava, burrowing its way towards the sea 1,500 feet below the surface, broke over the shore cliff and leaped into the hissing waves, waking a tumultuous fury among the contending elements that

was perfectly indescribable. At another time, from Mauna Loa, one of the loftiest mountains of the island, a pillar of fire, 200 feet in diameter, lifted itself for three weeks 1,000 feet in the air, making darkness day for a hundred miles around, and leaving as its monument a vast lava cone a mile in circumference.

The scientific world is fortunate in having had upon the ground for nearly fifty years, where such titanic forces were at play, one whose courage and love of adventure were equalled only by his faithfulness and graphic skill in portraying the most imposing of phenomena.

The evening of Mr. Coan's days was spent as pastor of the large church at Hilo, and in apostolic supervision of the diocese which had sprung up under his care. A happy second marriage cheered his later years, and the loving wife that ministered tenderly at his dying bed survives to mourn his loss.

In the latter part of 1882, during a revival into which he threw himself with unceasing ardor as of old, he was suddenly smitten down with a paralytic shock. For several weeks he lay "helpless, with only love, joy, peace in his soul, his beautiful patience and submission completing the lesson that his life had given of obedience to his Lord." He recovered in part, so that the day before his death he was carried through the streets looking natural and well. Almost the entire village flocked out to greet him, and all were glad to have had that last look. The next day at noon he was standing among the redeemed throng on high.

And thus passed out of toil into rest, Dec. 1, 1882, at the ripe age of eighty-two years, the Rev. Titus Coan, missionary to the Hawaiian Islands.

We can think of no more beautifully-ordered departure than his. It was meet that a life which had witnessed such scenes of revival should have given its last labors in ardent efforts for lost souls, and that in the midst of the toils of a season of refreshing from the Most High the tense bow should have broken. There was a divine and delightful fitness that the spirit of the aged warrior should ascend to its reward from the battlefield where the gracious conflict was still raging, and where such amazing triumphs of infinite love had been achieved.

VII.

REV. HARRISON GRAY OTIS DWIGHT,
D. D.

BY REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D. D.

AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

VII. HARRISON GRAY OTIS DWIGHT.

FROM the published "History of the Dwight Family" is taken the following abstract of Mr. Dwight's early history.

"Rev. Harrison Gray Otis Dwight, D. D., son of Seth Dwight and Hannah Strong, born at Conway, Mass., Nov. 22, 1803, was graduated at Hamilton College, N. Y., in 1825, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1828, was Agent of the A. B. C. F. M. (1828-9) for a short time, and was ordained and commissioned, July 15, 1829, as Missionary of the Board to the East at Great Barrington, Mass. Sailed for Malta, January, 1830, etc. Just before sailing he was married to Miss Elizabeth Barker, of North Andover, Mass."

His residence was transferred in early youth from Conway, Mass., to Utica, N. Y., where he served as a clerk in the store of his brother-in-law, James Dana, father of the distinguished scientist of Yale College.

HIS CONVERSION AND CALL.

While with Mr. Dana he gave himself up to all the gayeties of the place. He was regarded as a very graceful dancer and a leader in that amusement among his young companions. He confessed himself to have been as entirely thoughtless as Mr. Dana himself, who openly professed to seek his highest good in this world. He was very accurate in his duties as clerk, and as such was trusted and highly valued.

It was in the midst of this gay and busy life that a revival visited the place, and his eyes were opened as of one born blind. "A sinner! What shall I do to be saved?" filled his thoughts, and the pleasures he so much valued were abandoned in disgust. He met with severe opposition from Mr. Dana and other friends, and passed through fiery trials in coming to the resolution to consecrate his life to the gospel ministry. It was always his habit, when he had decided a point of duty, to go straight forward, not caring what man could do unto him. It was one of the striking characteristics of his entire life.

Ere long Mr. Dana himself experienced the same marvellous change, and became a life-long friend and admirer of Dr. Dwight, rejoicing in all his missionary labors.

Soon after entering Andover Theological Seminary, in 1825, the question of his future field came up for consideration. He was but twenty-two, but he had the calm, clear judgment of riper years. He heard the

voice of Jesus saying to his church, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" and he also heard the voice of Paul, "How shall they hear without a preacher?" *Here* is my native land with all its churches, schools, colleges, Bibles, and preachers everywhere; *there* is the dark heathen world with its unknown millions in the service and power of sin and Satan, groping its way to eternal darkness. He thought he saw very clearly where God would have him go. Having once made the decision, he often testified in after-life that he never questioned it. He felt sure that in so doing he had come into more perfect harmony with his divine Lord and Master.

Having thus consecrated himself to the missionary work, without any choice of field of labor, and ready to go wherever the call should be most urgent, he offered his services to the American Board near the close of his seminary course in 1828. The secretaries at that time were Rufus Anderson and David Greene. In the Prudential Committee were Dr. Leonard Woods, Jeremiah Evarts, Samuel Hubbard, Dr. Wisner, etc.

These were men who had begun to study the geography of the world with a new and intense interest. They were searching for ports of entry into the kingdom of darkness. Jowett's "Researches" had directed attention to Palestine and to the Greek Church. Fisk, Parsons, and Dudley, from Middlebury College, were pioneers in the work. Their saintly and devoted lives were short, but in dying they brought forth much fruit in the inspiring example which they had given to young

men and in the field of missionary labor which they had opened to the church.

Mr. Dwight's first year and a half of missionary service was among the churches at home. The Prudential Committee set a high value upon the calm, clear, and cogent statements of Christian duty in the missionary work from one so young. This peculiar work also gave the secretaries an opportunity to know more thoroughly the man and his fitness for difficult and responsible enterprises.

MISSIONARY EXPLORATIONS.

It was decided, after mature deliberation, to send him to the Mediterranean and let him find his own field of labor in the unexplored regions lying east of that sea. Through the mission of the Board in Palestine an interest in the Armenians had been awakened in a very peculiar manner, which our limits forbid us to narrate.* Little, however, was then known of their numbers or condition. The same was true of the Greeks scattered, like the Armenians, through Asia Minor, Persia, and Russia. The Nestorians, the Georgians, the Jacobite Syrians, the Koords, and Moslems, were all objects of interest from the obscurity then hanging over their social and religious condition and their accessibility to evangelical missions.

To clear up this obscurity, to survey those unvisited regions, and to select his field of labor was to be young

* See Dwight's "Christianity Revived in the East," Chap. I. New York: Baker & Scribner, 1850.

Dwight's first and great work, a work destined to bear fruit in coming ages. An experienced and distinguished missionary, the Rev. Dr. Eli Smith, of Beirut, was associated with him under instructions from the Board.

The explorers started from Malta, March 17, 1830, Mrs. Dwight remaining in Malta, Mrs. Smith in Beirut. The tour occupied fifteen months. They travelled 2,408 miles on horseback in Turkey, Persia, and the borders of Russia. They were exposed to cholera, malarial fevers, extreme heat, and intense cold, and sometimes they almost despaired of life.

But they returned in safety. Dr. Smith went to Boston to publish the "Researches." They constituted an era in the history of the American Board and in the history of missions. They brought before the Christian public the Oriental Christians, the Armenians, Greeks, Nestorians, and Roman-catholics—their peculiarities, their numbers, their church creeds and governments, their wealth and poverty, their relations to the Mohammedan Government, the freedom with which missionaries might enter among them without attacking Islam and wake to spiritual life these decayed churches, and thus prepare the way to bring the gospel in a clear, intelligible form to the great Moslem world. All these were clearly portrayed, and excited a very deep interest in the minds of Christian men and women. Nor has the interest ceased; the work thus opened is the leading mission of the Board, although two noble sections, the Syrian and the Nestorian, are no longer under its care.

Mr. Dwight had no doubt whatever as to which

people of Turkey he should direct his labors. The Armenians seemed to him wonderfully prepared to listen to a pure gospel, and their church was so covered up with rites and ceremonies, unscriptural or anti-scriptural, that they were sheep without a shepherd. His life thenceforth became so closely connected with them that the history of his thirty years of labor in Turkey is also the history of the mission to the Armenians.

HIS ASSOCIATES.

In 1832 Dr. Dwight took up his residence at Constantinople. Mr. Goodell was already there, and Mr. Schaufler soon joined them. Never were three men more admirably adapted to each other in a difficult enterprise, under a watchful and despotic power, made doubly jealous by recent political events. Each of the three, Goodell, Dwight, and Schaufler, had his own strongly marked individuality; each seemed to be constructed as the complement of the other.

Goodell was systematic in his work, rising betimes and keeping everything in his house up to time. He worked up to his strength and no more. He threw away neither time nor strength, but used both to the best advantage, and though always feeble, lived and labored beyond the age of threescore years and ten. Forty-five years ago he said to a young missionary, "Work neither above your strength nor below it. Use it so as to last long." He heeded the advice and is alive at this day, while stronger men than he have long since passed over.

Goodell was always cheerful and helpful. He had a natural, ever-flowing stream of humor. He was quick in repartee. He could not help it. He had a contagious, mirthful laugh. He had perfect transparency of character. He enjoyed everything with a free, joyous spirit. But over all this reigned a spirit of piety, a consciousness of his Master's perpetual presence, and of his being first of all and everywhere His servant, that was wonderful in its power to harmonize and make beautiful and lovely all these other characteristics. If they seem irreconcilable in themselves, they were not so in him. He was the soul of harmony, and never was a missionary band more fraternally united than that Constantinople circle over which he presided. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism" might have been its motto.

Schauffler was a German by birth and early education, a Russian by residence in Odessa, and finally an American by residence at Andover. In a very excellent sense he was all these nationalities and more. He preached, as occasion demanded, in English, German, Turkish, French, Russian, and knew well Italian, Spanish, Arabic, Persian, Greek, Latin, and various other dialects, as Syriac, Coptic, etc. He had by native genius and hard study the gift of tongues. He had studied in Germany, Russia, France, and America. He had a wonderfully retentive memory, also a very deep religious experience, boundless enthusiasm, and earnest devotion. His resources in conversation shone out with a brilliancy rarely equalled. He was a profound

student of Scripture, and knew how to bring things new and old out of its treasures. In his more than half a century of labor he led many souls to Christ.

Dwight was cast in a different mould from either of his coadjutors. He was a man of perfect self-control and self-possession. Under the most trying circumstances he possessed his soul in peace and patience. He was a man of vast capacity of judgment, coming to his conclusions slowly, but every step was on solid ground. He had a well-balanced mind, trained to logical thought, was a careful observer of men and things, and fond of the natural sciences, without ever letting them divert him from his great work. He first of all satisfied himself with regard to a position, and then nothing could move him.

These three choice men worked together in admirable harmony—a threefold cord of singular strength. The divine oversight of the church appears conspicuously in the choice of instruments for enterprises that are new and difficult and that involve great future results.

HOME LIFE IN TURKEY.

Dr. and Mrs. Dwight, established in their new home, applied themselves at once to the acquisition of the Armenian language. It was then almost unknown to Europe. No missionary had studied it. It was regarded as rough and uncultivated, wholly unfit for an advancing civilization. But it was the language of many thousands of Armenian homes, and in the ancient or classic

form of all Armenian worship. It was a wise choice, for the Armenians love their language with patriotic ardor, and rightly esteem it capable of any degree of development. It opened the door of many homes that would otherwise have been closed for ever.

As soon as Mr. Dwight was able to hold intercourse with the people of the great capital, the conviction formed during his long tour was only strengthened, that education, what we should call common school education, to begin with, must be wholly reformed and diffused among the people, or the Word of God could have no abiding hold of them.

In a joint letter to the secretaries, dated June 2, 1832, he says: "The question, 'In what way can we labor to the greatest possible advantage for the good of the Armenians?' has occupied many of our thoughts and has often been the subject of our prayers. And we are fully satisfied that in order to begin at the right end with them we must commence with elementary schools. To say nothing now of the universally-admitted fact that impressions can far more easily be made on the mind of a child than on that of an adult, there are other strong reasons in favor of the course proposed to be pursued among the Armenians. Very few of these people, comparatively, have ever been taught to read, and almost none have been taught to think.

"If, now, we put into their hands the Word of God, or valuable books of human composition, what advantage will result while they have not learned to distinguish one letter from another? If we preach or talk to

them on subjects of eternal interest, the case may be somewhat different, for the Lord may cause light to shine upon the darkest mind; but as he ordinarily works through the understanding, and by means suited to enlighten and convince it, all our preaching and talking to men who are full of prejudices in favor of a gray-bearded system, who have never been accustomed to think, and who, if referred to the law and the testimony, cannot make out a syllable, or perhaps tell the name of a single letter, seems like splashing in the water or beating the air. We must begin, then, with schools. We must teach the children to read."

He goes on to speak of the necessity of preparing school-books in their spoken language, of the success of Lancasterian schools recently established among the Greeks, and of the employment of Mr. Paspatis (educated by the Board at Amherst College) to give lessons to the teachers.

The great success of Lancasterian schools among the Greeks, established by Dr. Goodell, had its influence upon the Armenians. Dr. Dwight found them more cautious, not so ready to move, not so ready to take up with a new thing, but more firm, steady, and persevering when once in motion.

What the condition of the Turkish Empire seemed to be at this date, to one viewing it from without, may be learned from a letter written by Mr. Temple at Malta, Oct. 2, 1832, who says, "Turkey seems to be withering away like a tree smitten by the hot thunderbolts of heaven;" but at Constantinople the lion-hearted Sultan

Mahmoud was initiating so many reforms in the army, navy, and civil administration that the missionaries began to look for better days.

Mr. Dwight, writing under date of July 17, 1834, has evidently entered fully into his life's work. His "time was divided between studying languages, the preparation of books, teaching, and intercourse with the people."

In 1834 the missionaries believed the printing-press might be safely removed from Malta to Smyrna; but on its arrival with the Rev. David Temple and Mr. Hallock, the printer, they were peremptorily ordered to leave in ten days, an order doubtless instigated by the Jesuits. Consular influence secured the revocation of the order, and the printing-press was thus introduced into Turkey by our mission. The first press had been established there by the Rev. Mr. Brewer, the gift of Mr. Harlow, of Bangor, Me. But this was temporary. It had now come to stay and to send forth a mighty influence into the empire. Other presses had been set up at the capital, but had done nothing for public enlightenment.

In 1833 Messrs. Dwight and Goodell made a voyage of research in a small sail-boat round the shores and bays of the Sea of Marmora. While they found some villages where misery and stupidity seemed to be well balanced, they found in other places a desire for education, an awakened state of thought, an evident preparation for a better day. The places then selected as most hopeful for missionary labor have since justified the choice.

Rodosto and Bandurma have become centres of conflict between light and darkness. Brûsa and Nicomedia had been visited by Dr. Goodell, and strongly recommended to the Board for immediate occupation. Trebizond on the Black Sea and Oroomiah in Persia had been recommended by Dr. Dwight after his long tour; and Smyrna had been visited by many missionaries, English, American, and German, but nothing had been permanently done for the Armenians.

This year, 1834, Mr. Dwight had the great gratification of seeing Smyrna occupied by Mr. Adger, an accomplished and earnest young man from Charleston, S. C.; Brûsa by Mr. Schneider, for more than forty years an indefatigable laborer; Trebizond by Mr. Johnston, who but recently went up higher, and Oroomiah by Mr. Perkins. He went with Mr. Schneider to Brûsa, and saw clearly the promise and importance of that splendidly-situated capital of Bithynia. He visited as soon as possible Mr. Adger at Smyrna and Mr. Johnston at Trebizond. Nearly every subsequent station among the Armenians occupied by the Board was visited by him as new missionaries arrived and was thus inaugurated by him. He had begun his missionary life by a survey of the whole field, and as the mission received annual additions, he kept up a correspondence with every station, and was the trusted counsellor of all. He had found from the first a beloved and faithful coadjutor in a young Armenian, Hohannes Der Sahakian, whose heart the Lord had touched. Another also should be mentioned, Mr. Senakerim, who gave earnest

and valuable aid to this beginning of things. At the close of 1834 Mr. Dwight records with devout gratitude the progress actually made and the signs of better things to come. Above all, some hearts were evidently under the power and control of the Holy Spirit.

When not called away on tours into the surrounding region, his time was devoted to schools and the preparation of school-books for the Armenians. Mr. Goodell had met with great success in opening Lancasterian schools among the Greeks, and now Mr. Dwight was developing them among the Armenians. He found, on fuller acquaintance, the school-books so few and unsuitable that he prepared a set of one hundred and fifty wall cards, which were printed for the use of classes, and received with delight. From that time forward schools and school-books absorbed much of his time for some years. Out of those schools have come the ablest workers in the vineyard.

In 1837 the work of education, of enlargement, and of spiritual enlightenment had advanced all along the line. A great High School had been established by Jesairlee Muggerditch Agha, a wealthy, enterprising, enlightened Armenian banker. Mr. Dwight's helper, Hohannes, and a truly enlightened, pious priest, Der Kevork, were at the head. Six hundred pupils were gathered under their care, and the institution became the wonder and joy of the missionaries. Even the Turks had caught the enthusiasm, and those who can turn to the Annual Report of the period will be deeply interested in the facts there presented.

Mr. Dwight made a visit to Nicomedia during the year, and found there an earnest spirit of evangelical piety among some twenty brethren. He says of them, "These brethren are still Armenian, and I trust they will remain so. I see no reason why we should wish them to become anything else. We want to see them truly enlightened; we want to see them studying the Scriptures; and we want to see their characters transformed by the power of the divine Spirit; but we have no desire that they should become Americans or Lutherans or Congregationalists or Presbyterians or anything else but true Christians. Christians they are now in name, and their church government is probably as good for them as any other would be, and perhaps better. Let them have the power as well as the form of godliness, and with all my heart I would say, let them remain Armenians still."

Much to the same effect might be quoted from him and other missionaries. In the instructions given in Park Street Church, December 2, 1838, to a young missionary about to sail for Smyrna, Dr. Anderson advanced the same ideas in substance, and from 1830 to 1846 the missionaries to the Armenians worked in this spirit. Thus is the vile accusation that the missionaries induced the early evangelicals to abandon their church and become traitors to both church and nation, by great promises which they never fulfilled, disposed of.* We

* "Our object is not to subvert them—the Oriental churches—not to pull down and build up anew; it is to reform them—to revive among them the knowledge and spirit of the gospel. . . . We

shall have occasion to refer to this again, as it is a subject that has entered into the history of the mission and has attracted public attention.

Up to 1837 Mr. Dwight's life had been one of unvarying hard work, inspired by high hopes of a great spiritual renovation in the Armenian Church. He went with Dr. Schauffler into European Turkey and found some points of interest, but the time for that field had not yet come; rather, there was a louder call from other places.

He early entered into an interesting correspondence with the German missionaries in Russia. As their labors had been interfered with by the Russian Government, it was hoped they might do something for the Armenians, and the Board readily seconded his plans; but Mr. Dettriech found himself unable to do anything even for them, and was compelled finally to leave the country. During the last fifty years Russia has not failed to break up every evangelical mission within her borders, whether for Jews, Moslems, or Armenians. Her watchful despotism never slumbers nor sleeps.

BEREAVEMENTS.

Nearly every year from 1830 to 1837 the plague or cholera had visited the great capital, and when it came the Christian populations went into quarantine in their own houses, as far as possible. Schools were closed and

are content that their present ecclesiastical organization should remain, provided the knowledge and spirit of the gospel can be revived under it."

missionary work interrupted. Mr. Dwight did not in the least relax his labors at these times. His translations and correspondence gave him full employment. Education had received such a general impulse that the mission made application for a man who should be entirely devoted to that department. There were also many indications of the power of divine truth working in the hearts of men, leading them to a knowledge of sin and salvation unthought of before. A spirit of opposition also sprang up. The kingdom of darkness was alarmed, and persecution began to vex the open followers of this "new way."

The angel of death suddenly darkened the doors of Mr. Dwight's happy family. As the plague was unusually severe, he had removed to one of the most healthy villages in the neighborhood of the city with his wife and four children. The little boy John was ill, but no apprehension of the plague was felt till just before his death. The mother followed in two days by the same dread messenger. As Mr. Dwight was continually with these sick and dying members of his family in deepest affliction and anxiety, there was no probability of his escape. Five were taken from a neighboring family, three only left.*

Mrs. Dwight was a woman of admirable qualities for missionary usefulness. After six short years she is sud-

* The plague has not visited Constantinople since 1837. Quarantine seems to have been effectual in the exclusion of this epidemic. It has been less fatal in Egypt. Has the Asiatic cholera taken its place?

denly called away with a beloved child, and the household broken up, the children dispersed, and the father in solitary quarantine under a tent, awaiting the result of his probably fatal exposure. But he was not forsaken. Friends gathered around him to the nearest circle of safety. Commodore Porter rode out daily to see him, and supplied all his wants. Even Armenian bishops came to inquire for his health, and his missionary associates were always at hand. They found him in perfect peace. "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." Writing under date of August 1, he says, "I feel that I have made a very near approach to the eternal world, and if I ever had a firm and joyful hope of heaven it was then. The greatest apparent danger has gone by, but eternity and heaven still seem very near to me, and I hope they will appear more and more so. I am amazed every day when I think of the wonderful grace of God that has enabled me to extract so much that is sweet from a cup so bitter." He had in the course of his life repeated sorrows and bereavements, but they were all borne in the same heavenly spirit.

September, 1839, Mr. Dwight returned from a visit to the United States. Before his departure for the East he was married to Miss Mary Lane, of Southbridge, Mass., a lady of high qualifications for her responsible position.

PERSECUTION.

He found on his return to his field some remarkable changes in his work. His beloved fellow-worker, Hohannes, was in exile for the truth's sake, together with some others. The hierarchy and the bankers, backed by Greek and Jesuit influence, had risen in their wrath to crush the evangelical movement which had been rapidly extending into distant parts of the empire. Mr. Dwight entered with zeal but prudence into this new state of things. The force of the persecution had been broken by the death of the Sultan and the entire change of administration. The effort to expel the missionaries had been given up, and he again found access to awakened souls as before. Some had endured persecution nobly, some had yielded to the enemy. But he writes, "I have now six regular attendants of my semi-weekly Armenian Bible exercise, and two others have attended occasionally. They are all intelligent and promising young men, interested in the study of the sacred Scriptures, and I pray that the Lord may visit them by his Spirit and that they may be made wise unto salvation."

In 1840 he notices in his journal many most interesting events, showing that "God is watching over his church," such as "reaction after the persecution, the return from exile of Mr. Sahakian ("Baron Hohannes"), the degradation from office of the chief persecutors, the removal of the bookstore to the city proper, the opening in a khan of a room for religious conversation and in-

struction and distribution of books and tracts, also progress at Brûsa, Trebizond, Nicomedia, and Adabazar, the opening of Bebek Seminary, and imbecile efforts against it. In view of the year we may well say, God is with us; he will help us, and that right early."

His visit to Nicomedia during the year presents a phase of his missionary character, life, and labors worthy of the space we shall devote to it. The writer was permitted to accompany him and take his first lesson from an experienced fellow-laborer in such itinerating work. It opened a new view of the richness of Dr. Dwight's character. The passage was on the deck of a small vessel of fifty or sixty tons and crowded with passengers, Armenians, Greeks, and Turks. We had our little space, spread our mats, and sat down like the rest, cross-legged, varying it occasionally into the Persian attitude. There was anything but comfort during the day and night. But Mr. Dwight was cheerful, social, and even jocose, and diffused the same spirit around him. It was good policy, but it was not the result of policy. He had thrown off study, perplexity, anxiety, and care for the time. The cool breezes of the Marmora, its glorious islands and shores, and the strange, amusing exhibitions of character around us, were an inspiration to which he yielded. Many a hearty burst of laughter went up from the deck of our little vessel, indicative of anything but the presence of a stiff and solemn missionary thirsting for martyrdom. The writer was amused and amazed at this new outbreak of Dwight's character. Could he recover himself and as-

sume the character or work of teacher? This came as naturally as the other, and before the vessel arrived at Nicomedia there was little else but religious conversation on board. "The people heard him gladly."

Persecution was rife in the city. We went to the Greek quarter and took lodgings in a khan. In the evening a man came timidly, and said, "A brother will come about three o'clock while it is yet dark to conduct you to a garden where all the brethren will be assembled." At that hour we started, the city silent as death in the profoundest sleep. A dying brother was to be visited, comforted, and prayed with on our way. The room was small and sombre, but the peaceful smile, the beaming eye, and the implicit faith of the dying man made it "quite on the verge of heaven." "Tarry not," said our guide; "the day is breaking. We must get out of the city before a soul moves." We left hastily, but that brother's countenance, triumphant in death, never faded from memory. Will such scenes be recalled in the life to come?

As we safely emerged from the city we entered a long, straight "hendek," or channel, dug to separate lands, about four feet wide, earth thrown up on each side, and completely overarched by cherry, plum, and other trees, planted by nature or man in the banks. It was Sabbath morning. No breeze stirred a bough. The dewdrops glittered on every leaf as the morning light broke, and the whole leafy arch, for half a mile or more, was vocal with the songs of countless nightingales. They stopped just over us as we entered, but

the concert was renewed as we advanced, and the melody filled the air.

Mr. Dwight was the same in the presence of danger, safety, life, and death, but I saw him repeatedly wipe his eyes. In his severe training he had never taken note of nightingales, and they overcame him; or, rather, it was the complex of all the associations of our environment—the danger from which we had emerged under cover of darkness, the departing believer's triumph, the quiet beauty and stillness of the Sabbath morning, and, withal, that we were a hunted band like the Master's own disciples.

He remarked apologetically that circumstances are sometimes more eloquent than words, but in his journal he made no reference to the impressive scene.

Those who are interested in this Nicomedian church will find a notice of it in Dwight's "Christianity Revived in the East," and in "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire," pages 220 to 227. He expressed great joy in the plain indications which he saw in the long interviews which he had with these brethren, that the Spirit of God makes the truth effectual unto salvation without any direct missionary teaching. He found them diligent and earnest students of the Word. Every man brought his New Testament, and he spent four hours in the garden before breakfast answering their questions.

From 1840 to 1846 Dr. Dwight was abundant in labors—touring, visiting the new stations, teaching, preaching, and visiting from house to house. In spite of all

the opposition the work was making progress. The changed government under Abdul Medjid, the public execution of the Armenian martyr Carabet, and the formal promise of the Sultan that no such act should be repeated, obtained by Sir Stratford Canning, all contributed to give heart and strength to the persecuted evangelicals. This period was one of enlargement in every department. The press, education, sale of the Scriptures, the forming of new stations and out-stations, all prospered. Aroused opposition, persecutions of various kinds, such as throwing out of employment, or injuring character and business by false accusation sustained by false witnesses before corrupt judges, all proved the persistency and bitterness of the opposition.

After making some tours in 1845 to Nicomedia, Adabazar, and other places, he writes: "The work of the Lord is stationary in no part of the Armenian field, nor is the persecuting power long at rest. The most outrageous cruelties have been practised upon Protestants in the interior, while at the capital there is comparative safety." The cruelties of Yeprem, Bishop of Erzroum, and of Boghos, Vartabed of Trebizond, are remarked upon as all the more disgraceful to them because they were enlightened men, who had often acknowledged the errors of their church.

It would take far too much space to describe the ingenious and malicious means resorted to in the persecution of the "evangelicals." The following words, referring especially to the interior, make known in gene-

ral terms their condition: "The evangelical brethren are few in number, have little political influence, and are destitute of human protection very nearly in proportion as they are removed from the metropolis. They are annoyed in their business and hindered from coming together for religious worship. They are afraid to be seen with a missionary, or even with one another. And yet more cheerful and happy Christians can hardly be found in the world." He often testifies to the earnestness and depth of their religious convictions and their diligent study of the Scriptures. He had visited nearly every station repeatedly, and was more widely acquainted with the condition of the evangelicals to the most distant station than any other man.

In 1846 the persecution so long threatened burst upon the little evangelical communities in every part of the empire. It began with the formal anathema of priest Vertanes, who, with his brother priest Der Harutiune, had been faithful and able coworkers with the missionaries, and who had been the chief instruments of the work in Nicomedia. January 25, 1846, in grand ecclesiastical array, the great veil was drawn in front of the altar, the lights extinguished, and the great anathema was pronounced upon him as "a contemptible wretch," "a devil and a child of the devil," "an amputated limb" "to be cast into the fire," together with all "the modern sectaries" who should follow him. "A wild spirit of fanaticism," says Dr. Dwight, "now reigned. Before it all sense of right, all regard to truth and justice, all 'bowels of mercies,' vanished away.

Even the strong and tender affection subsisting between husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, was in some instances exchanged for the cruel hate of the persecutors. The very constancy of the people of God provoked still more the wrath of their enemies. Their readiness to suffer joyfully the spoiling of their goods was considered as a proof that large temporal rewards had been offered them by the missionaries, and their unwavering faith in Christ was interpreted as obstinacy."

On the following Sabbath a second anathema, still more violent, was uttered, declaring that not only that "cursed nonentity, Vertanes," was anathematized by the "Holy Church," but likewise "all that were of his sentiments, accursed and excommunicated and anathematized by God and by all his saints and by us." Dr. Dwight adds, "The spirit of exasperation now knew no bounds. One after another the brethren were summoned before the Patriarch or the local ecclesiastical authorities of their particular quarter of the city, and required to sign a paper of recantation on penalty of being terribly anathematized, *which involved their being deprived of all business and treated as outlaws.* The first paper presented for their signatures was in substance a confession that under the wicked enticements of Satan they had separated from the spotless bosom of the Holy Church and joined the impious sect of the Protestants, which now they saw to be nothing else but an invention of arrogance, a snare of Satan, a sect of confusion, a broad road which leadeth to destruction.

Wherefore, repenting of their impious deeds, they fled for pardon to the bosom of the holy and immaculate Armenian Church, and confessed that her faith is spotless, her sacraments divine, her rites of apostolic origin, her ritual pious; and they promised to receive whatever this same Holy Church receiveth, whether it be matter of faith or ceremony, and to reject with anathema whatever doctrine she rejects."

After all this the Patriarch issued a new creed composed of nine articles, which every suspected evangelical was required to sign on pain of anathema. It contained every anti-scriptural error of the Oriental Church in its baldest form, the sixth article containing seven anti-scriptural and destructive doctrines.

For the space of nearly three months the Armenian pulpits rang everywhere with anathemas. The anathematized were expelled from their homes and business, some were bastinadoed, as in Erzroum and Trebizond, and in every place there were imprisonments in the vilest prisons and under the vilest accusations.

After recounting the hopeless condition of the Armenian evangelicals, Dr. Dwight says, "Hitherto no one had voluntarily separated himself from the Armenian community. Those who were called schismatics had become such *by the excising act of the Patriarch himself*, who was the sole author of the schism, and who seemed to try every method in his power to render the separation perpetual.

"On the 21st of June, 1846, he gave the last finishing blow to this work by a public official act which resulted,

through necessity, in the organization of evangelical Protestant churches in Turkey. On that day, being the day of a solemn festival for the church, he issued a new bull of excommunication and anathema against all who remained firm to their evangelical principles, decreeing that it should be publicly read at each annual return of this festival in all the Armenian churches throughout the empire. Thus were the Protestants cut off and cast out for ever."

Up to this point the missionaries had rejected every request to form a separate church. But now the excommunicated brethren made a united request to be thus formed into an evangelical church by themselves. The measure proposed was one of necessity, not of choice, and was approved as such by all evangelical missionaries and advisers in the capital and elsewhere, with the single exception of Bishop Southgate.

The accusation, oft-repeated, that the missionaries bribed them to forsake their church by large promises which they never performed is thus still further disposed of. The Armenian brethren themselves declared, at the very time of the formation of the first church, in a document addressed to their own people, published and circulated in all parts of the empire, that they had been compelled to this measure by their excommunication from the national church, and by the cruel persecutions, many of which they enumerated.

The years 1846 to 1856 were to Dr. Dwight years of incessant toil. Cases of persecution came to him from all parts of the wide field; new stations had been

formed; a "firman of liberty" had been obtained by Sir Stratford Canning and Lord Cowley, and the force of violent persecution was broken. Dr. Dwight was occupied almost every day with some case of false accusation of blasphemy, debt, theft, adultery, fraud, etc., supported by suborned witnesses and before corrupt judges. All his power of judgment, penetration, sagacity, his knowledge of the people, the laws and customs of the courts, were called into exercise. Diplomatic influence was often to be invoked. Perplexing and alarming cases of great outrage and injustice would call together the whole missionary body in consultation. He would generally state the case and its difficulties, but would reserve the expression of his views to the last. It would contain all that was good in the suggestions already made with something new and with added force in the combination. His relations with Sir Stratford Canning, Lord Cowley, and other diplomats, were always pleasant, and they came to have entire confidence in his statements. Sir Stratford once remarked that he had never known him to make a misstatement. He had sometimes suspected that he was deceived, but on careful examination he found him true and accurate. Few could bear such a scrutiny in such a metropolis of falsehood and deception.

The struggle for the persecuted for existence occupied much of his time, thoughts, and efforts. Funds came pouring in from Europe and America, proving the lively sympathy of the Christian world. At one time fifty-four shops were closed. When opened and

the owners reinstated, the enemies were numerous and watchful enough to destroy their business. There was a source of care and perplexity in this state of things which oppressed him continually. But his joy was great in visiting the churches and finding progress everywhere. The one station of 1831 had become nineteen. The missionaries were thirty-three, besides their wives; the schools and high schools, the teachers, the out-stations, the circulation of the Scriptures, all proved an advancing work.

But though blessed with an iron constitution, his health at length broke down. He once said to the writer, "I feel that my work is done. I can neither eat nor sleep nor work. I have lost power both of body and of mind." His wise and excellent physician told him to drop medicine, buy a horse, and begin with ten or twelve miles a day, rain or shine, and gradually increase it to the full power of the horse. He did so with wonderful success. He heartily indorsed a pithy saying of Theodore Parker that "the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man."

CONCLUDING LABORS.

So soon as his health was reëstablished he sold his horse and fell into the ordinary channels of his work.

In 1860, Nov. 16, Mrs. Dwight, after patient, heroic endurance of suffering, fell asleep, deeply lamented and much beloved by all interested in the mission. It need not be said that Dr. Dwight was brought to a new test of his faith, trust, and submission. His hopes

and affections were centring more and more upon "things unseen and eternal." He was afflicted, but felt the same heavenly peace and calm which he had shown in other trials, when beloved children of bright promise and the wife of his youth were taken from him.

The proper care and disposal of his four children then with him—two already in America—would compel him again to visit his native land. But in order to be able to report to the Board and to the churches the exact state of the work, he resolved, with the full approbation of his brethren, to revisit all the stations of the Armenian and Persian missions. Steamboats were now traversing the Mediterranean and Black Seas, and the modes of travel had been vastly improved. Besides, he found fellow-missionaries all along the way, and Christian brethren and sisters of the native churches. He was everywhere hailed with joy. On his approach to a place he was often met by a company of horsemen and footmen miles out to welcome him, and they would return singing together the songs of Zion.

He returned from this long tour (traced in the "Herald" of 1861) rejoicing in the abundant proofs which he saw scattered over this wide field that the power of God was in the work. In conclusion he wrote: "I have now completed my work. I have visited every station of the Board actually occupied in the Turkish and Persian Empires, excepting those among the Bulgarians. It has been my privilege to see all the missionaries and their families—a rare body of men and women, of whom our churches and our country may

well be proud—and also to become personally acquainted with thousands of the dear Protestant brethren and sisters of this land, God's lights in the midst of surrounding darkness, God's witnesses where the very seat of Satan is."

After this great tour, occupying eight months, he returned to the United States in order to care for his children, write up his journal, and then return to finish his days in the East. He arrived in November, 1861, and while on his way to Middlebury, Vt., January 25, 1862, to address the church and the college, as the train was passing through Shaftsbury it was blown from the track by a fierce blast of wind, and Dr. Dwight was instantly killed. His age was fifty-eight. His health was good. But three days before his death he remarked to a friend that he felt in haste to finish his work and return to the East, where *he hoped to have many years for the best labors of his life.*

A lament went up from the whole missionary world. Dr. Anderson said of him, "He was a missionary after my own heart, and we never had the slightest disagreement on any point."

TRIBUTE OF REV. HOHANNES DER SAHAKIAN.

We close this brief, inadequate sketch with some extracts from an able, discriminating view of his character written by an Armenian pastor for Armenians, the Rev. Hohannes Der Sahakian. Coming from such a source, and from one who was the life-long associate and helper of Dr. Dwight, it is of more value than any

panegyric of ours could be, and we are persuaded that the native brethren generally would heartily subscribe to it. They sometimes differed from him. They were sorely pained that he advocated the removal of the two seminaries from the capital to Marsovan. They opposed with united front the scheme of mere vernacular education for the ministry, and their views have been universally adopted. On these points the writer we now quote was with them. But all knew and felt that Dr. Dwight was the faithful, earnest, unselfish servant of his Lord and Master, and that in comparison with His approval all earthly distinctions were "counted loss."

"The Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, the chief founder of the Apostolic and Evangelical Church of Armenia, has fallen asleep. It is thirty-two years that this distinguished and pious man has been known to the Armenian world, and for thirty years he has labored in the evangelic work among the Armenians.

"In January, 1833, I met him for the first time. . . . On the first of August of that year I began to labor with him in the work of the gospel, and my first work was the translating of the book of Psalms into modern Armenian. It is now nearly twenty-nine years that I have labored with Dr. Dwight in this glorious gospel work, and I testify that he has shown me great kindness and benevolence during all this time in a great variety of circumstances.

"Dr. Dwight was very distinguished for his wisdom, prudence, and foresightedness, but above all for his gifts of government. . . . He was known among us as

a man of principle, independent mind, and decided and firm plans. In nearly all circumstances he worked conformably to those plans. He was also distinguished for accuracy in keeping promises and appointments, and in these respects he was a worthy model. . . .

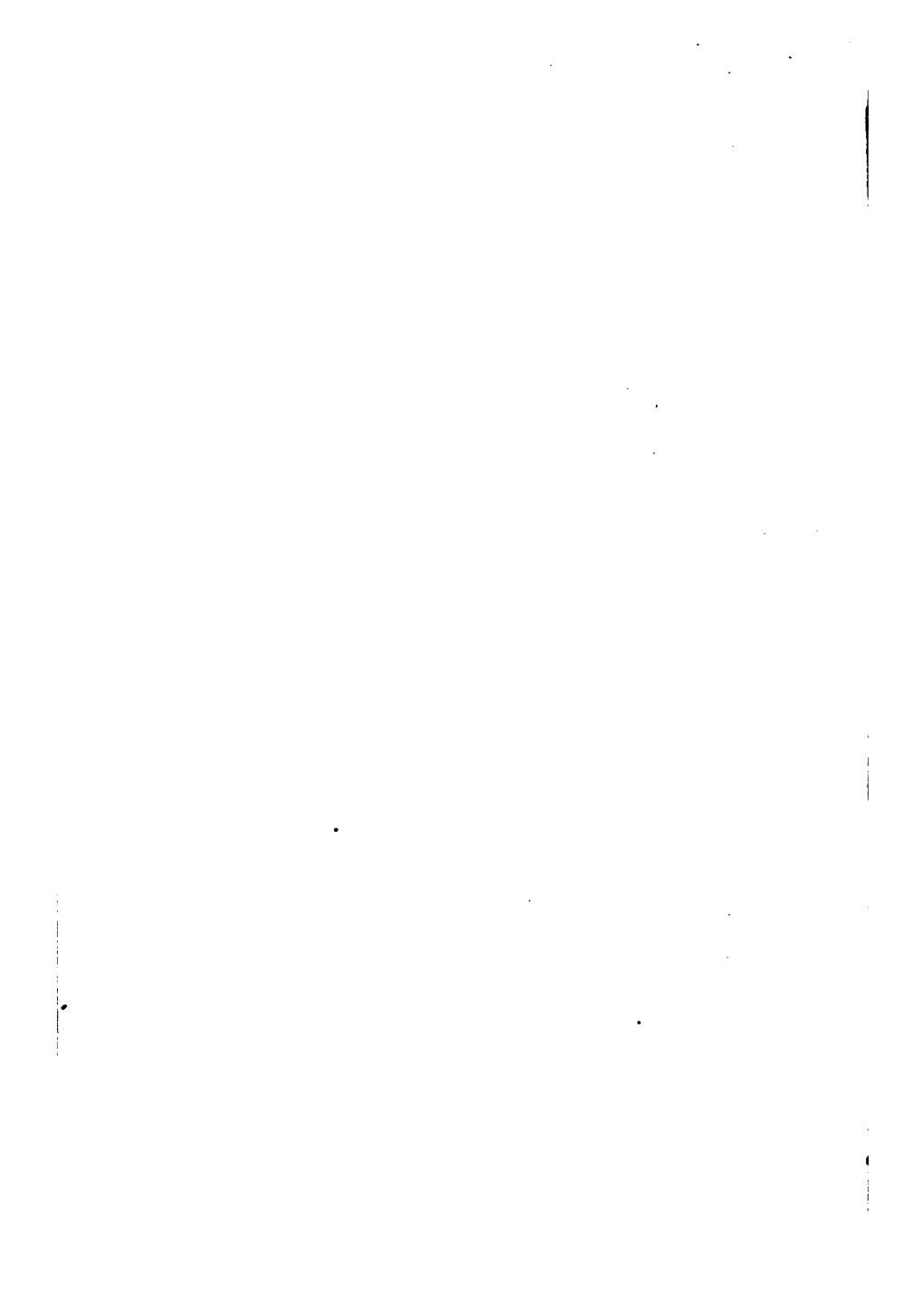
"Dr. Dwight was a true disciple of Christ and a faithful minister of the gospel. It is true also that by his native penetration and solidity he was a great champion of the gospel in the East, and was a veteran and brave soldier in all difficult and responsible circumstances.

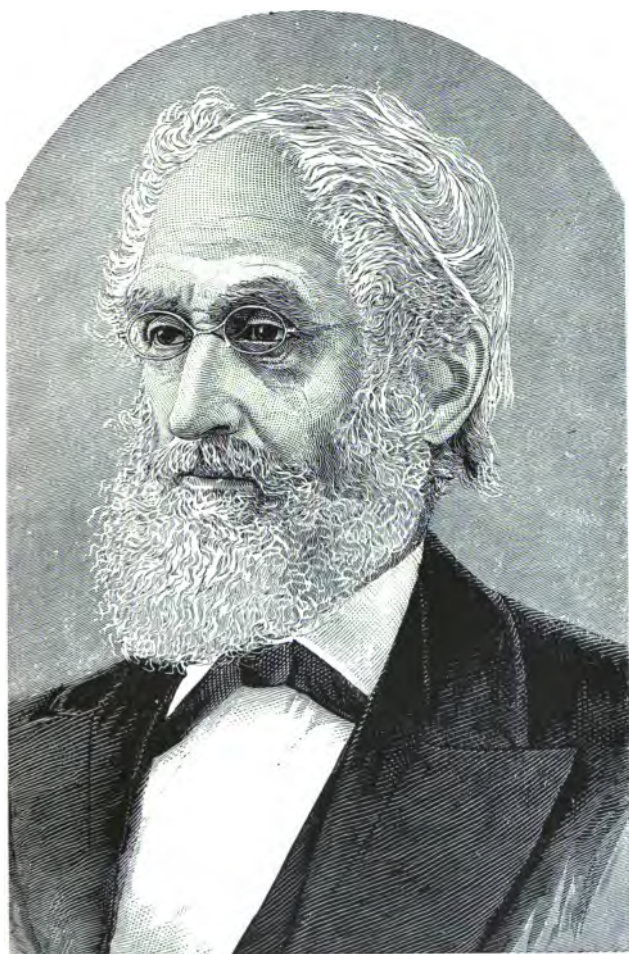
"Dr. Dwight was a distinguished agent in the hand of God in the work of Oriental reform; and especially by his means the Armenian Evangelical Church received its form. And when from age to age these distinguished events shall be narrated in history, the name of this faithful and active laborer will be commemorated, and it will undoubtedly be found among that great multitude of all nations who stand before the throne and the Lamb clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, saying with a loud voice, 'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.'"

VIII.

S. Wells Williams, LL. D.

BY REV. E. W. GILMAN, D. D.





S. WELLS WILLIAMS, M. D.



AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

S. WELLS WILLIAMS, LL. D.

ON the 25th of October, 1833, Samuel Wells Williams, a young man who had just passed his majority, landed in Canton, whither he had gone in the service of the American Board as a missionary printer. He was born in Utica, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1812, and graduated in 1832 at the Rensselaer Institute in Troy.

EARLY CONSECRATION.

The influences of a Christian home had given him peculiar qualifications for a useful life. He was the oldest of fourteen children. His father, Col. William Williams, a publisher of Bibles and other books, was a leading citizen of Utica, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and the first superintendent of the Union Sunday-school which was organized there in 1816. His mother, the daughter of Samuel Wells of Oneida

County, is remembered as a highly gifted and cultivated woman, deeply interested in all Christian undertakings. It is said that not long before her death, when present at a meeting where a collection was taken for foreign missions, she put upon the plate a slip of paper on which was written, "I give two of my sons." And afterwards two of her sons became missionaries of the American Board, one in China and one in Eastern Turkey.

The influence of the home was supplemented by the Sunday-school, and the elder of these brothers afterwards testified, "The first desire I ever had to be a missionary arose from a remark of my Sunday-school teacher about the destitution of the heathen."

Possibly his decision to enter the service of the Board may have been suddenly made, but he was not one to start without adequate preparation. From boyhood he had been familiar with the work done in his father's publishing establishment, and the greater part of the year preceding his embarkation was spent in special investigation and training with direct reference to the service to which he had been called. In it all "he had respect unto the recompense of the reward," and long afterwards he wrote, "When I bade good-by, with a sorrowing heart, to the friends standing around the packet-boat at Genesee street bridge, just thirty-three years ago to-day, I had a partial idea of the honor and joy attending the mission work; but I am now sure that I would make the same choice, if I could, again."

THE PRINTING-PRESS IN CHINA.

His appointment was a recognition on the part of the American Board of the fact that in all lands the oral preaching of the gospel needs to be supplemented by the printed page. He went not for conquest or emolument or personal distinction or scientific research, but on an errand of philanthropy and good-will. Other men have circumnavigated the globe in order to determine the contour of continents and the location of islands, or to observe and record the phenomena of the skies. He went as an interpreter of Christian truth and civilization to an empire embracing one-half of the heathen world, "the most populous and most inaccessible empire on the globe." His was the work of a herald, surmounting obstacles, penetrating a dense wall of prejudice and pride, bringing good tidings, publishing salvation, announcing a new kingdom as at hand; and it was his to build a viaduct by which the treasures of eighteen centuries of Christian thought might be poured into the Chinese mind.

In all this he was one of a small band of pioneers. Dr. Robert Morrison, the eminent British sinologue, who had preceded him by twenty-six years, was still in the service of the East India Company but was approaching the end of his useful career. Dr. Gutzlaff, a Prussian by birth, who had been sent out by the Netherlands Missionary Society, was employed in the same way. Two Americans had gone to China as chaplains for seamen, the Rev. David Abeel and the Rev. Ed-

win Stevens. The American Board had one single representative in the field, the Rev. E. C. Bridgman, a graduate of Andover Seminary, who arrived in Canton in February, 1830. Mr. Williams was accompanied by the Rev. Ira Tracy. Dr. Peter Parker followed in 1834.

The Chinese were reputed to be a nation of readers; but so profound was their conceit, that instead of seeking light from all sources, and asking what new thing might possibly be learned from remote lands, they excluded all foreigners, repelled every advance, and even imposed severe penalties on any of their countrymen who should presume to teach their language to "outside barbarians." They had books indeed, and held a printed page in reverence; but their printing was done in the rudest style from wooden blocks, movable types and printing-presses being unknown to them; and "it was not altogether safe for a Chinaman to be seen reading a tract which spoke of Jesus, much less for him to undertake to distribute them; and it was even dangerous for him to engage in printing them."

The empire was inaccessible, Canton being the only point where contact with the outside world was tolerated. The outlook for the work was discouraging in the extreme. After all Dr. Morrison's toil and faith and prayer, "he saw only three or four converts, with no churches or schools founded, and no congregations publicly assembled." These discouraging aspects were well understood in this country. In the formal instructions given to Mr. Bridgman he had been told, "even if you should live to old age, you may never witness so

much advance as to be permitted to preach a sermon publicly within the empire." And three days before Mr. Williams sailed, a letter was received from Mr. Bridgman lamenting that after three years of constant labor he was not able to report a single case of conversion. "To the eye of man," says Dr. Williams, "the prospect at that time was gloomy enough that China would be rendered accessible to the efforts of Christians. It had been closed for about one hundred and fifty years, and it was likely to remain so."

DIFFICULTIES OF HIS WORK.

There were other obstacles besides the stolidity of the Chinese character and their policy in respect to international affairs. One of the most serious of them had its historical foundation in the confusion of tongues. The Chinese language, in its written form, differs from the languages of the Occident in being without an alphabet. Each of its many thousand characters is the symbol of an abstract idea. They are not the signs of articulate speech. The sounds of the voice have nothing corresponding to them on the printed page. Moreover the speech of the people is polyglot. The words of the Cantonese are unintelligible in Shanghai, and a few miles of travel may carry one beyond the province where his utterance is understood; and so great is the disproportion between the numbers of ideas and of monosyllabic sounds, that a single word may have ten or more significations, which can be distinguished only by some peculiarity of *tone*. To become proficient in

such a language, even with the best helps of the present day, is no easy matter. For the pioneers the task was almost insuperable.

"It was rather discouraging," says Dr. Williams, "in commencing the study of the Chinese language to sit down with a man utterly ignorant of any tongue but his own, and have no aid except Morrison's quarto dictionary in another dialect, and an imperfect Anglo-Chinese vocabulary; for these comprised all there was. And then if one attempted to use his acquisitions, his dialogist would express much surprise, and wish to know the name of the man who taught him; or he would ridicule his rude pronunciation, and try to exhibit his own better knowledge of English in every reply."

A visionary enthusiast might perhaps be willing to make brief experiment to try the temper of the Chinese and see what response to the gospel would come from within the gates. But the spirit which prompted Mr. Williams' mission, and which steadied his aim through the long periods marked by reverses rather than progress, was of personal consecration to the service of Christ and of unwavering confidence in the ultimate triumph of light over darkness. Surely he had heard some voice saying, "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

A mere enthusiast, for lack of results might exaggerate the details of effort; but when the press had become an institution and zealous men might suppose the problem of Chinese evangelization to be solved,

Mr. Williams wrote to guard Americans against an exaggerated estimate of this agency, saying, in 1839: "This branch of missionary effort is worthy of all the attention it has received; but hitherto we have had no proofs that the thousands of books thrown among this people have incited one mind to inquire concerning them, have induced one soul to try to find a teacher among the foreigners in China, or have been the means of converting an individual."

These were words of candor, but not of discouragement; and thirty years afterwards he said, "I thank God that no shade of doubt as to the triumphant result, or regret at having engaged in it, has ever arisen in my mind."

DOORS PROVIDENTIALLY OPENED.

Years brought a change to China. Her massive gates, creaking on their hinges, slowly opened and gave entrance for an army of evangelists. In 1842 the treaty of Nanking opened five ports to traffic, and foreigners were allowed to bring their wives with them. Twelve years later, the three missionaries had increased to ninety, daily religious services were held in every open port, a million Testaments were in process of printing or circulation, and the whole Chinese mind had been cast into a ferment by a body of insurgents who rejected idolatry and professed to worship the true God.

In 1858 the treaties of Tientsin were signed, and the one despatch which came over the newly-laid Atlantic

cable that autumn announced that the Chinese Empire was open for all trade, that the Christian religion was to be allowed and recognized, and that foreign diplomatic agents were permitted to reside at the capital.

Now the door is open wide for the proclamation of the gospel. The Scriptures are circulated in nine of the different languages of China, at an average rate of more than a thousand copies daily. Travellers go on long tours into the interior without molestation. In 1880 two ladies of the China Inland Mission went without European escort a thousand miles to the west of Wuchang in safety; and to-day five hundred foreigners are engaged in active missionary work, while more than 20,000 communicants stand enrolled as members in the Protestant churches of the empire.

The dawn of a better day has come; and in view of such facts, the herald who went fifty years ago to rouse the empire from its midnight slumber, and found nothing to dishearten him when his cry seemed to be uttered in vain, may well say as the closing prediction of his life:

"The future is full of promise, and the efforts of the church with regard to China will not cease until every son and daughter of the race of Han has been taught the truths of the Bible and has had them fairly propounded for reception or rejection. They will progress until all the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets of that vast empire have the teacher and professor of religion living in them; until their children are educated, their civil liberties understood and political rights guaran-

teed, their poor cared for, their literature purified, their condition bettered in this world by the full revelation of another made known to them. The work of missions will go on until the government is modified and religious and civil liberty granted to all, and China takes her rank among the Christian nations of the earth, reciprocating all the courtesies due from people professing the same faith."*

SUMMARY OF HIS WORK.

For fifty years the personal relations of Dr. Williams to this grand movement were most intimate and varied. Before he went abroad funds had been provided by members of the Bleecker Street Presbyterian Church in New York for the purchase of a printing-press for Canton, and he was sent to take charge of it. But however important the routine of a printing establishment and the superintendence of its details, the work which eventually opened before him had a grander scope, and he became an editor, author, translator, interpreter, historian, and diplomatist; and at last, in serene old age, he became a university professor of the Chinese language and literature in his native land, and the honored head of a society whose sole aim is to encourage a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures at home and in foreign lands.

A year or two after his arrival in Canton, Chinese interference with his native helpers compelled him to remove his press to Macao; thence, at a later date, it

* "Middle Kingdom," II. 371.

was transferred to Hong-Kong; and thence again to Canton, where in December, 1856, his own residence and the entire establishment, comprising three presses and copious fonts of type, with 7,000 printed books, were destroyed by fire. He not only published the "Chinese Repository," but shared with Dr. Bridgman in its editorial management, and to its twenty volumes between 1832 and 1851 he contributed about one hundred and forty distinct articles. His more important publications were: "Easy Lessons in Chinese," 1842; "The Chinese Commercial Guide," 1844, reaching a 5th edition in 1863; "An English and Chinese Vocabulary in the Court Dialect," 1844; "A Tonic Dictionary of the Canton Dialect," 1856, which fortunately escaped the fire of that year, and passed through a new edition in 1876; and "A Syllabic Dictionary of the Chinese Language," 1874, containing 12,527 characters, with the pronunciation as heard in Peking, Canton, Amoy, and Shanghai.

In the preface to this Dictionary he said, "I have the satisfaction of feeling that the labor spent upon this work during the past eleven years in the intervals of official duties will now be available for students in acquiring the Chinese language. Its deficiencies will be hereafter supplied by others who will build upon their predecessors, as I have done, for the field is too vast to be explored or exhausted even by many laborers. The stimulus to past effort, and the hope that it would not be vain, both sprang from the desire to aid the labors of those who are imparting truth in any branch to the

sons of Han, especially those religious and scientific truths whose acquisition and practice can alone Christianize and elevate them. At the end of forty years spent in this country in these pursuits I humbly thank the good Lord for all the progress I have been permitted to see in this direction, and implore his blessing upon this effort to aid their greater expansion."

VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

In 1844 he left China for the United States, traveling by the way of Egypt, Syria, and Europe. He had then spent on the mission field eleven years which were crowded with events of great importance in relation to foreign intercourse with China. These events are thus enumerated by Dr. Blodgett:

"The control of the East India Company over British trade in this empire ceased in 1834, the year after his arrival. He had seen the end of that remarkable adjustment of trade between the West and the East in the 'thirteen factories' of 'Old Canton.' There in that little settlement on the north bank of the Pearl River, in the western suburb of the city of Canton, the pride, culture, power, unscrupulous greed of gain, benevolence, learning, and Christian piety of the West had met the timidity, ignorance, weakness, duplicity, pride, contempt, politeness, acuteness, business sagacity and probity of the Chinese. There the Hoppo and Co-Hong had met the trading companies and merchants of the English, Americans, Dutch, Prussians, Austrians, Swedes, Danes, French, Spaniards, and Italians. There

had commenced that system of trade and intercourse with China which has in our day assumed such vast proportions. There had been nursed and fostered the opium traffic which now spreads its baneful influence all over the land. There had been initiated those efforts for the enlightenment, healing, and Christianizing of the Chinese people which now extend to all the provinces and constitute the only hope for the future of this nation. Canton was no longer to be the focus of influence and power. What had here been commenced during two centuries of foreign intercourse was to be extended and diffused throughout the empire. The unsettled state of trade after the withdrawal of the East India Company, the adjustment of terms of direct intercourse between China and other nations, the protests of the Chinese Government against the opium traffic, the seizure and confiscation of the opium, the war with China, the forming of treaties, and the opening of the five ports—all had occurred during these early years of the residence of Mr. Williams in Canton.”*

The treaties referred to removed the restrictions which had previously forbidden foreigners to bring their wives to Canton, and on occasion of this visit to the United States Mr. Williams became united in Marriage to Miss Sarah Walworth, of Plattsburgh, N. Y. During this period he also delivered courses of lectures on China, with the proceeds of which he secured from Berlin a new font of Chinese type, and before returning to China he published, in 1848, “The Middle Kingdom,”

* “Chinese Recorder,” June, 1884.

which at once became a standard book of reference, and which reappeared in 1883 in a revised and greatly enlarged edition.

SECRETARY OF UNITED STATES LEGATION.

In 1857, having accepted the post of Secretary of Legation of the United States, he resigned his connection with the Mission, though at the time he looked upon this as only a temporary interruption of the relation he had sustained for nearly a quarter of a century. His services, however, in this official position proved to be invaluable to the cause of missions as well as to the Government, and after a long period of diplomatic life he did not return to the missionary work.

The world owes it to Dr. Williams and to Dr. W. A. P. Martin, who was associated with him as interpreter, that the treaty which was negotiated by Mr. Reid at Tientsin in June, 1858, contained an article providing for the toleration of Christianity throughout the empire and protection of Chinese converts. The day had come for signing the treaty, and the reluctance of the Chinese officials to make any concession to Protestant missions was so decided that all allusion to the matter was likely to be omitted, when at an opportune moment these gentlemen called on the commissioners and presented a draft of the "toleration clause" so happily worded that it was at once accepted and incorporated in the treaty which was signed a few hours later. "If we had not gone that morning," says Dr. Williams, "we had failed certainly to get anything inserted in the treaty which

was to be signed that evening; but God moved Kwei-liang to say that it was excellent." The article was shown to Lord Elgin, and was incorporated in substance in the British treaty which was signed a few days afterwards.

Mr. Reid's official despatch on the 30th of June paid this high compliment to the American missionaries who had rendered him essential aid: "Without them as interpreters the public business could not be transacted. I could not, but for their aid, have advanced one step in the discharge of my duties here, or written or understood one word of correspondence or treaty stipulations. With them there has been no difficulty or embarrassment."*

A committee of the American Board also expressed the opinion that "though the withdrawal of such men as Dr. Parker and Dr. Williams from direct missionary labor is in itself to be regretted, the value of their services in their official relations to our Government, to the cause of missions, cannot be overestimated. In the performance of diplomatic duties they have secured advantages for the evangelization of China which only such men in such offices could secure."

The wall of separation between the empire and other nations broke down sixteen years later, when the emperor consented to withdraw the veil that secluded him and to receive ambassadors from foreign lands with no sign on their part of inferiority. To two personal experiences Dr. Williams refers, as marking the great-

* "Chinese Recorder," X. 226.

est conceivable contrast and the changes which forty years had wrought. He says, "On my arrival at Canton in 1833 I was officially reported, with two other Americans, to the Hong merchant, Kingqua, as 'fan-kwai,' or 'foreign devils,' who had come to live under his tutelage. In 1874, as Secretary of the American Embassy at Peking, I accompanied the Hon. B. P. Avery to the presence of the emperor, Tungchi, when the Minister of the United States presented his letters of credence on a footing of perfect equality with the 'Son of Heaven.'"*

Not less worthy of note is the relation which Dr. Williams sustained to the opening of Japan to Christianity. Long before that empire was accessible the missionaries at Canton recognized the desirableness of being ready to enter with the gospel, and Dr. Williams undertook to learn the language and to prepare a font of Japanese type. His first voyage to Japan was in July, 1837, when he was one of a party sent by Messrs. Olyphant & Co., in the ship Morrison, to restore seven shipwrecked seamen to their homes. None of the party were allowed to land; but first in the Bay of Yeddo, and again in that of Kagosima, their peaceful mission was repelled by force, and after hours of exposure to a cannonading from batteries on shore, they escaped without serious harm and returned to Canton. A devout believer in divine providence, Mr. Williams recognized this repulse as perhaps the best thing that could have happened.

* "Middle Kingdom," I. 14.

"Let us not," he said, "be weary in well-doing, but let us do all we can to give to the Japanese the knowledge of true Christianity, which seeketh not its own; let us present before them the Bible in their own tongue, and with this pure river of life we know that civilization, commerce, and knowledge will flow through their land. Because one attempt has failed, shall all future endeavors cease? We learn wisdom from experience. The rejection of the men, although painful to them and us, may be the very best thing that could have happened; for if they had been received and we quietly dismissed, our means for doing them and their countrymen further good would have been taken out of our hands. In this view of the case, and it appears reasonable, let us not abandon this nation, but by making the best use of the men whom we have, get better prepared to do them permanent good, and by-and-by, if God permits, we will try again."

So he went back to China, took some of these shipwrecked mariners into his own house, learned their language, translated for them the book of Genesis and the Gospel of Matthew, and had the pleasure of seeing them embrace Christianity, the first-fruits of the harvest now being gathered in Japan. This knowledge of the language came in play fifteen years afterwards, when he was selected as interpreter for Commodore Perry, who went to Japan in 1852 to carry a letter from President Fillmore to the emperor, and on his second visit negotiated the first American treaty with a nation which up to that time had pursued a policy of non-intercourse.

RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.

After retiring from the service of the Government in 1876, Dr. Williams returned to the United States and took up his residence in New Haven, where he found congenial society and a pleasant home. His piety had not been dimmed by long isolation from Christian lands, by the study of Confucian literature, by protracted toil on dictionaries and grammars, or by the formalities and ceremonials of diplomatic life. The religion of Jesus Christ was central in all his thoughts, and his heart was quick to respond to Christian sentiments. His days there passed serenely, though saddened by the death of Mrs. Williams in 1881, until he himself was called away on the 16th of February, 1884.

Many honors had come to him in the course of his life. As far back as 1848 Union College had recognized his abilities and conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Yale College honored itself by admitting him to the ranks of its alumni and enrolling his name among its corps of instructors; and the Oriental Society called him to preside in its councils; but no honor was more grateful, no office more welcome, than that which he held for three years as President of the American Bible Society. For this office he was peculiarly fitted by his attainments in scholarship, his large acquaintance with the field of missions, his experience in diplomacy, and his abiding interest in the diffusion of the truth.

His encyclopædic knowledge, his retentive memory,

his perfect equipoise, his quickness of appreciation, and his discrimination made him a valued and trusted counsellor and friend, while his genial spirit, his loyalty to the truth, and his unshaken confidence in the final triumphs of the gospel, commanded the respect and admiration of all who knew him.

Of his character and of his last days President Porter has written as follows :

" Few men were better fitted in temperament, in intellectual tastes and habits, in moral energy, and in spiritual self-consecration, for the constant and unsparing drudgery involved in such a life. Few men, it is believed, have put their powers and gifts to a more constant and productive use. His elastic spirits, his wakeful curiosity, his minute observation, his loving sympathy with man, and his affectionate trust in his divine Master, seem never to have failed. His interest in nature and in natural history never abated. The taste for botanical studies, which began with his youth, continued to the day of his death. He observed and discovered in China the habits and varieties of flowers with the same zest and the same success which he had manifested when a youth in Utica.

" The simple and childlike faith which had been inspired by his mother's zealous sweetness and enforced by his father's enterprise, and had sent him to China for his life-work on the notice of a day, enabled him always to see light and hope along the long and often lonely pathway the earlier missionaries to China were compelled to travel. The buoyant and cheerful temper

which made sunlight for others whenever he was present also reflected unbroken sunshine into his own soul. The Christ who dwelt ever in his thoughts as the hope of glory enabled him to find indications of hope in the social and spiritual movements which he had watched so closely for more than a generation, and oftentimes from points of view which gave him almost the outlook of a prophet. He was not the man to exaggerate under the impulses of an excited fancy, but whether it was in fancy or from fact, it is a fact that towards the end of his life he spoke with glowing and almost prophetic confidence concerning the changes which were to befall China and Japan within the next generation. He was by himself and in his words a living and speaking witness of the dignity and inspiration of the missionary calling, and the missionary spirit when it becomes an inspiration.

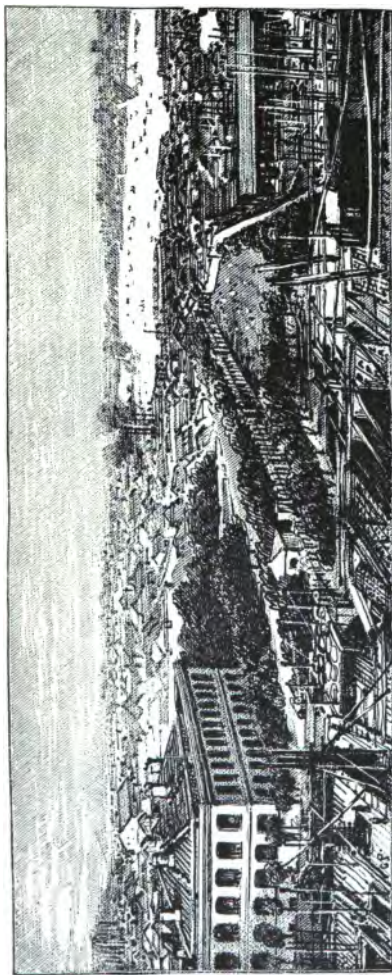
“There was much in the closing years of his life to admire and almost to envy. The sweetness and simplicity of his character made friends for him with all who met him. It is no exaggeration to say that every casual acquaintance was illumined and inspired by the briefest interview. Though feeble in body and with impaired eyesight, he maintained his habits of close and constant literary occupation. A little more than three years ago the companion of his missionary life and the light of his house was taken from his home. A few months after a partial paralysis enfeebled his limbs and his speech and somewhat impeded his power of thought. But his elastic spirit refused to be bound or depressed,

and he seemed almost as buoyant as ever as he smiled at his own infirmities. He sought employment with his hands almost to the hour of his death, and in the quiet but unspoken triumph, nay, rather, in the unspeakable serenity of the peace which Christ gives to those who are eminently his, he breathed out his life."

IX.

REV. ELIJAH COLEMAN BRIDGMAN,
D. D.

BY REV. PAYSON W. LYMAN.



CANTON, CHINA.

AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

IX.—ELIJAH COLEMAN BRIDGMAN, D. D.

WITHIN the limits of Belchertown, Mass., just over the southern rim of that broad and beautiful basin of fertile country, in the centre of which, on an eminence, Amherst College is located, stands a farmhouse which was the birthplace of Elijah Coleman Bridgman, the pioneer and father of American missions to China. For four generations before him this had been the ancestral family seat. He was born April 22, 1801, of Puritan ancestry, going back on the maternal side to Andrew Warner, who came to New England in 1638. His paternal ancestor, James Bridgman, settled in Hartford in 1640, later in Springfield, and finally in Northampton. Thence his grandson, Ebenezer, moved to Belchertown in 1732, the year after its settlement. For four successive gen-

crations down to Theodore, the father of our missionary, this family were members of the First Church of Christ in that place.

HIS HOME TRAINING.

It was, therefore, into a Puritan home and family heritage that "Coleman" was born. The three miles of rising ground which lay between their home and the house of God laid no embargo upon the attendance of this family upon the sanctuary services. The effort which it cost to be present bore fruit that has abundantly blessed the world.

Throughout his life Mr. Bridgman delighted to bear witness to the faithful religious training given him by his mother, Lucretia Warner. "I can never forget her early instruction, nor her anxiety for my salvation. She talked, prayed, and wept over me. I felt my rebellious heart rise against God when his truth was brought to bear upon my mind. She saw it, but slackened not her efforts. To have her weep over my stubbornness was too much. I could listen to her words, but her tears I could not withstand."

Such faithful religious training was blessed of God in the son's conversion during a very extensive revival which occurred in 1812, early in the ministry of Rev. Experience Porter. As its result 109 persons were added to the church, 55 at the first ingathering. One of these was Coleman, then not quite twelve years of age. A young friend from Northampton spent the preceding night with him. "So deeply," says the

friend, "were the events of the coming Sabbath impressed upon us that we found but little rest in sleep, and before the break of day we were dressed, and out in the field engaged in prayer under a tree, where none but God could hear."

The following year was marked by the death of his judicious and faithful mother. "So peaceful," he used to say, "so full of faith, Christ so precious, in her death there is nothing to regret but the loss of her prayers and tears."

EDUCATION FOR THE MINISTRY.

Reared to the work of the farm and a willing worker, he yet felt called to a higher mission. In his home "The Panoplist," which was afterwards the "Missionary Herald," and the "Boston Recorder"—the missionary magazine and the family religious paper—performed their natural office. They laid before him in his early years the great field and the need of its cultivation, and aroused his interest in it. Under the fostering influence of parents and pastor they led him to begin to study for the ministry.

His academic course was taken in his native town. Naturally his footsteps turned towards Amherst for his college education. He graduated in the class of 1826, and went at once to Andover. Here he showed himself a warm-hearted Christian worker. We find him engaged in revival efforts, guiding and praying with inquirers whom his preaching had awakened. More and more, as he went forward, was his heart drawn out

towards the perishing millions of heathendom. In the first year at Andover he resolved definitely that, if God should open the way, he would preach to them the gospel. In the spring of his last year he wrote home a definite declaration of his purpose, and asked to know the feelings of the family as to the matter. His sister wrote for his parents: "If it is your wish to go, and you feel that you can be more useful among the heathen than in your own country, they can only say to you, 'Go, engage in the great and glorious work with your whole heart.' As to the destination, they wish you to go where you can be most useful. Whatever is your wish on the subject is theirs also."

With such a Christian God-speed sent from home, and with his own consecration to the work, he was in a measure prepared for the unexpected overture which came to him on the day of his graduation.

HIS CALL TO CHINA.

The attention of the Board was called to China as a field for missionary labor through the urgent representations of Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison, who had been a number of years on the ground under appointment of the London Missionary Society. His appeals were supplemented by D. W. C. Olyphant, an eminent Christian merchant engaged in the Chinese trade, who made the American Board most liberal offers of coöperation if they would send a missionary.

Thus pressed, and convinced that it was God's call to them, the Board authorized the Assistant Secretary,

David Green, to go to Andover, and if possible to secure Mr. Bridgman's consent to a missionary appointment to that country. The proposition was laid before him early in the morning of Anniversary-day, Wednesday, September 23, 1829, at a private conference in his room. His reply was to the effect that, though he had long felt a deep interest in that field, he had not considered himself as the man for it, since it seemed to him to call for abilities of the first order. If, however, upon further consideration it should seem that the mission required his services, a favorable reply might be expected. We can well believe that that anniversary was a solemn day for the young candidate. "The mission," he wrote in the journal which he seems to have kept much of the time—"the mission pressed upon my mind with a mountain's weight, and engrossed my whole attention. I conversed with few, and spent most of the day in private meditation and prayer." At four the next morning he rose and prayed for divine direction, endeavoring to submit his way to God. "Oh, may the will of the Lord be done!"

Three days were given for the decision. He required but one. Thursday night he met Secretary Evarts in Boston, and attended the ordination of sixteen brethren. After a sleepless night he started early for New York, *via* boat from Providence. At New York he met Mr. Olyphant, who had urged the matter upon the Board, and offered not only to convey the man thither, but also to furnish him a home for a year free of cost. This man was ever after a strong pillar in sup-

port of missions to the populous land of Sinim, as were his family after him. He also met there Rev. David Abeel, who was to go with him to labor under the auspices of the Seaman's Friend Society among English-speaking people who might be accessible in Canton. The "beloved Abeel" proved to be a warm friend and fellow-laborer. He preached in New York on Sunday, attended a missionary conference on Monday, and returned to Boston on Tuesday. On Wednesday he traversed the ninety miles to his home by stage. Arrangements were speedily made for a council. On Sunday he preached in the home church for the first time, as may be supposed, with intense interest. His pastor, Rev. Lyman Coleman, officiated at the Lord's Supper, and held a farewell service at his home that evening. On Tuesday came the examination, and on Wednesday morning the ordination. "The impression of the ordaining service on my mind can never be obliterated. There, at the age of twelve, I had joined myself to the professed people of God." On Wednesday afternoon came the tender, tearful family farewell, and the night at Northampton; Thursday the long stage-ride thence to Albany, and the meeting of the American Board; at sunrise Friday his letter of instructions from Secretary Evarts, and at 10 o'clock the boat for New York; on Sunday evening a public missionary meeting; Wednesday noon a brief farewell service on shipboard; and he was off on the first American mission to China, just three weeks from the Andover anniversary and the unexpected and urgent call which it brought.

FOUNDING OF THE CANTON MISSION.

The voyage thus begun lasted four months. They landed at Canton February 25, 1830, and received the warmest welcome from Dr. Morrison, whose aid and advice were of great value. At that time no missionary of any Protestant society was recognized or tolerated as a missionary by the Chinese. He was obnoxious to the authorities, and had no legal standing or protection. The first great problem was, of course, the acquisition of a very difficult language. During his second year he added to his other labors the preparation of eighteen short letters for Sunday-school children in America, designed to give information as to the Chinese, and to arouse an interest in their evangelization.

In May, 1832, at Dr. Morrison's suggestion, he started the "Chinese Repository," a monthly magazine, whose object was to extend information, and to arouse the Christian public in regard to the salvation of China's millions. Of this magazine, whose combined numbers constitute a highly valued storehouse of information as to this land and people, Mr. Bridgman continued editor for nearly twenty years, when he passed it over to the hands of S. Wells Williams, LL. D., whose work, "The Middle Kingdom," is of the highest authority on Chinese affairs, and who has lately passed from the Presidency of the American Bible Society to his heavenly rest.

The year 1834 was marked by the death of the veteran Morrison, and of Lord Napier who had been sent

out by the British Government to protect the interests of English commerce at the port of Canton. So vexatious was the conduct of the Chinese, and so inadequate his support, that Lord Napier was obliged to retire to Macao, where a fever, which his anxieties had induced, terminated his valuable life. His funeral sermon was preached by his admirer and friend, Mr. Bridgman, from the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

The series of events which culminated in the opium war greatly curtailed the opportunity for preaching the gospel, and made the life of foreigners in Canton a constant hardship. In March, 1839, there was an entire suspension of trade. Foreigners were detained in Canton, their servants left them, and their supplies of food were cut off, though after several days' negotiation the odious restrictions were removed. The same thing occurred later in the year at Macao. When the war began in 1840 Mr. Bridgman wrote in a hopeful strain: "We are on the eve of a new era, and a great revolution has commenced. We trust the God of nations is about to open a highway for those who will preach the Word."

The war terminated in 1842 in favor of the English, who exacted a pecuniary indemnity, the opening of several ports, and the complete cession of Hong-Kong. To this place Mr. Bridgman removed on the first of July, 1842, for the better prosecution of his missionary efforts. About this time he received the degree of D. D. in recognition of his scholarly labors. One of his works at this period was the preparation of the "Chinese

Chrestomathy," a volume of 730 pages. It was printed under the direction of S. Wells Williams and under the patronage of the "Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge in China."

In 1844 our Government sent the Hon. Caleb Cushing on a special mission to China. With the consent of the Board, Dr. Bridgman and Dr. Peter Parker, a missionary physician, became secretaries of legation, to which Dr. Bridgman was also chaplain.

This mission, by the treaty it negotiated, laid the foundation for our subsequent friendly diplomatic intercourse with China. It secured to foreigners the privilege of residence at Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow, Ningpo, and Shanghai, without molestation or restraint. Of the services of Drs. Bridgman and Parker Mr. Cushing spoke in very high terms, both officially and privately:

"Their intimate knowledge of China and the Chinese made them invaluable as advisers, and their high character contributed to give weight and moral strength to the mission. And while their coöperation with us was thus of eminent utility to the United States, it will, I trust, prove not less useful to the general cause of humanity and religion."

The increased opportunity of access to the millions of China secured by the treaty greatly rejoiced the hearts of the missionaries, and they were not slow to improve it. Dr. Bridgman's marriage at this juncture was one means of augmenting his usefulness.

HIS DOMESTIC LIFE.

For fifteen years after he began his work in China he denied himself the comfort of the home life to be found only in wedlock. At length, in the providence of God, the lack was graciously supplied. In 1843 Miss Eliza Jane Gillette, of New York, saw the fulfilment of a long-cherished hope in her appointment as a missionary teacher to China, though it was not till a year and a half later that she reached Hong-Kong. Her coming seemed to Dr. Bridgman a veritable God-send. Having persuaded her that marriage would augment rather than diminish her opportunity for her coveted labors, she was united to him in June after her arrival. They lived together two years in Canton, she acquiring the language, and he more busy than ever in his Christian labors. In 1847 they removed to Shanghai, where they thenceforward dwelt in loving companionship, making a home which was a much-prized retreat for missionary friends and others. They were rarely without a guest in the "prophet's chamber," which was ever inviting those in need of its comforts. This home was, in many ways, a potent centre of Christian influence. Though never blessed with children, they were twice called to take to their home and hearts a motherless babe, the half-orphaned child of a missionary friend. Thus they learned the responsibility and joy of the parental relation, as well as the pain of separation, which is such a trying incident of missionary life. Thus were their hearts enlarged towards the girls, for whose sake Mrs.

Bridgman toiled early and late in the boarding-school which she organized. It was the first of its kind in Shanghai, and almost the first in China. With but a year's respite, she gave to its superintendence and instruction fifteen years. Quite a number of the girls were converted, and became mothers in Christian homes.

In her, as he was fond of testifying, her husband found a true companion and helpmeet, one in deepest sympathy with his work, and a ready colaborer therein. The sundering of the tender tie which bound them was such a shock to her that upon his death in 1861 her always delicate health gave way, and she was compelled against her wish to return to America. But her heart was in China, and she could not stay. Resisting all entreaties to the contrary, and despite the danger of capture by the Alabama, which was then roving the high seas in search of prey, she went forth alone, at 59 years of age, to take up again her work. As the A. B. C. F. M. had withdrawn from Shanghai to Peking, she went thither and gave four years, and not less than \$12,500, to the founding of the mission there, including the establishment of a boarding-school for girls. Much worn, she at length sought relief by return to Shanghai. Here, however, her fervent spirit would not allow her to rest. To a girls' school just started she gave herself as teacher, and upon the enterprise, which included a chapel, a dispensary, and both a boarding and a day school, she bestowed not less than \$5,000. "But her zeal was again beyond her strength. Her money, her

prayers, her life were all freely given to this last effort, till her exhausted nature sank in death." She died November 10, 1871, ten years later than her husband, by whose side she was laid to rest in the city where most of their years together had been spent.

VISIT TO AMERICA.

Dr. Bridgman's thirty-two years of missionary labor were interrupted only by one brief visit, with his wife, to America; and this was forced upon him by his associates as a matter of duty on account of his evidently failing health. This was in 1852. The voyages, which together gave him the circuit of the globe and four months at home, did much to restore his depleted physical powers, and greatly prolonged his valuable labors. His visit to his home and native town, though brief, was an intense delight. In his intercourse with the Christian public he was able in person, as he had often done by written appeals, to urge increased effort for China.

They brought home Mrs. Bridgman's pupil, King-Meh, who greatly interested the friends of missions in the United States by her gentle, winning manners. Three years later she was received to church-fellowship in Shanghai—the first native member—and became a valued helper.

At San Francisco, which he reached *via* Cape Horn, Dr. Bridgman had the extreme satisfaction of assisting in the dedication of a Christian church for the people to whom he had gone as a herald of salvation when as yet

San Francisco, and even California, was not regarded as of any commercial importance to the country.

Reaching his field of labor, he received from his brethren the message, "Proceed with the work of translation. We bid you God-speed. The Chinese need the whole Bible." And he prays, "In thy mercy, O God, grant strength and grace to carry on this work till the whole Bible shall be in the hands of the Chinese." This leads us to the story of his great work.

HIS TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

It is on account of his long and successful effort to give the Chinese a satisfactory version of the Bible that Dr. Bridgman's name will be longest remembered. This is the work whose influence will longest endure.

It having been found that a new version was a necessity, different portions of the Bible were assigned to different stations for translation. After the preliminary work it was agreed that delegates should meet at Shanghai for its joint revision before publication. Dr. Bridgman was chosen to represent Canton, and with his family went to Shanghai in June, 1847, expecting that the work would be done in six months. Little did he suspect that it would occupy the remaining fourteen years of his life, and that it would result in the organization through him of the Shanghai Mission of the Board. But so it was to be.

The work of revision had not proceeded far before the English and American delegates divided upon the question of the proper Chinese equivalent for our name

of the deity. This division resulted in two versions. "In the cardinal rule to give the *entire sense* of the text, and nothing more nor less than the entire sense," Dr. Bridgman writes of the American delegates, "we are agreed; but in the manner of doing this we differ. It is my opinion that the style of the translation should be precisely that of the sacred text, equally plain and simple, preserving and exhibiting, as far as practicable, the peculiarities of the original." Thus he grasped and held the true principle of Scripture rendering.

Though the New Testament received his first attention, his intense and growing love of the whole Word of God filled his soul with a burning desire "to make ready all this blessed book and give it to all these millions." The gradual withdrawal of associates left the work to him, with the assistance of Rev. Mr. Culbertson of the Presbyterian Board. In their hands the heavy but delightful task went on, till in the Annual Report of 1860 Dr. Bridgman could say, "If life, health, and opportunity be continued, we trust we shall ere long see the whole Bible issued from the press in Shanghai, under our joint care, in various forms and sizes of type, such as shall meet the wants of all classes of this numerous people."

But this anticipation was not to be fully realized. When, a year later, he passed into the heavens, his Hebrew Bible was found on his study table open at the twentieth chapter of Isaiah, showing, probably, how much of the Old Testament he had left unfinished for his companion to revise alone.

This version was said, at its issue, to "excel all previous versions in those qualities which impart a lasting value to a work." On it more than on aught else Dr. Bridgman's fame and influence rest.

It is a fact worthy of grateful mention that it was through the reading of a small fragment of it that the young Japanese, Joseph Neesima, became interested in the religion and in the land of its editor. The wonderful history and work of this young man are too well known to need rehearsal here.

HIS WORK AS A CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Though in the providence of God his great work was the translation, he never forgot that he came to make known in person the way of life. Accordingly he always welcomed and sought to guide inquirers. He taught such classes as he could gather; he went into the streets, or in boats, or out into the villages, distributing religious books and tracts, and preaching to individuals and to companies as he could gather them. On the Sabbath he preached wherever there was a call, in English or in Chinese, in hospital or in chapel. This course not seldom brought him abuse and sometimes peril. On one occasion, after a serious riot in Canton, in which the people had been greatly incensed against foreigners, with his wife and others he took an afternoon boat-trip into the country on a Christian errand. Returning they were beset by a fierce and bloodthirsty mob, who from both banks of the creek hurled at their boat every available variety of missile in a furious

shower. Some even swam out for the purpose of disabling their boat, and others sought to pursue them on the water. Others still manned a bridge under which they must pass, and from thence poured down upon them an avalanche of stones, the heaviest of which weighed eighty-five pounds. Two of their boatmen were seriously wounded, and their boat was well nigh wrecked, but they were mercifully delivered from the peril unhurt.

On another occasion, as he was preaching on Sunday at the door of a chapel in Canton, a burning tract was hurled at him, striking his breast. Calmly extinguishing it he went on with his preaching. Failing in their attempt to frighten him, they set fire to a quantity of Christian books which they had seized, and at the same time began to distribute Buddhistic tracts. The street was densely thronged and great excitement prevailed; but nothing daunted the fearless missionary. He kept his stand and continued to declare his message and to give away tracts to such as would promise not to burn them.

At Canton he had the joy of receiving as a fellow-herald his cousin, James Granger Bridgman, a native of Amherst, whose home was not far from his own. This helper was ordained at his house, the first Protestant ordination in China. As he was once walking about Canton he received a serious injury in the head from a stone thrown at him. This, with his earnest study, probably aggravated a natural tendency to mental depression, so that in a fit of derangement he inflict-

ed a wound upon himself which caused his death. "He was a man of deep and sterling piety. His habits of devotion were marked, steady, and fervent. His physical frame was robust, his intellectual powers were vigorous, and his success in acquiring the language was the result of persevering labor and study." His death was a sad blow to the hopes of Dr. Bridgman, who had counted strongly on his aid as a preacher.

In Shanghai, despite his labors in translating, Dr. Bridgman gave the Sabbath to the work of a Christian pastor and teacher, and gathered a native church, numbering something more than twenty members. "As much as in us lies we must all strive to make disciples of the Chinese." So he wrote and so he practised.

COLLATERAL LABORS.

"Interested in whatever could in any way conduce to the welfare of China, he was always ready to perform his part in every enterprise that aimed at that object." Of the "Shanghai Literary and Scientific Society" he was President, and to its journal he was an occasional contributor. Of the Morrison Education Society, whose work was to promote Christian education in the land of Dr. Morrison's love, he was President to the day of his death. He was also a working member and an officer of the North China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. As has been seen, he was for twenty years editor of the "Chinese Repository," and was also principal author of the "Chinese Chrestomathy." He was often called, in one way or another, to render ser-

vice to foreigners visiting the city on commercial or official errands. His efficient support of the mission of Mr. Cushing has been noticed.

During the negotiations which resulted in the Tientsin treaty in 1858 he often entertained the plenipotentiaries of the four great treaty powers, England, France, Russia, and the United States. He was consulted by them as to the subject matter of the international debate which they were conducting, and he frequently translated official documents for them. The Hon. William B. Reed, our representative, formally expressed to the Government his high estimate of the value of Dr. Bridgman's services.

Alike in Canton and Shanghai he took a leading part in various literary and other institutions, and therein gained the high respect of all who knew him in that capacity. In fact, it was as a public-spirited citizen, interested in all that concerned the general welfare, that he was best known to many of the foreign residents of these cities.

But in the words of Mr. Muirhead, of the London Missionary Society, "In connection with these different associations he always sustained the character of a Christian man and a Christian minister. His profession and influence in this respect were everywhere known and felt and honored. His religious life and Christian example were apparent in the midst of his various social, civil, and secular engagements."

HIS DEATH.

The close of this distinguished and useful career came suddenly in the midst of unfinished work. After thirty-two years of missionary toil he entered into the heavenly rest in the sixty-first year of his age. In September he was attacked with symptoms of dysentery. Misinterpreting the trouble, he kept at his tasks, declining, in favor of his wife who also needed rest, an offered river-trip to Hankow. On her return she found him seriously indisposed, though he preached on the following Sunday. By this time his disease had become chronic, and henceforward it progressed rapidly to its fatal issue on Saturday morning, November 2, 1861.

Foreseeing it, he said, "I should like to see three-score years and ten, if it would be for God's glory; there are so few laborers and the work is so great. But God's will is best." Soon after in revery he exclaimed, "Will the churches come up to the work?" As the end approached, after farewell messages for relatives, for missionary and other friends, for the native church of which he was pastor, for the societies he loved, to his wife he said, "I think I shall be with you; I do not know now, but I think so." "In the great cloud of witnesses?" she asked. "Yes," he replied. His mind rested on Christ with a firm and steady grasp. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" After prayer by his bedside, he said, "Now commend my spirit to God. I shall not speak much more except to Jesus. God will never forsake those

who trust in him." As the final pains came on he turned upon his breast, raised his eyes to heaven, his lips moved in prayer, and so, without a struggle or a groan, he breathed out his life as when a child falls asleep on his mother's breast.

Said his long-trying and intimate friend, Rev. S. R. Brown, who was with him at the last, "He died as such a man might be expected to die. His end was the fitting conclusion for such a life as he had led. He died at his post with his armor on. I may say in truth that no man could have been taken away whose loss would be more sincerely mourned by all. He was a man of the most amiable disposition, the friend of all, of the greatest simplicity of purpose and purity of mind."

At Dr. Bridgman's request Mr. Brown conducted the funeral service, which was attended by a very large number of Chinese and foreign residents. In an obituary published in the "North China Herald," Bishop Boone, who had known him long and well, said, "The amount of good he was able to do was owing to his *singleness of aim*. His influence was cumulative. He was always *increasing* its sum by his gentle, consistent, Christian deportment; and never did he, by one unkind or foolish word or deed, *detract* from the already accumulated amount. This was the beautiful point of his character; it was of one piece, consistent throughout. He perhaps never performed a single great act in his life; yet such a life, we may surely say, is itself a *great act*. The writer can never forget the gentle, pure, guileless, earnest, consistent friend and brother whose loss

he now deploras." Said Rev. William Muirhead, of the London Society, "His gentleness made him great in our estimation. His amiable disposition, kindness of manner, love to the brethren, devotedness to the missionary work, and long-continued labors in the field endeared him to us all."

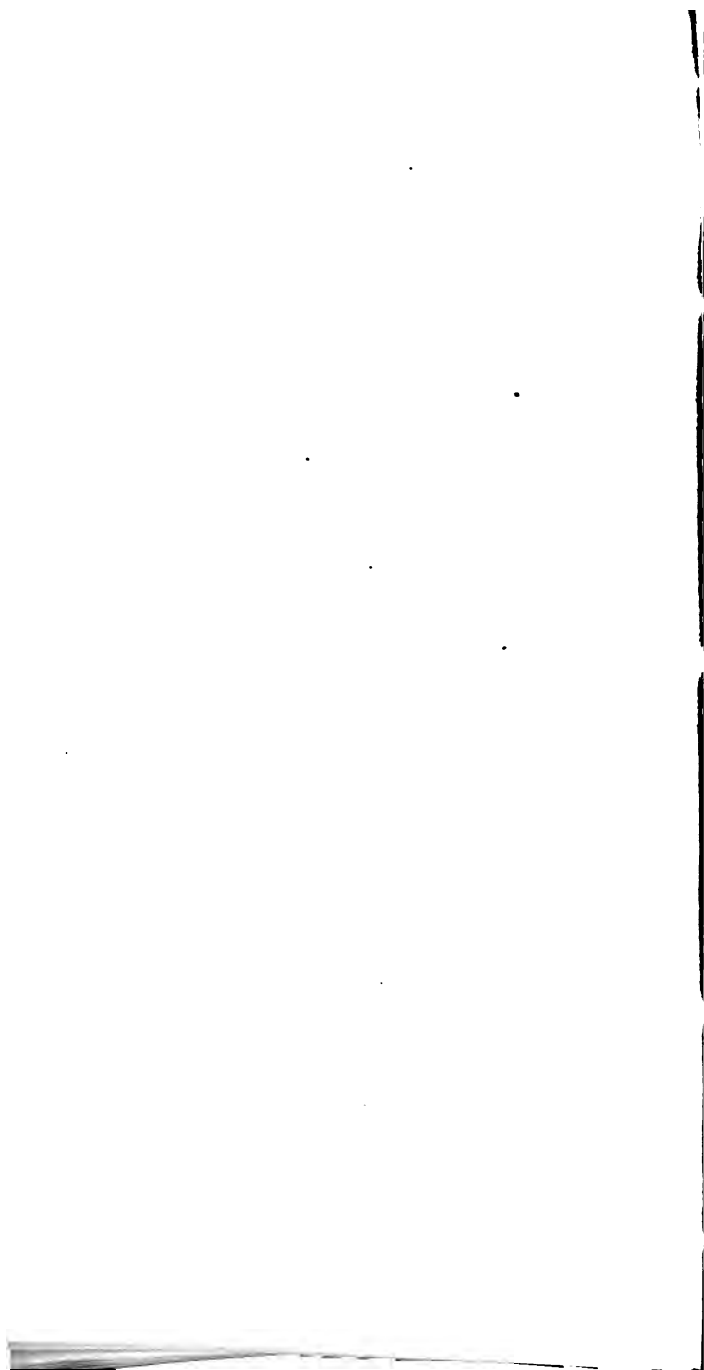
President Asa D. Smith, in introducing the memorial volume prepared by Mrs. Bridgman, remarks, "The life of Bridgman shows most clearly what the true missionary spirit is, and presents just the model which an age like this needs." From it may be learned "how much may be achieved by a man of no *extraordinary* brilliancy of intellect when his attainments, all sanctified, are made to converge, as in right lines, to one great, commanding aim."



x.

Miss Julia A. Rappleye.

BY MISS ALICE DWINELL JEWETT.



AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

X.—JULIA A. RAPPLEYE.

JULIA A. RAPPLEYE* was born in Seneca Castle, Ontario County, N. Y., November 18, 1835. She was the child of Christian parents, and at fourteen years of age professed her faith in Christ while attending school at Oberlin. The same year, although so young, she began in a district school her life-work, that of teaching. On Sabbath afternoons she taught a Bible-class, attended by many interested learners older than herself. She graduated at Oberlin in the class of 1855. Very soon after she went South to teach in a girls' school near New Orleans. Then came a great sorrow. A younger sister died. But she had an only brother, a noble boy, and she determined to help him to get a

* The author is indebted to a Sketch of Miss Rappleye's Life by Rev. S. H. Willey, D. D.

liberal education. And she did this, as she said at the time, in order "that we may go together as foreign missionaries." Her brother went to Oberlin and she to California to teach. He had gone on to his senior year when the stress of the civil war called all able-bodied young men to the front. He was among the first to enlist. Before the battle of Cedar Mountain he had been sick, so much so that he had his discharge-papers in his pocket. But knowing well that every man was needed in the ranks that day, he took his place, and fell on that field of disaster. This to the fond and faithful sister was sorrow and disappointment combined. Her life-plans seemed all to be defeated.

MISSIONARY CONSECRATION.

It was just at this time that the American Board was in search of a teacher to commence an institution for the education of young women in Constantinople. The Secretary heard of Miss Rappleye, and learning of her fitness for the work, invited her to undertake it. She gave the matter prayerful consideration. In many respects she found the way of acceptance to be singularly open. Both her parents were dead; her only brother had fallen in battle; her only surviving sister was married and settled in her own home. As the principal teacher in the Oakland Seminary for Young Ladies she occupied a lucrative and influential position, but she did not feel that it laid any extraordinary claims on her.

In due time she accepted the appointment to go to

Turkey. It was with great regret that she was given up by her many friends in Oakland, and especially by her pupils. But all saw and honored the motive by which she was actuated, and appreciated anew the breadth and dignity of the work to which she had consecrated herself.

She was not long in getting ready to start for her new and distant field. Early in the autumn of 1870 she left California, and stopping at the meeting of the American Board in Brooklyn, N. Y., she sailed for Constantinople. Once there she quickly justified the wisdom of her appointment by her ready acquisition of languages. Then soon her fine qualities as a teacher and organizer became apparent.

ON MISSION GROUND.

Arriving at her destination in the fall of 1870, she wrote to friends in California as follows: "My work here looks so interesting to me I can hardly wait until we get fairly started. It will require patient preparation. I do want it to be founded in prayers and tears, not tears of sorrow, but those of humble dependence upon a great Heart of joy. I went to the flower-market this morning and bought some more flowers for our court. I used my own money, for I dared not use the Home money for what might seem useless expenditure, but I think it necessary to make home attractive and pleasant.

"A poor woman has just been to see me to beg that her girl may come to school. I promised her that she

might come and I would pay her schooling. I have trembled since lest I promised too much, for her clothes will all have to be renewed, she is so very poor; but I felt prompted to the act, and I guess I can save enough for her.

"Our house is not a new one, but a very old one repaired, so that it looks very nice outside and is comfortable inside, except that the floors are very old and are constantly breaking through and swell badly; scarcely a day passes that some of us do not see a scorpion in the cracks; but it was the most desirable house we could find. It took me all the time during the summer vacation to get ready for moving and to get settled after coming here. It was some change from school-life, or I suppose I should not have been able to survive so much hard work; but I am as good as new, with a good appetite and power to sleep."

Speaking of Manning and Nooning, twin girls who were adopted by the "Busy Bees" of Oakland, she says, "They pray in the little prayer-meeting, but we do not know that their hearts have been changed. You must pray for them that they do early give their hearts to Jesus and truly be of his fold. I am sure you will be rewarded for all your pains and trouble for them. Then we will praise God with them through all eternity."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Her letters best reveal her inner life at this period.

"I have had a very hard day, for the stove in the parlor would smoke. I had the third man come to fix

it, and finally I crawled up myself into the garret, not quite on the roof, but a very low place not occupied by anything, to see what was the matter, and got it regulated just as they came."

"The people here seem to think it is the teacher's business to make the children mind at home as well as at school. Yesterday a request came from a mother to make her child stay at home to lunch instead of running out in the street."

"The violets in one of your letters retained their fragrance, and I let the girls smell of them as coming from California; but oh, the fragrance can be to no one what it is to me!"

"Last Sunday I was nearly alone, and I had time to think. I took down my 'Shadow of the Rock' and read soothing, precious things. I sang, 'Blest be the tie that binds.' What wonder that it ended in a flood of tears, not of grief, but of joy and longing for the joyful meeting."

"Oh, that there could be a moral earthquake that would shake the power of Islamism and free its votaries from the fear of persecution if they should learn to love the Lord Jesus Christ! The faith of Christians over the whole world must roll up before the throne of Grace a mountain of prayer that shall hasten this glorious time."

"Oh, these weary days! I have to work with my head and my hands until my heart is weary; but I can do it, for it is for the cause of Him who has done so much for me."

“HOME SCHOOL, Constantinople.

“School commenced three weeks ago. We have over thirty pupils, and more are coming every week. We have been hindered and annoyed by having the owner of our house delay his moving out of our part of the house. He has at last gone, and I have to see to the cleaning, putting on of locks, mending windows, etc., while school duties are pressing. I never came so near giving up as I have during the past week; but I trust I shall stem the tide and live through it. I am jealous of any work or duties that take my time from my direct school work. Oh, if you only knew what it is to get ready one of these Turkish houses for occupation you would know how to pity me; but I will not describe the process, but spend a few moments longer in trying to think how good it will seem, when I get to heaven, to meet you there some time and take you by the hand, and we'll go away alone and commune with each other. But I must stop writing, for I cannot keep the tears back.”

Miss Rappleye, after having founded the Constantinople Home and leading in its work for about five years, had her attention directed to Brûsa as a place where a similar undertaking could be repeated.

Brûsa is a very old city. In the year 1326 it was the capital of the Ottoman Empire. It now has seventy or eighty thousand inhabitants. The American Board has had a station there since 1834. Miss Rappleye thought she could see a very promising field of usefulness there. But the Board at the time could promise

her means only to the extent of her own personal support. Notwithstanding this she determined upon the undertaking, resolved to walk by faith and not by sight.

HER REMOVAL TO BRÛSA.

She went to Brûsa in January, 1876. In February of the same year the Woman's Board of the Pacific, then but three years old, resolved "with one heart and mind" to adopt Miss Rappleye. She was much encouraged by this evidence of appreciation, and writes concerning it, "The letter informing me of the action of the Woman's Board of the Pacific is received. I was not surprised, for my coming here seemed of the Lord; yet my heart was greatly moved by this expression of confidence in me and interest in the work here. I feel now that I have got home—a restful feeling. I know that the Lord has but one treasury; but when the gifts cast into it come direct from home-hearts to one far away, alone, there is preciousness in the thought, for we know there come also sympathy, love, and, above all, prayers."

Her first problem was how to provide a schoolroom, and how to furnish it and pay rent. At this point she wrote thus:

"BRÛSA, January, 1876.

"In thinking over all these things I have sometimes been hopeful. One day I weave out a beautiful plan; but the usual difficulty of raising the means seems so great that I am discouraged at the prospect. On the morning of the 18th I read the forty-first chapter of

Isaiah, especially the 10th and 14th verses, 'Fear not thou, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' I take it as my encouragement. I rest on it. I will go forward.

"We are fixing up my house this week, and pinching in every way possible. The schoolroom will be my parlor and sitting-room, and also the girls'. I have a sleeping room, and the girls have one. I shall have no stove in my room, because I can afford no wood to put in it."

All this while she was counting the days until she should hear from California, for from here she had hope of help to sustain her school in addition to her own salary. It was an anxious time with her. Still she had faith in ultimate success.

It was during this time that she wrote the following graphic description of her situation as it was.

"The boards in the ceiling, warped by time, here and there reveal the dusty depths or lights of the unused attic. The board siding of the room in various places lets in the bright light and the summer air; but I sit and smile back as I remember that only *one* more winter will these loose boards clatter to the winds and these needless breathing-holes render the warmest stove almost useless. Hold together, if possible, one more year, O thou various-tinted ceiling! And ye faded colors of Oriental castles, mosques and gardens, and trees of impossible dimensions, enjoy the light of your elevated position one more season, and then be ready

willingly to have your well-used time of service end and in one day to be laid in the dust by demolishing hands, knowing that quickly in your place will arise even walls and modern ceilings of good height, and appliances to keep out cold in winter and admit air in summer, a modest but beautifully-proportioned school-room and healthy dormitory for the privileged young women of this dark land so kindly cared for by thoughtful, generous Christian friends, far away in body, but near in spirit, as they hear the Master's call to his work."

The miserable building, with its leaky roof and worm-eaten timbers, could not long stand in the face of such faith as Miss Rappleye had. The Woman's Board of the Pacific responded eagerly when the suggestion came from the American Board that a new building should be erected for the school. The "Brûsa Fund" was started, also a "Brûsa Furnishing Fund," both awakening much enthusiasm. Miss Rappleye's frequent letters greatly aided the cause. Full of zeal and courage herself, she never allowed it to flag in those who were helping her.

Many of us remember how the bright and playful apostrophe to her old and faded Moslem walls stirred us when it came fresh from her pen, and helped in rolling up the "Brûsa Fund." Touching this she subsequently writes:

"I enjoyed and read with tearful interest the last chapter of Paul's letter to the Philippians, and how well you have made me realize what his joy was at being

communicated with concerning giving and receiving. Blessings on the noble Philipians of the Pacific slope! My God and your God shall indeed supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. I often ask myself, What am I that my poor feeble hands should thus be upheld by so many of God's earnest, loving children, who so cheerfully labor in his vineyard? Only as thus upheld do I hope to see any fruit blossoming and ripening in this Oriental land for you of the far West."

Meanwhile other letters like the following furnish glimpses of her daily work :

"Last night we had a prayer-meeting, or rather a religious service, in our sitting-room. Those Turkish walls heard a language to which they have never been accustomed, and the all-seeing One looked down upon a little company of students and friends who certainly have a more sincere desire to serve him than those who place a human being above him in their worship."

In this critical time came opposition. The priests of the Greek Church had observed her school from the beginning. They noticed the growing attendance. They took alarm. They forbade girls to go to her school. Concerning this she calmly writes merely this :

"We must pray. The Lord knows how to break these bonds."

Gradually thereafter the opposition ceased, and her scholars continued to come without hindrance.

The first year and a half's work closed in July with an examination. The novelty of the thing caused it

to be attended by many strangers, the English consul among them. It was highly appreciated and much praised. After it was over she writes :

“I do not know a grander thought to inspire one than this: we wear Christ’s image, we bear his name, we are consecrated to his service, we are allied to that which must succeed because the power of God is around it, and according to that power will the full purpose of redemption in Jesus Christ be accomplished. To have even a little part in that result will be more glory than we can bear. The Lord gives me the might to do; and when he said, ‘Go ye into all the world,’ he included Christian women in that ‘ye.’ How shall we attain the high consecration? Let us begin with a little self-denial.”

“To the Ladies of the W. B. M. P.:

“I long every day for the privilege of writing when my mind is rested; but the first ray of morning light brings its duties, and every moment of the day is the same until after nine o’clock, when all the rest are sleeping, and then I am so tired that I cannot do as well as I would like to do. I have had to spend an hour every morning and every evening for weeks in dressing chilblains on the girls’ feet. Our floors are so cold chilblains are unavoidable. Just now the garden is calling most loudly for every spare second. I run down between classes and tell the man what roots he must not spade up, what he must remove, and then run up again to dig among intellectual weeds for a time. The days are still too short for us. I have kept an apron in sight

on my desk for three days, trying in vain to baste it for a girl to sew. In the midst of the hurry company comes, and all must be attended to by one pair of hands and one poor, frail body.

"I know that you *do* commit this work over and over to the care of Him who is faithful in his promises, and so my heart is cheered as the work during these warm days gives weariness to the body. With our outward prosperity, which pleases all visitors very much, I want to have that inward progress of heart-culture and spiritual growth that shall make all other improvement subservient to the interest of the truth in Jesus.

"I *depend* upon your prayers, and rejoice that you have so few missionaries under your special care that you *can* make very special pleadings for all."

Later, to the ladies of the Woman's Board, she writes: "The site for your school is purchased, a large piece from a beautiful mulberry garden, very delightfully located. Its cost was about \$1,000. Instead of going to walk one day, all the pupils went up to the place, and they formed a circle as large as they could where the house will stand and sang some songs. They sang first Mrs. Schauffler's translation of a German song, 'The cause is thine, Lord Jesus Christ;' and the girls themselves selected as appropriate, 'From Greenland's icy mountains' in Greek, and then a hallelujah song in Turkish. The Turkish women and children gathered around and looked on with much curiosity. We hastened home to avoid a shower and to receive the new English consul."

"July 5, 1880.

"The pupils had permission to go to the window this morning and see pass the first loads of lumber for the foundations and pillars of our new school-building. The large black buffaloes easily drew the creaking wag-
ons up the steep grade."

"July 8.

"Rev. Mr. Pettibone has been here from Stamboul, and commenced drafting the plan of the building. Last night after school I went over to the site and saw the space measured off for the foundations. A little mist arose and a beautiful rainbow spanned the sky just as the last stake was driven."

Thus to the numerous cares of this solitary worker was added that of building.

She had at this time in her school twenty-eight girls to be trained in *everything*, and this training could not be superficial with so conscientious a worker as Miss Rappleye. Some of her manifold labors may be best understood from the following letter, written by Miss Phœbe Cull when on a visit to Brûsa, to the ladies of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific:

"My apology for addressing you is that I have been attending the examination of Miss Rappleye's school in Brûsa. As Miss Rappleye is alone and has many letters to write, it was agreed that I should give some account of the examinations.

"Flowers and running water first attracted us as we entered the gateway of the old building in which the school is situated. Even in the middle of July every-

thing seemed unusually fresh and green. There were roses climbing over the wall, and many kinds of flowers in pots ranged along the court and on the veranda. The long, narrow room, where taste and industry were striving against shabbiness and decay, looked like any well-ordered American schoolroom. Maps, mottoes, drawings, photographs, dark cloth hangings covered with embroideries, knitted shawls, and other specimens of handiwork hid the fast-crumbling walls. It was Turkey being rejuvenated in miniature. The pupils, like the schoolroom, reminded one of home. A few were noticeably fair, some were dark; all were neatly and appropriately dressed. When the exercises began we were pleasantly impressed by the clear, ringing voices. Every pupil was easily heard. There were recitations in Greek, Turkish, Armenian, English; something also in French—*many* languages, but *one* teacher—music on the organ. There was singing in all the different languages mentioned, except perhaps the Armenian. In every case the words had been committed to memory, and seemed to be perfectly known. Several chapters of the Gospels were correctly and beautifully recited by the pupils, each taking a verse in turn. A large number of hymns were repeated, representing the daily memorizing that had gone on without interruption throughout the year. There was a thorough examination in the Catechism. The Commandments were recited in both Greek and Turkish, and the names of the books of the Bible given.

“Very early in the examination I thought, So much

attention has been given to distinctively religious instruction that not much time can have been left for other things. But in this I was mistaken. It was only that spare moments had been made the most of; there had been no loitering. It would be tedious to speak of all the classes in detail. A good deal of variety was introduced into the programme. When the Botany class recited in English, flowers were analyzed. Geography had been taught in Turkish, because, owing to missionary effort, there was a text-book in that language. We listened to some Armenian girls reciting Algebra in their own language. I did not understand the words, but the demonstration on the board showed as fair work as anything I had ever seen. The class in Astronomy recited in English. When the larger pupils were reciting the little ones were writing on the blackboard. Every exercise had a completeness and finish about it that was most satisfactory. A good deal of attention had been given to the grammar of the Greek language with its insatiable demands.

"As noonday approached we were not left to forget that every girl is expected to understand cooking. Gold and silver cake were made before our eyes. The black eyes of Greeks and Armenians sparkled with pleasure as they bent forward to watch their daughters and sisters beating the eggs, measuring the sugar, and stirring the flour and milk, working together with their teacher, with whom they carried on a conversation in English while their hands were busy at the table; and, listening, we heard that they could cook other things

also. We were all promised a piece of the cake in the afternoon, and very nice cake it proved to be as we tasted it fresh from the oven. It was cut in the school-room and passed around, each one receiving a piece of each kind on a little square of white paper.

"We listened also to selections from their school monthly—'The Dayspring,' I think it is called. Different numbers of this magazine lay upon the table for inspection. Those numbers which I examined contained more contributions in English than in the other languages; but these were also represented. The thoughts were clearly expressed, mistakes in syntax or spelling very rare, and the writing was exceedingly neat.

"At the close of the day we had 'God save the Queen,' the Marseillaise, an American patriotic song, and a Turkish national ode, each sung in its own language by the same girls, all with clearness and animation, with an accompaniment on one of the instruments, played sometimes by Miss Rappleye and sometimes by a pupil.

"We noticed that pupils were not left to a disheartening sense of failure. If a girl did not succeed in reaching her teacher's standard in clearness and promptness she rallied and tried again. There had been a fine training in fortitude and perseverance. There must have been great industry on the part of the pupils as well as of the teacher to produce such results as we saw. Evidently there had been a rousing and energizing of the whole being; and with a singular freedom from any appearance of introversion or of self-consciousness, it

was apparent that each girl had learned to use head and hand, to put aside weariness, and to find delight in doing, and in doing well.

"The long row of shirts, the neat aprons, and other articles for common wear, showed that plain sewing had not been neglected.

"In the day or two that elapsed before the examinations began we had an opportunity to see the everyday working of the school. Teachers were being trained, taught how to teach and how to govern. We saw each girl learning the lesson of responsibility in the care of some younger or weaker one.

"It is a most interesting school, and all who know of it speak of it in terms of warm appreciation. May the blessing of God be continued to it in the future as it has been richly bestowed in the past."

Under date of September 4, 1880, Miss Rappleye writes: "Everybody is enthusiastic over the site of our new building, and, as the frame rises piece by piece, wonders at its beautiful proportions. The workmen are mostly Greeks (not Protestants), and though they are in their way devout, it is not as I could wish. I should like to have had every stone and every timber laid with prayer for God's blessing to rest upon the work."

"November 19, 1880.

"The building is almost ready for occupation. You will be proud of it. The site is superb, and the building no nicer than it should be on such a site and built by California. The cornice is white, the walls a light slate color, and the trimmings dark slate. It is a dig-

nified and still modest-looking building. I am filled with joy and inspiration when I can run up a minute and take in the beautiful view from the windows, see the nice large dormitories, and especially the nice schoolroom, where, I am sure, there will be elbow-room for a time at least. I am going to paint the black-boards myself. The school is full, and applications every day. Last Sunday we had the privilege of sitting at the table of our dying Lord in our chapel here. Three of the schoolgirls sat with us for the first time. It was a precious season."

The building was finished at a cost of ten thousand dollars, five thousand of which was contributed by California. It was dedicated Christmas eve, 1880, a lasting monument to Miss Rappleye's untiring energy and perseverance. As one of the secretaries of the W. B. M. P. has said, "Her work and name live in the school into which she might be said to have built herself. From foundation to topmost point every stone and board and nail must speak of her."

She watched it and supervised it and lived in it till it was done. This care, added to that of her school duties, was too much for even her strong constitution.

When the building stood complete and ready to occupy, in the midst of her deep satisfaction she felt that her strength was giving way. She writes in a letter dated Brûsa, September 18, 1880:

"I have always tried to resist the fate of having to go to America for my health, but I am constrained to

realize that I could not endure such toil as I have endured many years, or perhaps months, more."

HER RETURN TO AMERICA AND SUDDEN DEATH.

What remains can be told in few words. Arrangements were made for the supply of her place at the end of the year, and she returned to America in January, 1881. In April following she was married to Hon. G. W. Colby, of California, and busied herself in getting settled in her new home in Benicia. At the same time she gave a great deal of time and strength to attending missionary meetings and in interesting the public in the great work which she had just left. A small unpaid balance remained due on the Brûsa school property, and it seemed as if she could not rest until it was paid. In the midst of all this work, and while not yet recovered from the debilitating effects of her homeward voyage, she took a severe cold, which quickly settled into pneumonia, and on June 9, 1881, she passed away. Sorrow was universally expressed. Memorial services were held on the following Sabbath in the Congregational church in Benicia which she had recently joined.

TESTIMONIALS TO HER WORTH AND WORK.

Letters came from far and near expressing sympathy and grief. One was from Rev. Sanford Richardson, who was for years a missionary of the American Board in Brûsa and knew Mrs. Colby well. It was dated June 27, 1881, at St. Johnsbury, Vt., where the writer was seeking the recovery of his own health.

Among other things he says, "In the ten years Mrs. Colby was in Turkey she did a great work, a good work, well rounded and complete. We were so anxious for her; we feared she would break down even before we left. We were so glad when Providence called her to America. Would that she could have left a few months earlier. To our weak sight she stayed too long, as we had done. Her death will cause genuine sorrow to every one of her associates at Constantinople and throughout the mission; and sincere will be the grief of the dear pupils to whom she gave her life, and of the poor who shared in her unostentatious charities. And not only Armenians and Greeks, but her Turkish neighbors also, will drop a tear when they hear that she who was ever so kind to them in their sickness and poverty is no more of this world."

Another letter was from Rev. George Mooar, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational Church, Oakland, when Miss Rappleye was a member of it. In this letter Dr. Mooar says,

"The three words which occur to me, recalling the memory of Miss Rappleye, are thorough, conscientious, devoted. These qualities came to the front in my apprehension of her character. The corner of the dear old church where she gathered her pupils on the Lord's day was a wonderful support. The sympathy with the truth and the preacher was so downright, the attention was so inspiring, I was sure that she would do much to double with her scholars the impressions made during the hour of service. The Sunday evening monthly

concert was sure of her presence, of her strong voice in song, and her contribution.

"It was a great surprise when she announced to me her willingness and wish to enter on the work of a foreign missionary. But it was no hasty or romantic purpose. Her whole deeply-instructed mind went into her resolution. Through years she had thought of it. Only sacred devotion to family had kept her from it before."

In a memorial article published after her death in the "Missionary Herald" of August, 1881, were the following statements respecting her missionary life:

"The story of the essential share Miss Rappleye was permitted to have in founding the two female seminaries known as the Constantinople Home and the Brûsa Home, in removing prejudice and winning reluctant pupils, and in securing suitable buildings, is a part of the history of the Western Turkey Mission. Her excellences as a teacher were of the highest order. The thoroughness, promptitude, neatness, and quiet which always prevailed in her schoolroom elicited the admiration of every visitor. Although her discipline was strict, and drones found no favor, yet she secured the highest esteem and love of her pupils. But scholastic acquisition and intellectual development were always subordinate to moral and spiritual improvement. Many of her pupils as teachers and as wives of pastors have already become efficient evangelical workers.

"Her forgetfulness of self was most complete. During the entire ten years of her missionary life she never

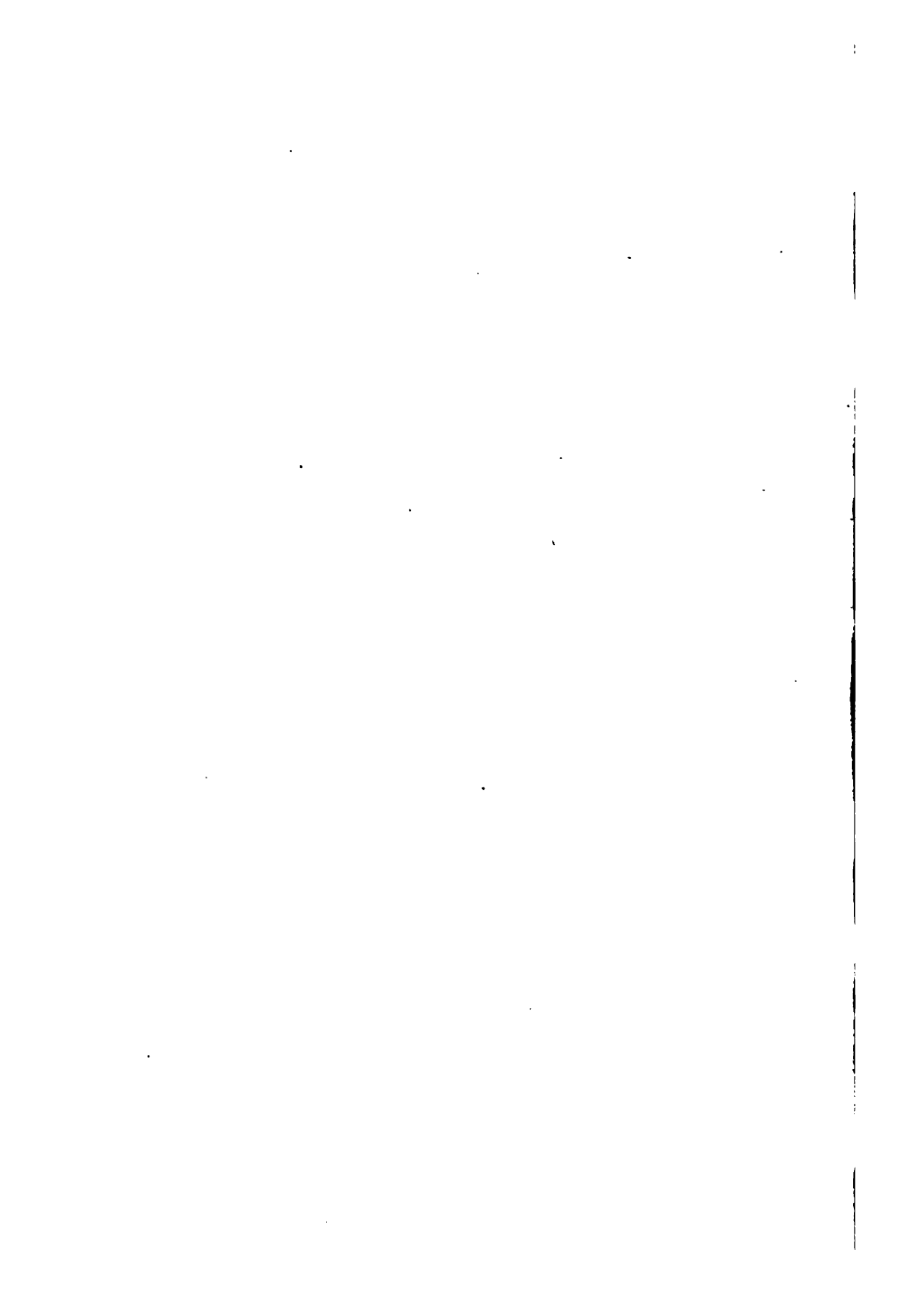
gave a day to mere recreation. She spent her vacations at home, making preparations for the following term, in visiting the parents of her pupils, and in ministering to the poor and the sick. One summer, in company with missionary brethren, she visited a number of out-stations, making long and exhausting journeys on horseback. Another summer vacation she spent at a village with one of her former pupils, the wife of a preacher. Together they preached the gospel from house to house, spending her living in providing medicine for the sick, and food and clothing for the poor. Never indulging in a comfort or a luxury, she confined herself with extreme frugality to the bare necessities of life, that she might alleviate the abounding suffering, whether among Armenians, Greeks, or Turks. The narrative of her unostentatious and touching charities would fill a volume."

The Woman's Board of the Pacific would pay its tribute to the devoted missionary; for seven years most intimate relations existed between these ladies and Miss Rappleye. A constant communication was kept up between them, and the Woman's Board owes much of its efficiency in the past to her monthly letters, brimful of enthusiasm, most stirring and effective. The memory of this consecrated life remains an inspiration to many on the Pacific coast. Its influence in Turkey who can estimate? "Let her own works praise her in the gates."

XI.

Rev. Adoniram Judson,

BY REV. H. C. HAYDN, D. D.



AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

XI. DR. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

THE story of American Missions can never be fully told, no list of Missionary Heroes can ever be complete, and the name of Adoniram Judson be left out. His place, both in point of time and in achievement, is a foremost one.

EARLY LIFE.

Born of a godly parentage in Malden, Mass., August 9, 1788; entering Brown University a year in advance at the age of sixteen, graduating as valedictorian, in 1807; he was able to write in his journal after a period of skeptical doubting—"1808, November. Began to entertain a hope of having received the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit." He had just before this entered Andover Theological Seminary, a year in advance, "neither a professor of religion nor a candidate for the ministry." He made a solemn dedication of himself to God, December 2, that same year. That dedication was final and complete. "Is it pleasing

to God?" became his motto. He put it before his eyes, at the same time realizing how futile the suggestion "unless I resolve, in divine strength, instantly to obey the decision of conscience."

As will be inferred from the above, young Judson was a precocious boy, more fond of books than of play, revelling in tough problems, learning to read when three years of age, a proficient in arithmetic at ten, and a voracious reader of books of all sorts. His father, a Congregational minister, fanned the flame of ambition and stimulated it by holding before him the vision of greatness. The year following his graduation was a critical period in his history. He had become tainted by French infidelity, and a chosen and boon companion was a deist. Under this influence he became wayward, left home, joined "a company of strolling players," and led a "reckless, vagabond life." It was not for long. He was followed by his mother's tears, prayers, and warnings, which to him were more than his father's arguments. Providence had him in charge. He one night put up at a country inn. In the room next to his was a young man in a dying condition. The vision of the sick stranger disturbed his peace, and the question of his spiritual condition thrust itself in upon his restless thought. He arose in the morning to find that his next-door neighbor was dead, and that it was none other than his brilliant infidel friend. He instantly turned his steps homeward, a changed but not converted man, and subsequently, by special favor, was admitted into seminary life.

HIS CALL TO MISSIONARY LIFE.

A year later, at the age of twenty-one, Judson is pondering seriously the work of foreign missions. A sermon of Dr. Claudius Buchanan's had fallen as a "spark into the tinder of his soul," and in February, 1810, he had resolved to become a missionary to the heathen. To this resolution he had been helped by association with Richards, Mills, Rice, and Hall, of "Haystack" fame, lately arrived at Andover from Williams College, the birthplace, if any one locality can claim that honor, of American missions abroad. Of this step young Judson seems early to have counted the cost. There were flattering prospects for the brilliant young divine at home, but from all these he turned deliberately aside; nor did he hide from himself or from Ann Hasseltine, whose heart and hand he sought, the peculiar trials most certain to fall to the lot of a missionary in those pioneer days.

There was at this time in the United States no missionary society reaching out into foreign lands, and but little faith impelling in this direction. But the hour was come for the birth of one of the grandest movements of modern times. And these flaming spirits were its forerunners. It is not necessary here to detail the formation of the American Board in 1810, the attempted coöperation with the London Missionary Society, and the failure of this expedient, throwing American Christians upon God and their own resources. Mr. Judson had himself been despatched to England on this mis-

sion, and got a taste of prison life, having been captured by a French privateer *en route*. Not only at Bayonne, but at Paris and in London, he made the impression of being a man of no ordinary genius.

HIS MARRIAGE AND DEPARTURE.

On the 5th of February, 1812, he was married to Ann Hasseltine, of Bradford, Mass., a woman of great beauty, consecration, and moral heroism. The next day he was ordained at Salem, and on the 19th embarked on the brig "Caravan," with Mr. and Mrs. Newell, associate missionaries, bound for Calcutta.

The voyage around the Cape of Good Hope was a tedious affair of four months. The time was studiously occupied in a translation of the New Testament, which was the immediate occasion of the reopening of the question of baptism, both as to its proper subjects and the mode of its administration. The result is well known. Mr. Judson and his wife became Baptists and were immersed at Calcutta the 6th of September. Naturally they at once fraternized with the English Baptists at Serampore, Marshman, Carey, and Ward, and resigned their connection with the American Board. He immediately suggested to representative Baptists in New England that if a Baptist society were formed for the support of a mission in those parts, he would be ready to consider himself their missionary.

This change of sentiment took from the American Board its most promising man; but it set on foot another agency which ever since has moved forward in

growing strength in the same great work of the world's evangelization. No one, it is presumed, ever questioned Mr. Judson's sincerity in this step. Probably no one can fail to see that a man with less force of character might have shrunk from a step which could not be other than costly, running against the grain of early education and the training of maturer years, and calling upon him to sever his relation to the Board that sent him forth, and to cast himself by faith upon the Master whom he at all hazards sought to obey.

It was not till after many a buffeting for a year and a half that these servants of God found the way open to begin their life-work in the Burman Empire. England and America were at war with each other, and the East India Company had not learned to welcome the missionary; indeed, it never learned that, nor the part that Christianity had to play in the regeneration of India. Peremptorily ordered to leave, they at length reached the Isle of France January 7, 1813, just after the saintly Harriet Newell had passed in triumph into life from that historic spot. May 7 of that year they embarked for Madras, intending to open a mission on Penang, an island in the Straits of Malacca. But on reaching Madras the only conveyance outward was a "crazy old vessel" bound for Rangoon; and upon this they determined to embark, passing out from under the protection of the English flag and committing themselves to the cruel mercies of a Burman despot. It appeared their only way of escaping arrest and being sent to England. It was really the hand of God lead-

ing them by a perilous voyage of great hardship to the work of their lives.

RANGOON.

They reached Rangoon July 13, 1813, and found quarters in the house of a son of Dr. Carey. It was a most filthy and wretched city, located near the mouth of the Irrawaddy, a river navigable for 840 miles, but a strategic point from which to reach the Burman Empire of about eight million souls. There was then but one Burmah, ruled over by a despotic monarch whose throne was at Ava. The Buddhist religion, "like an alabaster image, perfect and beautiful in all its parts, but destitute of life," held this people firmly in its grasp. Moreover, they were a "slow, wary, circumspect race." The difficulties were many, but the faith of the Judsons in the promises of God was greater. At once he set himself to the weary task of mastering a difficult language, "without grammar or dictionary or English-speaking teacher." His ardent temperament chafed under the delay incident to this prime condition of success; but he accepted it and was soon translating a Gospel and preparing tracts in the Burmese tongue, which the mission press gave to the people. Three years to a day after his arrival he completed a modest treatise on grammar, which twenty years later received the highest commendation. Soon after they began to print, the first real inquirer came to light, the forerunner of many to follow. Oral preaching came later, and in this Mr. Judson was an expert, meeting objections

with great subtlety and impressing his hearers deeply by his fervid earnestness. Six years passed by before he ventured upon public worship, and this was followed speedily by the first convert, who was baptized June 27, 1819. The work of the mission now began to attract the attention of the Viceroy of Rangoon. Persecutions immediately followed, and Mr. Judson determined to go at once to Ava and lay the matter before the throne itself. It was a hazardous step. He was accompanied by Mr. Colman, a new arrival at the mission. It was a journey of a month up the river. January 27, 1820, they put themselves under the guide of an interpreter for the royal interview, and in due time, with all formality, laid their petition before his Highness, asking permission to preach the religion of Christ in his dominions. They had brought as a present a Bible in six volumes, overlaid with gold; this they attempted to exhibit. They were coldly received, though respectfully heard, and dismissed taking their present with them. A second and a third attempt was made with one of the ministers of state in private, but with no better results, and having secured a passport, sadly, but hopefully, they returned.

Once since coming to Rangoon he had been obliged to leave for a few months because of ill health, and now it became necessary to visit Calcutta on Mrs. Judson's account. These were tedious journeys, in mean little boats, of great weariness and discomfort. This last was followed by Mrs. Judson's return to America for a two years' leave of absence. They had also been called to

part with their first-born child. But through all these trials the courage and faith of these servants of God were wonderfully sustained. Their little church grew to number ten, and the spirit of the martyrs was in this pioneer band of Burman converts.

Dr. Price now came to recruit the mission, and his skill in removing cataract soon attracted the attention of his Highness at Ava, and he was ordered thither, Mr. Judson accompanying as interpreter. The doctor paved the way for the preacher, and many opportunities were improved to advocate the tenets of the Christian faith in the presence of persons of rank. His majesty was much more gracious. The way was opened for Dr. Price to permanently remain; and, before returning to Rangoon, Mr. Judson had secured a piece of ground for a house, intending to occupy it so soon as his wife returned from America. Accordingly, December 13, 1823, Mr. and Mrs. Judson set their faces towards Ava. Ten years of life in Rangoon had secured for Burmah a translation of the New Testament and an epitome of the Old, a native church, a footing at the capital, and such a mastery of the language that Judson could say, "I suppose I am the only man living who can tell to the Burmese people the story of the gospel in their own tongue." The work in Rangoon was committed to new-comers from America, and Ava was entered January 23, 1824. Of their

LIFE IN AVA

it is not easy to write briefly. Of missionary activity there was to be little; with suffering their cup was to

overflow. They found the countenance of the king changed, a new privy council in place of their friends of the year previous, clouds of war with the English gathering over their heads, and they themselves suspected of being spies working in the interest of the foes of Burmah. Judson and Price, with the resident Englishmen, were put in fetters and thrown into a loathsome dungeon, hateful to every sense. At the end of eleven months he was removed to Oung-pen-la, a perilous march that well nigh cost him his life, where for six months more he endured the horrors of a Burmese prison. "The annoyance, the extortions and oppressions to which we were subject, are beyond enumeration or description," writes his faithful wife.

In the final negotiations with the English he served as interpreter, and thereby enhanced his reputation as a scholar and a linguist. During all these weary months his faithful wife, with a heroism unmatched, cared for herself and his manuscript translation, and with utmost tact, courage, and eloquence sought to mitigate the horrors of his confinement and cheer his brave spirit. There is no more pathetic picture than that of this devoted wife making her daily pilgrimage to the prison with some token of love and word of cheer, and once on a time holding up her new-born babe for the father's kiss through the bars of his cell, then following him to Oung-pen-la in a rough cart through the dreadful heat and dust, till, broken down at last, she was brought to death's door by smallpox followed by spotted fever.

There came an end of these never-to-be-forgotten

woes when the victorious English made terms of peace. Rangoon was again visited, but the gains of years had been scattered by the whirlwind of war, and they followed the English to Amherst within the newly-ceded territory. There they resumed their work, but Mrs. Judson had reached the limit of her endurance. Her husband was again called to Ava, and during his absence she passed away, October 24, 1826, leaving him desolate. The cup of this faithful servant of God was now full, and we may well believe "he was never the same man afterwards." How many are the sacred spots of earth like the hopia-tree at Amherst, or the tamarind-trees of Ramree, where the dust of the Comstocks reposes!

Mr. Judson found what solace he could in his work and the love of his child, till she flew to the arms of her mother, April 24, 1827, and he was left alone, cast down but not destroyed.

REMOVAL TO MAULMAIN.

The mission was now removed to Maulmain at the mouth of the Selwan, which had outrun Amherst as the seat of English authority and rule. To this place the Boardmans and the Wades led the way, and he soon followed. The city was growing rapidly; the field daily widened, and success crowned their efforts. Preaching, translating, and teaching went on apace. Many new works were prepared for the press. Meanwhile a solitary member of that scattered Rangoon church is quietly at work, and "out of the stump of the tree cut

down, there springs a shoot which has blossomed and flourished ever since." The Rangoon Mission numbers to-day not less than 90 churches and 4,000 members. Such vitality has the Christian church.

The same aggressive spirit that led him to Ava to beard heathenism in its high places moved him still later to try and plant the standard of the cross at Prome in the heart of the empire. But in this he was defeated, after a brave effort, by the prime ministers of the king, moved by hatred of foreign intrusion. He retired to Rangoon and pushed his work of translation.

At one of the great heathen festivals he had an opportunity of learning how effective had been the work of the press. He had given away thousands of tracts upon solicitation. "Some," he says, "come two or three months' journey from the borders of Siam and China. 'Sir, we hear that there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it. Do give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it.' Others come from Kathay, a hundred miles north of Ava. 'Sir, we have seen a writing that tells about an eternal God. Are you the man that gives away such writings? If so, pray give us one, for we want to know the truth before we die.' Others come from the interior, where the name of Jesus Christ is little known. 'Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ.'"

The Boardmans had opened a mission among the Karens, and the Word of God proved quick and powerful among them. But these sainted souls were also called to tears. Their eldest and youngest born fol-

lowed each other into life eternal, and Mr. Boardman, "one of the brightest luminaries of Burmah," fell in the jungles of Tavoy, in the midst of his work, leaving his wife and one son to mourn their loss. Mrs. Boardman continued at her post among the Karens. Mr. Judson now returned to Maulmain and entered with great zeal the promising work thus begun among the Karens. Eight years after the death of his wife, three years after the death of Mr. Boardman, April 10, 1834, Mr. Judson and Mrs. Boardman were married.

THE BIBLE TRANSLATED.

January 31 of that year he had knelt before God with the last leaf of the Bible translated into Burman, and besought Him to accept the great work of his life, and "make his own inspired Word the grand instrument of filling all Burmah with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ." Burning to preach the gospel, *viva voce*, he had stuck to his prodigious task till now, at the age of 56, he could rejoice that the Scriptures were put into one more of earth's many tongues.

In his "lust for finishing," he spent seven more years in revising his translation. That garret at Rangoon, that little room at Maulmain where he patiently wrought at his life-work, like that upper room at Beirut, where Drs. Eli Smith and Van Dyke consummated their translation of the Scriptures into Arabic, are among the historic places of the church of Christ. It is thus that the pioneers of missions have laid all after

comers under obligation for the tools they find ready to hand. Twenty-four years of life were mainly spent thus, and the Burman Bible is Judson's chiefest and sufficing monument. He did for Burmah what Luther did for Germany and Wyckliffe for England, only his task was infinitely more difficult. The work itself was a grand success.

It was with great reluctance, but with entire loyalty to the Board whose servant he was, that he now turned to the preparation of a Burmese dictionary, and at the same time gave the passion for preaching such opportunity as he could.

Mr. Judson's second marriage proved to be a very happy one. She was an ideal missionary. By English friends in Calcutta she was pronounced "the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman that they had ever known." In person she is described as "faultless in features, of warm, meek blue eyes, and soft hair, brown in the shadow and gold in the sun." She was an enthusiast in missions from childhood. She became an adept in the Burmese tongue, and her literary labors, tracts, translations, Scripture catechisms, and hymns were abundant and of a high order. After her marriage with Mr. Judson she became the mother of eight children.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

In the twelfth year of their married life, while homeward bound in search of health, she passed from earth at the port of St. Helena, September 1, 1845, and Mr.

Judson journeyed sadly on with his motherless children, himself much broken in health. He arrived in Boston, October 15, 1845. Thirty-three and a half eventful years of toil, trial, and achievement had passed over his head since he sailed out of that harbor with the bride of his youth. He came back to a land as greatly changed as he, and his own message for expectant audiences was the old story of the love of God in Christ. He was too weak for public speaking, but his burning soul found expression through an interpreter, and again and again he thus served the cause to which he had devoted his life. At one time a few sentences, feebly spoken, but weighty with consecrated thought and purpose, saved the Arracan mission that the Baptist Board were about to abandon.

While on his tour through the country he met Miss Emily Chubbuck, best known as "Fanny Forrester," who was destined to become the third Mrs. Judson. A volume of her vivacious writings first attracted his attention, and awakened a desire to see her as a possible biographer of his late wife. She had been schooled to poverty and self-reliance, first as a factory-girl and then as a school-teacher and writer for a local paper. A sprightly letter to the "Evening Mirror" attracted the attention of Mr. N. P. Willis, and secured for her the opportunity and the remuneration for which she had been striving. Converted at eight years of age, impressed in childhood by the story of Ann Hasseltine, she was haunted by the conviction, which she strove to get rid of, that she one day must be a missionary.

And so it came about that the gifted young lady became the wife of Dr. Judson, an arrangement distasteful to the friends of each, but satisfactory to themselves.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Within nine months from his arrival in this country they were on their way to Burmah. Mr. Judson's heart turned from "the twilight of Maulmain" to the field of his first love, with all its discomforts and dense darkness, and once more he is back in Rangoon. A big, gloomy, bat-infested brick house opens to them; a ferocious, blood-thirsty viceroy waits to do what he dares to hinder the work; sickness makes a hospital of their cheerless quarters—but work is resumed on the dictionary, and secretly the gospel is preached. Mr. Judson must have learned the secret of Paul's contentment to be able to say of this period, "My sojourn in Rangoon, though tedious and trying in some respects, I regard as one of the brightest spots, one of the greenest oases, in the diversified wilderness of my life!" At length the intolerance of the Government made the situation desperate, and he was deterred from going to Ava to lay the case before his Royal Highness only by the failure of means and the discountenance of the Board at home. There was nothing left to do but to retreat, and this for him was a sorry business. When, two years later, he was given permission to go to Ava, it was too late. He is next at Maulmain steadily at work "like a galley-slave," on what he hoped would be a "standard work for all time."

But he was nearer the end of life than he dreamed. While deeply concerned for his wife's failing health, after the birth of their child, he himself was disabled by a sudden cold, and soon thereafter embarked for a long sea-voyage as the only hope of recovery. He bade adieu to wife and children, and on the 12th of April, 1850, died and was buried at sea. Thus peacefully ended, full of the conscious love of Christ, the life of this remarkable man.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

In the midst of great discouragements, in perils by land and sea, in moral darkness that could be felt, in dungeons of unnamable horrors, in the weariness of much and prolonged study, yet with a faith victorious, a courage undaunted, and a consecration complete, "he laid the foundations of Christianity deep down in the Burman heart where they could never be washed away." "At the time of his death the native Christians (Burmans and Karens publicly baptized upon the profession of their faith) numbered over 7,000. Besides this, hundreds throughout Burmah had died rejoicing in the Christian faith. He had not only finished the translation of the Bible, but had accomplished the larger and more difficult part of the compilation of a Burmese dictionary."

He was, indeed, a man of brilliant parts, of studious habits, and of great thoroughness in all his work. He had the gifts and temperament of an orator. He might have filled with ease the foremost pulpit of his native

land. But he was, above all and greater than all, a missionary of the apostolic order. He laid himself upon the altar of consecration and crucified his selfish ambition till nothing was left of it. He never questioned but that Burmah was to be given to Christ. It might take twenty or thirty years to make a beginning, but that was not his concern. A beginning was to be made, and he was called to do it. He shrunk from no hardship incident to that end; and the buoyancy of his spirits through all adversity was something scarcely conceivable, save through the grace of God freely given to him. To a man of his ardent temperament, knowing that he had given up everything for the carrying out of the great commission, the indifference of his fellow-disciples at home was his greatest trial. He sometimes longed to have the home churches transported for a month to Burmah, for a month to be face to face with her unsaved millions. But it is doubtful whether that, then or now, would prove a cure for spiritual indifference to the world's need. It might work in just the opposite direction if the vision was not first made clear by the love of Christ and the touch of the Spirit. And then the sight of the eyes is no longer necessary. Delving on in "the well" of that gross heathenism, he was not hidden, though working in obscurity. He got what he never strove after. His became one of the best known names of Christendom. He was known throughout India. The Crown Prince of Siam invited him to make him a visit at his charges. The English authorities profoundly respected him. English vied

with American Christians in doing him honor. It was, no doubt, in part because this missionary enterprise was then in its infancy, the land remote and little known, the perils many, the hardships great, but it was yet more because the spirit of the man and the work to which he gave himself with such ardor was felt to be Christ's work just looming up before the dormant soul of Christendom and waking it out of sleep. They saw in him the spirit of Paul, and in his work the "Acts" were being repeated, and they could not help making some response, however inadequate, without denying the Master altogether.

Nor can we do Mr. Judson full justice without a clear and sharp appreciation of the fact that it was pioneer work in which he was engaged—it was carrying the torch of life into the darkness and blazing the way for others on the one hand, and creating missionary spirit on the other; so making history for the kingdom, and laying foundations upon which after generations should build—planting churches that would themselves take up the work and carry it forward. After all, when we have done our best, we are far from appreciating the work of these pioneers who make the grammars, dictionaries, translations, plant schools and churches, print and teach, and not for themselves alone, but to make ready to hand the tools with which their successors may with greater advantage push the work of evangelization.

Nor will we fail to honor duly those three noble women who successively shared his affections and his

labors. They were, each in her way, remarkable women. The heroism of Ann Hasseltine, the missionary ardor of Sarah Boardman, the devotion of the literary Emily Chubbuck, are beyond question admirable to the last degree. Their joy in each other was mutual. They were happy marriages, all of them, and all greatly conducive to the ultimate result of his life-work. Their lives so intertwined in love and service that the story of neither is complete without the other.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

Let it not be thought that their mission is ended. Just before his death Mr. Judson learned that "a tract had been published in Germany giving some account of his labors at Ava; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews and had been the means of their conversion; that it had reached Trebizond, where a Jew had translated it for the Jews of that place, that it had awakened a deep interest among them, and that a request had been made for a missionary to be sent them from Constantinople." This was really in response to a deep desire of his soul to do something for the Jews. With tearful eyes he said, "Wife, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything but it came; at some time, no matter at how distant a day, somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came." So is it still.

No one can read the simple story of these consecrated lives without being deeply impressed by them. Many a missionary will be made by its recital. Many

a man has already been prompted thereby to a more unselfish life and heart-surrender to the work of missions. So will it continue to be. These names live in Burmah. They keep pace with the conquests of the kingdom over the earth. They belong in those Christian annals which, after the Acts of the Apostles, tell how all things written in the law of Moses and the Prophets and the Psalms concerning our Lord Christ are being fulfilled.

In a Baptist meeting-house in Malden, Mass., is a marble tablet and on it this inscription :

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON,

BORN AUGUST 9, 1788,

DIED APRIL 12, 1850.

MALDEN HIS BIRTHPLACE,

THE OCEAN HIS SEPULCHRE,

CONVERTED BURMANS AND

THE BURMAN BIBLE

HIS MONUMENT.

HIS RECORD IS ON HIGH.

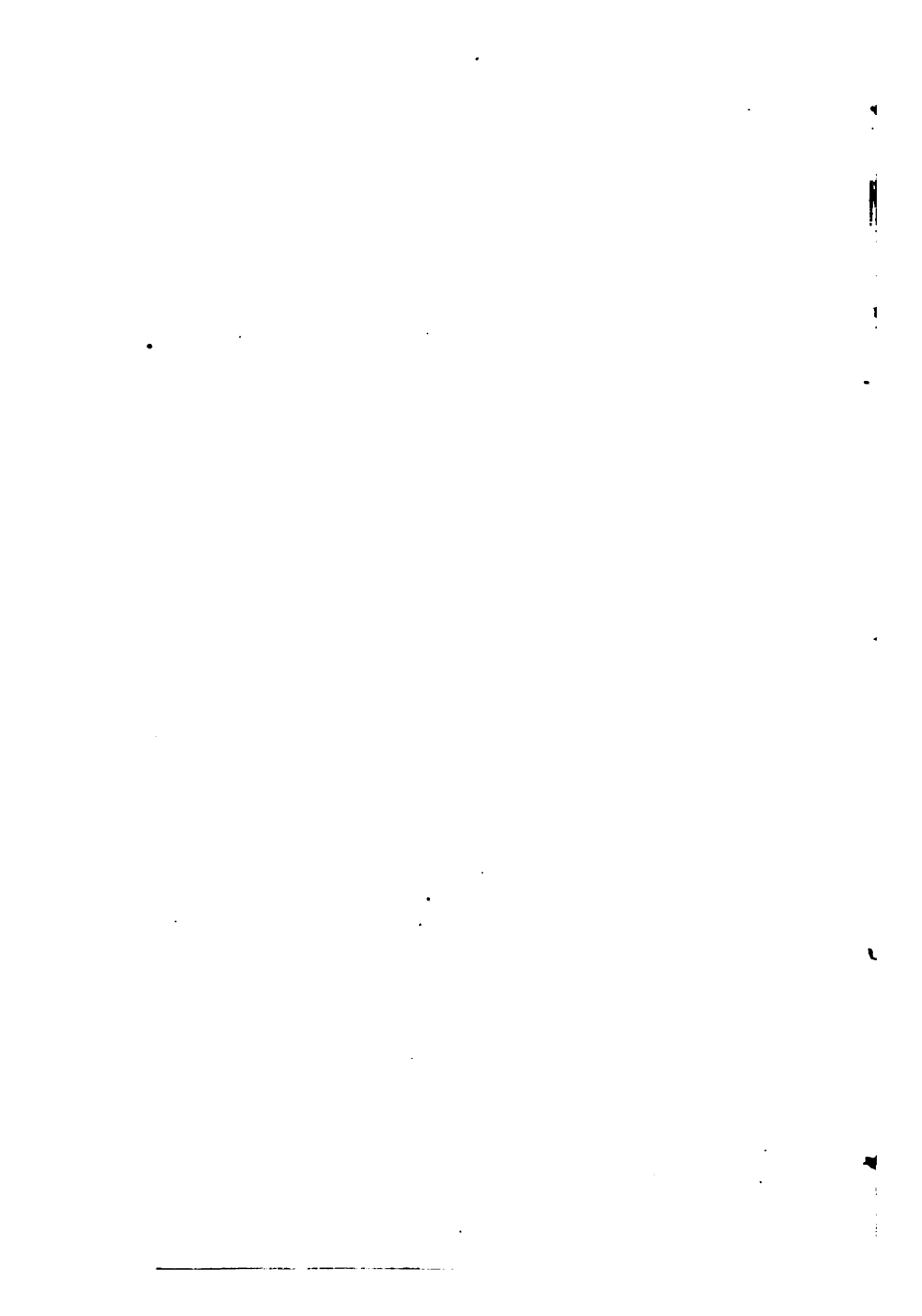
It is enough. Many have gathered inspiration from this brief story of a life. So may it be till the kingdoms of this world are all His whom we call Master and Lord. Amen.

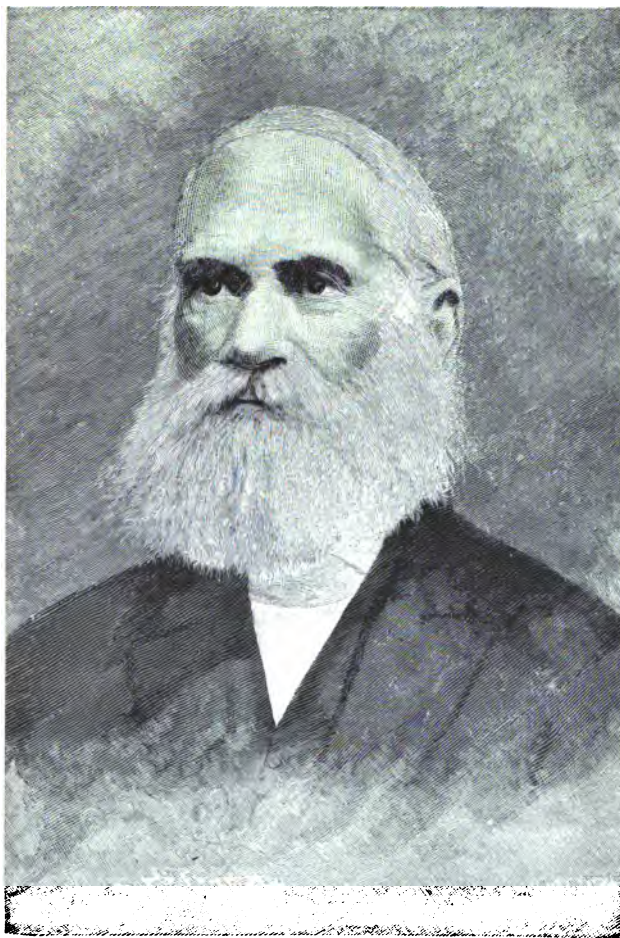
NOTE.—The materials of this sketch were mainly drawn from the biography of Dr. Judson, written by his son, Rev. Edward Judson, and published by Randolph & Co., New York.

XII.

SCHAUFFLER, REV. WILLIAM G., D. D.,
LL. D.

BY DR. H. C. HAYDN.





WM. G. SCHAUFFLER, D. D., LL. D.



AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

XII. REV. WILLIAM G. SCHAUFFLER,
D. D., LL. D.

FROM Olivet Chapel, New York, January 29, 1883, was peacefully buried all that was mortal of a very remarkable man. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, and this simple memorial service was in no respect suggestive of the greatness of the life just finished or the range of influences set in motion since it began in Stuttgart, Germany, August 22, 1798. It is but a labor of love to sketch, from his autobiography mainly, the salient points of the life, work, and character of this good and great man.

EARLY DAYS.

When six years of age, the times being severe, his father, in hope of improving their condition, led a colony to Odessa, on the Black Sea. Of morality and outward respect for religion in the family there was no lack; of vital godliness there was none; nor was there

known to be a single pious person in Odessa or in the region around for ten years thereafter. His educational advantages were scanty. Schools for Germans there were none. His father's clerk was his instructor, who took him through the first principles of arithmetic, the reading and writing of German, Scripture selections, and Luther's catechism. But in a measure he educated himself, copying pictures and poetry, flute-playing, reading novels, history, and travels, mastering French and Italian as well as Russian. At the age of fourteen he was put to his father's trade at the turning-lathe. Until "twenty-two years of age he lived in the world and for the world." Though stirred by many a serious thought, he became very fond of worldly amusements, dancing, billiards, and the theatre included, but his chief passion was music. Just then his career was arrested and turned into a new channel. There came to Odessa a Catholic priest preaching the gospel with great earnestness and power. It was Lindl, "afterward turned out of the Catholic Church." He was at one time welcomed by Alexander II. of Russia, who eagerly received the gospel at his lips. His marvellously fascinating face and voice drew young Schauffler to his services, where he was convicted of sin, led to renounce the world, and accept the free grace of the gospel. He had before this begun to see the emptiness of earthly things, and now a new world of spiritual realities broke on his vision and he became a changed man. As he said, "I lost nothing; I gained all." Worldly amusements lost their charm; and even from music for a time

he turned aside, because it was his idol and because of the company into which it led him. Missionary work early attracted his attention, and five years later, at the age of twenty-seven, invited by "the ardent but eccentric Dr. Wolff," a Jewish missionary, to accompany him to Persia, he left all to follow what he then regarded as the Master's call. He barely escaped shipwreck before reaching the Bosphorus. "Like Abraham he knew not whither he was going, for the Lord directed his way to America, and he eventually embarked at Smyrna for Boston with one dollar in his pocket." He found the plans of Dr. Wolff impracticable, but he was fairly committed to a missionary career, and now turned to Andover instead of Basle or England, as he had once purposed, for a period of preparation. He had begun the study of Latin, Greek, and English before leaving Odessa.

EMBARKS FOR AMERICA.

It is probable that an interview with Rev. Jonas King in Smyrna decided his going to America. It was a tedious voyage of four months. By the sale of a fur cloak he increased his funds to eleven dollars. Arriving at Boston, he presented letters of introduction to Secretary Evarts, of the American Board. He also met Mr., afterwards Secretary, Anderson. He was politely but cautiously received, and advised to confer with the professors at Andover. His linguistic attainments won favor with them, and his flute-playing with the students. They seemed never before to have heard a flute really

played. A year of preparation for the seminary was soon decided upon, and he proposed to sell his flute to buy books, and get work at his trade for self-support. The former was not permitted by the students, for they paid him fifty dollars for it and then gave it to him on condition that he should continue to play at their meetings; and from the latter he was relieved in due time when it came to be known to how much better use he could put his time. He remained in Andover five years, engaged in arduous application to study, often for fourteen and sixteen hours a day. He also assisted the professors in their translations, and was for a time employed as librarian, where he enjoyed many advantages. Of this period he says, "Aside from the study of Greek and Hebrew and general classical reading, I studied the Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Samaritan, Rabbinic, Hebrew-German, Persian, Turkish, and Spanish proper (not Hebrew-Spanish), and in order to be somewhat prepared for going to Africa, I extracted and wrote out pretty fully the Ethiopic and Coptic grammars. . . . For some years I read the Syriac New Testament and Psalms for my edification instead of the German or the English text. . . . I studied fully the Turkish and Persian grammars, and read easy text, so as to be able to enter into Oriental classes in Paris if I should be sent to that city before proceeding to my mission." This must suffice for a hint how Mr. Schauffler spent his time. To accomplish this he resolved to abstain from all miscellaneous reading, and hardly looked at a newspaper. He was entirely ignorant of

the French Revolution of 1830, and he reached France in 1831 not knowing that Louis Philippe was on the throne.

But there was another side to his student life which must not be passed over. He came to America at a time of numerous revivals, reminding him of scenes he had passed through in Southern Russia. He was faithful at the devotional meetings of the seminary, and often went out to Lowell, then just started as a manufacturing centre, and conducted religious meetings. "I shall ever remember Lowell," he says, "with an interest peculiar and tender, because I often went out to that place when tired and worn out with my studies to get refreshed again in the revival air which I never failed to breathe there. As soon as I drew near Lowell, and when I saw the plain afar off, I used to forget all my Hebrew vowel points and accents, and all my Syriac and Arabic, and all my Rabbinic nonsense, and all my theological speculations, and as soon as I arrived I would plunge right into the realities of experimental piety and real life and labor to save sinners." It was thus this great scholar, then and ever after, kept alive that fervid piety for which he was distinguished no less than for his varied learning and linguistic attainments. Herein is he an example worthy of imitation by all others travelling the arduous road of Christian scholarship.

ORDAINED A MISSIONARY.

Mr. Schauffler had from the first expected to become a missionary to the Jews and therefore to lead a wan-

dering life and to remain unmarried. He was led to abandon his plan, in part, and to seek resident work, making such tours as circumstances called for. He was ordained a missionary of the American Board in Park Street Church, Boston, November 14, 1831. He was sent first to Paris to prosecute for a few months his linguistic studies, then passed from the then plague-smitten city to Odessa, by way of his birthplace, and after a brief sojourn full of evangelistic labor went on to Constantinople. He was sent to Smyrna to look after mission interests, and there met Miss Mary Reynolds, of New Haven, then teaching a mission-school supported by New Haven friends. To her he became in due time engaged, though his suit was not pressed until, for sufficient reasons, she had determined to return to America and all other engagements were cancelled. The Goodells and the Dwights, burned out in Constantinople, had taken up their residence, the one in Galata, the other in Pera. Mr. Schauffler, after living with them for a time, found it necessary to the prosecution of his work among the Jews to take rooms by himself, especially as Constantinople was then smitten by the plague. From thence the correspondence was carried on which brought Miss Reynolds to the Bosphorus, and they were married, February 26, 1834, by Dr. Goodell, at the residence of Com. Porter, the American ambassador.

Of missionary life there Mr. Schauffler writes: "Those were rather heroic times generally, and devotion to missionary work was something sweeping. The

highway home by steam was not so much as thought of, and everything connected with missionary work had something the aspect and character of martyrdom." Both had prepared themselves for a solitary life and a short one, to neither of which had Providence destined them.

PLAGUE-SMITTEN DAYS.

We cannot enter into the details of family life which tested their powers to the utmost. The plague raged from 1832 to 1838, which carried off Mrs. Dwight, of the missionary circle, and required ceaseless diligence to prevent contact with the contagion. During the latter part of this period the Armenian persecution also broke out, but of these matters account is given in the pages which treat of missionaries Goodell and Dwight. They all passed through these fires together. After the birth of their first-born Mrs. Schauffler became greatly enfeebled; indeed, went to the gates of death, but was mercifully raised up. The exigencies of their situation, one family helping another, one location changed for another for sanitary reasons, caused them to move five times in a single year. During this period a visit was made to Odessa, chiefly on Mrs. Schauffler's account, and the few months spent there were signalized on the one hand by the birth of a second son and the death of both the children, whose dust was consigned to the same grave, and on the other by revival work in Odessa and the region around, which brought many into the kingdom, and both light and peace into their troubled souls. In Constantinople Mr.

Schauffler was occupied with his translation of the Scriptures into Hebrew-Spanish, and with Sunday services in English and German for local residents. These services were greatly blessed. Mr. Schauffler was a fervid, earnest, evangelical preacher. The spirit and the style are well illustrated in his volume of sermons, "Meditations on the Last Days of Christ,"* with which the Christian public is familiar. His autobiography abounds with thrilling incidents of conversion both in Constantinople and in Odessa, in Vienna, where for three years he resided while his Hebrew-Spanish Bible was being carried through the press, in Stuttgart, and wherever else he sojourned. Those were times of proscription for the evangelical faith, not only in Turkey, but in Russia and Austria no less. The papacy and a rationalistic Protestantism joined hands in Austria in persecuting the little shepherdless bands of true believers scattered here and there, to whom the coming of such a man was like a visit of angels, and great was the comfort and the fruit of these obscure but precious gatherings, continued, now here, now there, for years.

SOJOURN IN VIENNA.

Mr. and Mrs. Schauffler, with their son Henry, born September 4, 1837, left Constantinople for Vienna, May 7, 1839, *via* Odessa, Bessarabia, etc., he preaching the gospel as they went. Great was the eagerness to hear the word. People came long distances after their day's work, slept in wagons, stables, anywhere. A woman

* Published by the American Tract Society.

after one of these meetings sat in the moonlight with a babe in her lap. "And where are you going to sleep?" he asked. "To-night no sleep will come into my eyes, I am sure." "You are not at home here?" "Oh, no. I am two hours from here and came running with my babe after the field work was done." "Why do n't you go back now in the moonlight and get a little rest?" "Why, you will certainly have prayers in the morning before you leave?" "Yes, I suppose so." "Well, I am not going to lose that." Such were the people that Papal Austria soon after put under the harrow of persecution.

A fourth son, Edward, was given them in Vienna September 11, 1839. Mr. Clay was then American ambassador. Many notable acquaintances were made, among them the Archduchess Maria Dorothea, who became their friend. Religious services in English were sometimes held, and not without fruit. And last of all he was permitted at a private interview to lay before the emperor himself his printed Bible, upon which he had lavished the best work of his scholarship thus far. It was printed at the expense of the American Bible Society, and in Vienna, because there was to be found the best font of Hebrew type. In this work of translation he was a pioneer and had taken upon himself to be "much bolder in shaping the text into tolerably good Spanish than any other missionary was willing to be." He had said to himself, "If I but live to finish this work I shall consider my missionary life a success, secured and safe;" and now grateful for God's mercy

he awaited with some anxiety the verdict of the Jews themselves upon his work. This verdict was entirely in his favor, and the book went forth with the approval of Rabbis, a second and larger edition following a few years later.

Journeying from Vienna they spent ten memorable days in Pesth, in the midst of revival work that reached many of the better class of Jewish families and continued long after they left.

ARMENIAN PERSECUTION.

Once more, July, 1842, they are back at their station, and the hospitable Goodells receive them till they can set up their own house. The Armenian persecution continued. The missionary families were closely watched. Being a missionary to the Jews, and having German servants, the Schaffler home was exempt from this espionage, and many a secret meeting was held there. No long time after came the triumph of Sir Stratford Canning, the English ambassador, over the Turkish Government, securing, nominally, the abolition of the death penalty for Moslems who, having first been Christians, had become Moslems, and again desired to return to the Christian faith. This was the entering wedge to the greater concession to all Moslems of a few years later, wrung from a reluctant Sultan by the same English ambassador. He proved to be the man of Providence for the hour, and for the task of fighting out the problem of religious liberty in Turkey.

Sir Stratford was, humanly speaking, the only one

to whom the missionaries could turn for protection, and the delicate duty of approaching him in behalf of the persecuted Armenians was entrusted by the mission to Mr. Schauffler, as he, being a missionary to the Jews, was not so directly implicated. On the one hand was the Armenian patriarch backed by High Church Episcopacy in the person of Mr. Southgate and others; on the other the persecuted Armenians, who had returned to a simple gospel faith, but wished to abide in their own fold. Mr. Schauffler was for a time their go-between with Sir Stratford, rendering invaluable service, afterwards so ably prosecuted by Mr. Dwight. On one memorable occasion, Mr. Schauffler was admitted to an interview with the ambassador, just after the opponents of the mission had temporarily succeeded in convincing him that there was really no persecution at all; but God guided the conscience of Sir Stratford; the cause of His poor was dear to Him, and the right triumphed. Many and arduous were the cares of the mission families during these times, many the sheltered and fed, much the sympathy and aid extended from the United States, England, Norway, and notably from little Württemberg.

Ten years of missionary life were now numbered. Thus far he was the sole representative of the Jewish Mission from the United States, and his chief sympathy and coöperation would seem to have come from the English and Scotch, also represented in the field and finally leading in the work, for the simple reason that missions to the Jews never did take a very deep hold

on our people or mission Boards. At length there was a brief rally, the Jewish work became a separate mission, Mr. Schauffler was sent to Salonica to look over the field, and in 1849, 17 years from the beginning, two new missionaries were sent out, followed by two others no long time thereafter. This move was not successful, owing to the ill-health of some and the death of one, until discouraged, the new-comers, Messrs. Morgan and Parsons, were transferred to the Armenian work. This was done at the Annual Meeting of the station in 1855, when it was also recommended to the Board that "the Jewish mission be relinquished to the Scotch Free Church, who took so great an interest in the work." Mr. Schauffler was not present, not being a delegate that year. It is not surprising that, after 23 years of service, with scant support and slender resources with which to prosecute his work, he felt aggrieved at this summary disposal of the mission, which in reality lay not within the jurisdiction of them who had so voted. But though he might have called for a reconsideration and changed the vote, he preferred not to exercise his right, and "the matter took its providential course." He could at any moment have accepted a position in the ranks of the Scotch brethren. He was afterwards invited to take charge of their work. He also was invited to enter the Armenian field, but declined. He had put through the press a Hebrew Grammar, a Hebrew-Spanish Lexicon of the Bible, and a third popular translation of the Psalms into Spanish; a Hebrew-German translation of the Old

Testament he had, after beginning, committed to other hands. He seemed to feel that his work was done.

PARIS AND THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

Just then the Evangelical Alliance was about to hold a meeting at Paris, and he was appointed by the Mission to bring before that meeting "the great question of religious liberty in Turkey, including the Mohammedans." It afforded him an opportunity for rest, and to serve a cause that was near his heart. The journey, by way of Trieste, Venice, and the St. Gothard Pass, was inspiring and invigorating.

His great object in Paris was to induce the Evangelical Alliance to memorialize the sovereigns of Europe to use their influence with the Turkish Sultan to secure the abolition of the death penalty from Moslem converts to Christianity. In this behalf he made a powerful plea, and when that body was hesitant, and the French members especially were reluctant to lay the case before Napoleon III., Mr. Schauflier carried the assembly by declaring it to be the purpose of that little band of missionaries in Constantinople to fight this battle through at any cost, though deserted of all their brethren! The result was the triumph of Sir Stratford Canning, as above indicated.

The return through his native city, Stuttgart, was both gratifying and comforting. The very morning he left Paris the news of Sebastopol's fall was posted along the streets, and in Stuttgart he was invited to speak on the Crimean war, and addressed an immense audi-

ence. The daughter of Nicholas was wife of the Crown Prince of Württemberg, and the desire to send aid to the Russian soldiers in prison in Constantinople led to an interview in which she deplored that the benevolent intentions of Russia were so misunderstood by England and France. To reply was a delicate matter in view of his opinions avowed in public, but wisdom came to his aid, and he spoke discreetly, compromising nothing. He became the almoner of the imperial bounty to the prisoners.

Having returned to Constantinople, the question what next to do was thrust upon him. To continue the Jewish mission seemed not desirable; to work for the Armenians he felt no call. Since the Crimean war the way among the Turks seemed opening, and to them he felt drawn. The subject was discussed at the weekly meeting, February 11, 1856, and his decision was made to enter the Islam field.

A NEW FIELD.

He at once threw himself with ardor into preparation for his new work, aiming to acquire facility in the Turkish tongue. He says of it, "I found it hard at my time of life, 57, and often felt discouraged. But I supplied myself with books and supported by the thought of preparing, perhaps, for the chief task of my life, went on."

At the Annual Meeting of 1857, held at Constantinople, both the Turkish and Bulgarian work were so attractive as to call out a special paper to present their

claims to the Committee in Boston, a paper that Chancellor Ferris pronounced "the most interesting and important missionary document he had ever read." It was prepared by Mr. Schauffler and Mr. Cyrus Hamlin. "There was but one mind as to the new opening, or as to the precedence of the Osmanli field . . . The whole mission seemed to rise into a higher atmosphere. When the resolution was passed Dr. Dwight was called upon to commend the whole enterprise to the God of missions, and did it in a prayer so full of unction that he seemed to sweep us all from a narrow inland sea out into the broad, vast ocean, to circumnavigate and take possession of the whole empire of the Sultan, and dislodge the false prophet from every mosque. Every face shone." Strange it is that that, to this day, should have been the brightest moment in the specific work for Moslems in Turkey!

HE REVISITS AMERICA.

It was further proposed that Mr. Schauffler should go to America, and both there and in England do what he might to present the claims of the new mission to the Turks. Henry, their eldest, was already in America, and Edward had just sailed, in order, if the way opened, also to study theology. Thirty-one years had sped away since Mr. Schauffler and his good wife had seen these shores. They found a cordial welcome everywhere. It was a time of great financial depression, but it was also the year of the great revival. Religious meetings were of great interest. Stirring themes

occupied the attention of the anniversaries. Mr. Schauffler was kept busy in the States, in Canada, visiting the scenes and friends of his student-life and attending one of the annual meetings of the American Board. Something was gained here for his new work, but more in England. His plans were always broad and aggressive, his speeches full of fire and interest. Rev. William Scudder was then at home from India, also powerful on the platform. It was a stirring time, full of great issues at home and abroad.

To institute a new mission for the Turks on the very field of the Armenian mission, where race prejudices were intensely antagonistic and might call for separate institutions, Mr. Schauffler foresaw might prove a step too costly for the Board. He so expressed himself, but was encouraged to go forward, which he did, but not without misgivings as to the issue. Funds were given in England for putting the rudiments of a Christian literature into the hands of the Turks, and from friends here something for a house to be the centre of the new work; but mainly from a single English friend the funds came to secure this essential object.

THE WORK AMONG THE TURKS.

Mr. Schauffler is again back at his work. The arduous task of translating the Scriptures into Turkish is before him, and with it he courageously grapples. Selim Agha, a convert from Mohammedanism, baptized as Edward Williams, well versed in the Scriptures, gifted in conversational interviews with the Turks, and popu-

lar with them as a preacher, occupied the new house and received all that came, preaching Christ. But some of the difficulties anticipated by Mr. Schauffler, and some not foreseen, arose, among them the entrance of the Propagation Society (High Church) of England, and the determination in Boston not to institute a separate Turkish mission, but to have the Armenian mission cover the entire field; and these led to complications which eventuated in the resignation of Mr. Schauffler as a missionary of the American Board. Henceforth to the end of his life-work he was in the employ of the American and the British and Foreign Bible Societies, engaged upon his great work of Bible translation. Thus summarily closed the "separate" Turkish mission, as had the Jewish before it, to both which he was fully committed; and through all these trying times it is beautiful to see how his faith and charity triumphed, and how deeply conscientious and truly wise he was, his chief concern being the glory of God and the spread of his kingdom.

The Gospels and the Acts in Turkish were published in 1862, the whole New Testament in 1866; some books of the Old Testament followed. The view is expressed that, "However opinions may differ, as they do, concerning the value of this version for the common people, there can be no doubt of the invaluable service done by Mr. Schauffler, whose version will hereafter be *the* version, or the basis of whatever revision is finally adopted."

LAST YEARS.

The veteran missionary and his faithful helpmeet were now entitled to rest. Reviewing all these years, he says, "To speak of the Lord's faithfulness, patience, and bountifulness towards us, and especially me, there would be no end. I need a whole eternity for that. Such as I was and am, my hope is in Christ, and only in him, and will be, I trust and pray, in my dying hour. To him be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

They left Constantinople in 1874. "During more than 40 years of missionary life their house had been a home for friends and an asylum for strangers; and when the aged pilgrims took their leave of the weather-stained old house (the gift of a grateful friend), many a tear flowed and many a benediction followed them." After sojourning for three years with his son Henry, a missionary of the American Board in Moravia, they came to New York to spend the rest of their days with their two younger sons. From their embraces he passed away. "His last illness was brief. No special disease showed itself. It was rather a general and rapid failing of his physical powers, until Friday, January 26, when at 5 P. M. he gently fell asleep in Jesus. The day before this he suddenly aroused out of the drowsy state in which he had lain, and commenced speaking. He seemed lifted to a mount of vision whence he could behold the past in its true significance, and see the coming triumph and glory of Christ's kingdom. He said: 'I have seen wonderful things—the kingdom of God revived, quickened. Wife and I have seen glorious

things in South Russia, the kingdom of God coming, and in Germany, and in the Catholic Church. And now be faithful and prayerful, and be sure the kingdom of God will come. His glory shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea. I can say with thy faithful servant (Bengel), 'Lord Jesus, between us, all remains as of old, and now come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; all my hope and trust is in thee; take me just as I am. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Shortly after he roused himself again and said, 'I see myself as I am;' and, closing his eyes, 'I see Jesus.' He soon saw Him face to face."

His aged widow and four sons survive him and hold his memory as a precious heritage. His was a notable life, of humble beginnings, of arduous labors and many trials, and of great achievements. His was a character singularly unselfish and pure, of strong convictions, ardent piety, of rare gifts of head and heart, and all consecrated to Christ and his kingdom. It was given him to live in a wondrous time, to see great changes in the moral and political world, and to be associated throughout his missionary career with such men as Goodell, Dwight, and Hamlin—four men, who, with their associates, called out this remarkable eulogium of the Earl of Shaftesbury in a public speech in London: "I do not believe that in the whole history of missions, I do not believe that in the history of diplomacy, or in the history of any negotiations carried on between man and man, we can find anything to equal the wisdom, the soundness, and the pure evangelical truth of the

body of men who constitute the American mission in Turkey."

His rare scholarship, and especially his translation of the Bible into Osmanli-Turkish, called forth from the University of Halle and Wittenberg the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and from Princeton College the degree of Doctor of Laws. For his invaluable services to the German colony of Constantinople the King of Prussia, the present German Emperor, sent him a handsome decoration, and the English residents expressed their high appreciation of the abundant labors of Mr. and Mrs. Schauffler for their spiritual good by the presentation of an address with the gift of a valuable clock to him and a silver service to her. But best of all are the honors promised to them who turn many to righteousness; that crown is his, fadeless for ever. "May the mantle of this beloved man, who so won the admiration, confidence, and affection of high and low, of princes and beggars, of scholars and little children, rest upon those who come after him. And especially may they who follow him in missionary service be as wise as was he in winning souls to Christ."

We are privileged, at the close of this sketch of an eventful life, in being able to present a graphic picture of the private walks and ways of this eminent servant of God, kindly furnished by his son, the Rev. H. A. Schauffler.

"The pleasing picture of my father in his missionary home on the Bosphorus lingers in the memory of many an Oriental and Occidental who enjoyed the priv-

ilege of sitting at his table, of listening to his cheerful and instructive conversation, seasoned with pertinent anecdote and sanctified by his all-pervading piety, of kneeling at that family altar and being lifted near the throne in holy familiarity. Shall we attempt to give that portrait in simplest outline?

"We have already seen him as a missionary: look at him now in the family circle, a devoted husband, holding his wife in honor, always ready to share her burdens, to aid in the care of the children, or to put his mechanical skill to some practical household use; a wise, firm, affectionate, sympathizing father, always requiring prompt obedience and strict integrity, but ever seeking to gain the confidence of his children, treating them as friends and counsellors, and watchful to give them every educational advantage he can command.

"Peep at him in his small, very plainly-furnished study. You see a self-educated, thorough scholar, of splendid attainments, fond of philosophy, with whose German masters he is especially conversant; well read in history, particularly of modern times; a remarkable linguist, able to speak ten languages and read as many more, modestly disclaiming linguistic talent, but advising others to 'kill one language with another,' *i. e.*, to learn a new language by the aid of one partially acquired. In this little room that man of God has prayed and studied over every word and letter and accent of the Hebrew and Greek Scripture, and his soul has sometimes been well nigh in agony as he has labored to turn Paul's inverted, pregnant, and parenthetic Greek

into intelligible sentences of a language totally different in genius and construction. He used to say that a translator of the Bible needed the aid of the Holy Spirit as truly as the original writers.

"Now his day's work is done and you find him in a circle of friends. In conversation he has but few equals. Not witty, he possesses such an exhaustless fund of interesting information, has seen and experienced so much, and is so ready with an appropriate anecdote, that he ever finds delighted listeners. He can adapt himself to any one. Whether it be a German professor fresh from the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics or a learned blue-stocking; a Jewish Rabbi who knows only the Talmud or a Turkish scholar versed in Arabic and Persian lore; a European diplomat discussing the Eastern question or a poor Jewish cobbler whom he is trying to save from a drunkard's grave; Mr. Gladstone conversing with him about the Indian mutiny or a Turkish porter reading the new version of the Bible; an Austrian archduchess seeking Christian fellowship or a group of merry children begging for a story, he is equally ready to converse with all to purpose.

"His remarkable musical talent contributes greatly to the enjoyment of the family and of friends who gather every Tuesday evening in the old house to listen to choice music. In Andover and elsewhere still linger sweet memories of his marvellous flute, of which instrument he was perfect master. But few knew that at the age of sixty-five, when compelled to confine him-

self less closely to study, he took up his son's bass-viol and learned to play it so well that he joined other instruments in performing classical music. Propose singing, and you shall see with what enthusiasm he carries his part, singing not only with the spirit and the understanding, but with his whole body as well.

"The more closely you observe him, the more clearly do other traits appear; his great conscientiousness, that causes him to lament his faults, especially his occasional failure to control his temper, which in youth had been violent; his self-denial and self-control, which when once he had commenced the study, to him so fascinating, of hieroglyphics, made him exclaim, 'Oh, William Schauffler, hitherto you have never studied anything that would not aid you in your great work of Bible translation, and now you are indulging yourself. No, that shall not be!' and hieroglyphics remained hieroglyphics to him. Nor will his dauntless faith and genuine courage escape your observation. There is something martial about him. Some one once remarked that he looked like an old general; and true it is that he is as fond of using illustrations from military life as the apostle Paul. When, in his early missionary life the plague was raging in Constantinople, he one day perceived a pimple on his knee. He showed it to his physician (the well-known Dr. Millingen, in whose arms Lord Byron died, and whom my father's influence helped win to Christ), who told him that, if the next morning it was as large as a pea, it was a plague bubo; if not, it was harmless. Without saying a word to any

one, he retired to rest that night as usual, slept quietly till morning, when he found the pimple had not grown.

"You would not be with him long without noticing his generosity, his heart and hand always open to the needy, and no good cause ever appealing to him in vain. How he can give so much from his slender salary is explicable only by the experience of the old Scotchman he loved to quote, who, being asked how, having so little, he yet gave away so much and yet did not exhaust his store, replied, 'I keep shovelling over to the Lord, and he keeps shovelling back to me, and his shovel is bigger than mine.'

"Has he any faults? Yes, and it would not be biblical to conceal them, or, like the painter, to flatteringly omit every blemish from our portrait, and yet intimate acquaintance with him reveals but little to mar the beauty of his noble character. A quick temper, over which he seldom fails to rule; a positiveness of conviction which sometimes asserts itself too vigorously to please those who differ from him, and an inclination to trust others more implicitly than is always safe; these serve to show that the subject of our sketch was human.

"Our last look at him shall be as he appears in the pulpit. He is animated but perfectly natural in manner, and his matter is eminently biblical, instructive, and spiritual. His fine imagination enables him to fascinate his hearers by setting forth Bible scenes in such living colors that you involuntarily start as you see Abraham raise his knife to slay his son, and share the amazement

of the spectators when Lazarus emerges from the tomb. His strong love of righteousness and hatred of injustice leads to unsparing denunciation of wrong; but anon his firm faith in the prevailing power of God's truth and his ardent love for Christ and souls enables him to rise above all else and carry his hearers with him as he tenderly urges the necessity of conversion, pleads with them to yield to Christ, and eloquently discourses of the triumph and glory of the Redeemer's kingdom.

"Such, in meagre outline, is the man. Nature endowed him with a vigorous body, a character simple, honest, and grand, a loving, generous, enthusiastic heart, a powerful, symmetrical, and highly-gifted mind, while grace sanctified, developed, strengthened, and beautified both mind and heart, until out of the obscure young mechanic of Odessa it had made the widely-known, highly-honored and ardently-loved missionary of the cross, the translator of the Bible for two distinct peoples, the champion of religious liberty in the capital of the Mohammedan empire, the eloquent preacher of righteousness, the trusted friend of high and low, the spiritual father of a multitude of redeemed souls in three continents. To God be all the glory!"

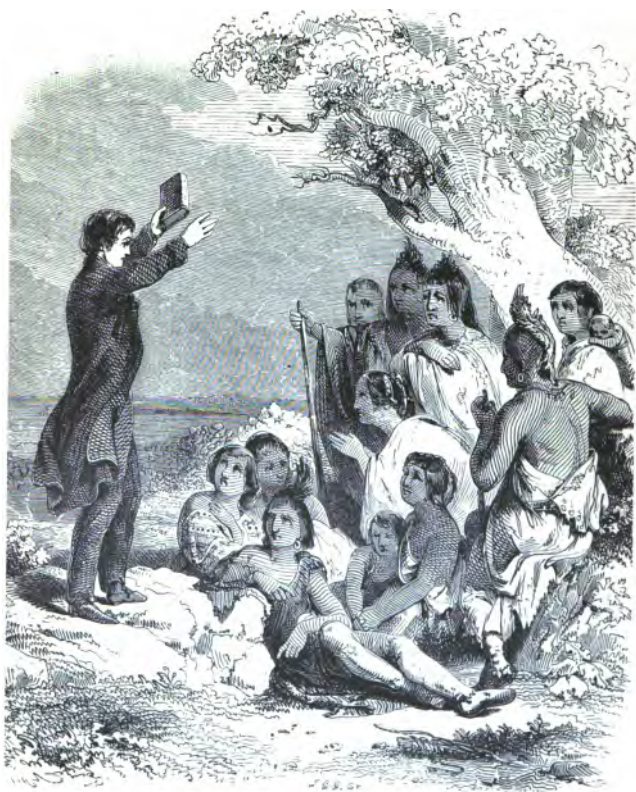
NOTE.—Our readers will be gratified to know that a fuller Memoir of Dr. Schauflier is in preparation by his family and will shortly be published.



XIII.

Rev. John Eliot.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. MCDOUGALL.



JOHN ELIOT'S OAK.

AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

REV. JOHN ELIOT.

EARLY LIFE.

JOHN ELIOT was born in 1604 in Nasing, a village of picturesque Essex, England. Concerning his parents we may infer that they were of lowly estate, although we know little else than that, doing justly and loving mercy, they walked ever humbly with their God. Their pious concern for the religious welfare of their son seems to have been tempered by a tender discreteness. To the tact not less than to the grace shown in his hearthside schooling we may attribute his ample symmetry of character, his rich health and vigor of heart.

Like the "apostle to the Gentiles," the "apostle to the Indians" was equipped with a scholarly training. In the university, probably of Cambridge, he exhibited the thoroughness that ever marked his work. He especially excelled in linguistic studies. His mastery

of structural philology and of the Biblical languages was an almost prophetic preparation for his subsequent labors in the Indian tongue.

On leaving college he became an usher in the grammar school of Rev. Thomas Hooker, at Little Baddow. Our most honored naturalist was wont to sign himself, "Louis Agassiz, Teacher," and public taste approves the chivalrous homage to his profession. But in Eliot's day pedagogy was in poor repute, so much so that it was held to his discredit, as to Milton's, that he had been a school teacher. However, one not indisposed to regard a Divinity as having to do not only with the shaping of the ends of our lives, but with the rough-hewing of them, may well see in Mr. Eliot's connection with the revered Hooker a divine ordering. In the schoolroom he became "apt to teach;" and in the intimacy of his employer he so "learned Jesus" that thenceforth he called him Master. "To this place," he once wrote, "I was called through the infinite riches of God's mercy in Christ Jesus to my poor soul; for here the Lord said unto my dead soul, Live." He soon became imbued with the opinions of Hooker and inspired with a desire to preach the gospel.

IN EXILE.

Laud was now in his bitterest mood. With equal impolicy and inhumanity he sought, by means the most odious, to stay the tide of religious liberty. Under his intolerance Hooker became, despite the intercession of forty-seven conforming clergymen, an exile

in Holland. Forbidden even to teach in Old England, Mr. Eliot determined to cast his lot with the Puritans of New England.

The harsh reality of his exile was softened "in a pathetic way" by a touch of romance, the threadworn romance of love. Noble in presence and nature, it was quite in God's good ordering of things that he should draw unto himself a gentler nature. With her kiss of farewell, a maiden, graced with beauty of person and the rarer "beauty of holiness," promised to follow him soon. Some of his brethren who also contemplated coming to America exacted from him the promise that in the event of their coming he would serve as their pastor.

He embarked in the ship "Lyon" in the autumn of 1631, and on November 3 landed at Boston. The passengers, among whom were the wife and children of Gov. Winthrop, were received with a wide-hearted good cheer that we are wont to think foreign to the Puritan Fathers.

Mr. Eliot found a field ready for his labor. He at once assumed, at their urgent request, the care of the church of Boston, whose pastor was temporarily absent in England. Scholarly, devout, and high-minded, of commanding bearing, with a simple, wise, and most genial way of being helpful to every one, he soon stood in high esteem.

In the following summer she who had betrothed her hand to him came to redeem her troth, and in October they were duly wedded. To this nameless

woman we who have entered into the labors of her husband owe not a little.

SETTLEMENT.

In 1632 the brethren with whom he had covenanted in England settled in Roxbury, the present suburb of Boston. Mr. Eliot was installed as their pastor, November 5. This was his sole pastorate, the base of all his missionary labors.

His parish work was crowned with large and varied usefulness. Several incidents of his life at Roxbury will reveal his character better than description. An incident that created great stir occurred in 1634, and well illustrates the boldness and magnanimity of Mr. Eliot. In that year the Government concluded a treaty of amity and neutrality with the Pequot Indians, then at war with the Narragansets and the Manhattan Dutch. The conclusion of this treaty without the expressed consent of the people was clearly an assumption of authority, but one which, in the absence of any stipulation of the charter as to the vesting of the treaty-making power, has been generally deemed a defensible act of executive discretion. But in the judgment of Mr. Eliot this was a step subversive of popular rights, as to which there was widespread sensitiveness. The pulpit in those simple days was an eminence. When, therefore, the Roxbury pastor from his desk severely arraigned the Government, a shudder struck through the colonial heart. Without doubt the disaffection which persistence in his attack must have fostered

would have threatened good order. The Government appointed three ministers to "deal with" him, which they did so wisely that, convinced of his error, Mr. Eliot made public confession of it.

The following is a good instance of his—often improvident—benevolence. Once, on paying him his salary, the parish treasurer tied it with several hard knots in a handkerchief to prevent Mr. Eliot's giving it away before he reached home. Leaving the treasurer he called on a poor and sick family. While they wept at his kind words Mr. Eliot sought to untie the handkerchief; but the knots were hard. At last he handed handkerchief and all to the mother, saying, "Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you."

A just estimate of any character must take account of its defects. In 1636 the versatile Mistress Ann Hutchinson brought from England her notions of spiritualism and antinomianism. As to the former heresy, our generally most sane forefathers and foremothers were not all reluctant to believe that, if the veil of futurity were not rent in twain, yet there were rustlings of it that showed the imminence of Providence, and that through its thin texture came footfalls showing even whither His steps trended. In resisting this error Mr. Eliot exhibited commendable "frankness and sound judgment."* Than the latter heresy, however, scarcely any could have

* Convers Francis' "Life of Eliot." This judicious work leaves little to be desired, and the writer is more indebted to it than to any other source.

been more odious to the Pilgrim Fathers with their quite Hebraistic legal temper. In their stern persecution of this ill-fated woman Mr. Eliot seems to have shared, but with more temperate zeal than others.

In 1639 he, together with Messrs. Welde and Mather, was appointed to prepare a new version of the Psalms. This Psalter, issued in 1640, is noteworthy as the first *book* printed in America. Very meet it seems that the first utterance of the printing-press should have been a *Te Deum Laudamus*. The version was homely enough; but, despite ridicule, to its staid rhythm the devotion of generations kept step.

With this hurried limning of the character and parish work of Mr. Eliot we turn for the rest of this sketch to his notable work

AMONG THE INDIANS.

On the seal of the Massachusetts colony was the figure of an Indian with the words graven at his lips, "Come over and help us." The charter affirmed that to "wynn and incite the Natives of the Country to the Knowledg and Obedience of the onlie true God and Sauior of Mankinde," "in our Royall Intencion and the Adventurers free Profession is the principall Ende of this Plantacion."

But though the colony was professedly a missionary institution, the colonists' first, and perhaps too exclusive, concern was with their own welfare. When, therefore, Mr. Eliot began his labors he found the Indian heart quite virgin soil.

The chief tribes of New England were the Penobscots of Maine, the Pawtuckets, the Massachusetts, and the Pokanokets of Massachusetts, the Narragansets of Rhode Island, and the Pequots of Connecticut. Their mode of life was the simplest savagery. Their wigwams were of mats, and "occasionally" of hides, and for food they used chiefly corn and wild meats, the latter often eaten raw.

Their religion was a form of dualism. Far to the sunrise was the Author of Good, and somewhere or everywhere was an Author of Evil. Besides these deities there were an infinite number of *manittos* or "spirits," which were veiled in the mists of the waterfall, in the foliage of the forest, and in the flames of the camp-fire, as the spirits of men were veiled in their flesh. When his birch canoe quivered in the throes of the rising waves the swarthy oarsman would pray the *manitto* of the lake to still them. There was an order of priests who gave Mr. Eliot serious trouble. They were called *powows*, and were also the medicine-men. The call to this forest priesthood was a peculiar dream of a serpent. When one had experienced such a dream his companions gathered about him, dancing and feasting for ten days, and thus was he ordained.

THE BEGINNINGS: NONANTUM.

The necessary first step in Mr. Eliot's work among the Indians was the acquisition of their language. To this end he took into his family a young Indian who had gained some knowledge of the English tongue.

After a few months Mr. Eliot was able to translate the Lord's Prayer, a few prayers composed by himself, the Ten Commandments, and other portions of Scripture. Although the Indian language was not the anomalous jargon it was long thought to be, yet the mastery of it was no easy matter. Cotton Mather thought the Indian words had been growing since the confusion of Babel. Here is one word :

"Weetappesittukgussunnookwehtunkquoh."

In October, 1646, Mr. Eliot undertook his first mission to the Indians. Accompanied by three others he visited their camp, near the site of the present city of Waltham. There, in the smoky wigwam of the chief Waban, the refined and scholarly evangelist looked into the imbruted faces of his first native congregation; to whom he delivered the first sermon ever preached on the North American continent in a native tongue. His text was Ezek. 37 : 9, 10. The name of the chief, Waban, signified in the Indian language "wind;" so that, when the preacher uttered the words, "Say to the wind," it was as if he said, "Say to Waban." This coincidence seems to have been quite unintended, but produced a marked effect on the Indians. His sermon was an hour and a quarter long, and would seem to have given the whole perspective of Christian doctrine. At its conclusion the Indians were invited to ask questions. Some of these are significant. One was, Could God understand prayer in the Indian language? Another was, How could an *image* (Christ, "express image") of God be worshipped without viola-

ting the second commandment? They inquired whether God is offended with children, who are themselves good, because their father was bad. The questions of the Indians were answered with great tact, and then they were in turn questioned. They affirmed that they were not tempted to doubt the existence of God because they could not see him, for they were able to see him with "their soul within." They answered affirmatively Mr. Eliot's question whether, when they had done wrong, they did not feel trouble within. At the end of three hours they were not, they said, weary, and requested the missionaries to come again. At parting Mr. Eliot presented them with trifling gifts.

Two weeks after the first visit a second was made. A pathetic question of an old warrior, whether it was not too late for him to come to God, gave opportunity to present the fulness of divine mercy. The first marked response to Mr. Eliot's preaching was given at this meeting, when a stolid brave broke down in tears.

A third visit was made in another fortnight, at which the missionaries were met with a new difficulty, one to which they afterwards became sadly accustomed—misrepresentation. The red men had been incited, by the powows it is supposed, against the evangelists. But, despite this, a deep and deepening seriousness was manifest. When the missionaries had gone, Waban gathered his people at the evening camp-fire and solemnly discoursed to them on what they had heard. More than once that night, when the camp-fire had smouldered and the warriors were asleep in their tents,

the voice of their chief was heard praying and exhorting. From the dull ashes a new flame had shot out on his rude heart's-altar, and it would not smoulder. The word was accomplishing that whereto it was sent.

The work was continued through that winter of 1646-7 without remission, being signally favored by the phenomenal weather. "No snow all winter long," he wrote, "nor sharp weather. We never had a bad day to go and preach to the Indians all this winter. Praised be the Lord!"

EFFORTS AT CIVILIZING.

Three theories as to the elevation of savages may obtain as directing Christian philanthropy. One is to Christianize and then to civilize. A second, to civilize and then to Christianize, may have some, though slight, currency. A third is to make the work of Christianizing and civilizing contemporary—or, as it were better, coincident. "Holiness is the symmetry of the soul." The cedar comes to its symmetry and stateliness by striking its roots deeper and broader earthward at the same time that it lifts its suppliant arms higher heavenward. A wise parent will seek to train head and hand and heart in one interrelated growth.

This was the method of Mr. Eliot, and has been well commended by eminent authority as "a model worthy of imitation for all time." The Indians to whom he had preached were gathered into a community on the site of their old camping-ground, about five miles westward of Boston. At the suggestion of

the English they named their settlement Nonantum, which signified "*rejoycing*, because, they hearing the word and seeking to know God, the English did rejoyce and God did rejoyce." The work of social and industrial improvement began with a will. The wigwams were rebuilt, constructed of bark instead, as formerly, of mats, divided into apartments, and furnished with simple articles of taste and convenience. Some of the Indians adopted the dress of the white men. Mr. Eliot gave the women spinning-wheels, to whose use they were trained by Mrs. Eliot. While schooling their fingers to such simple arts, her lips and the more impressive eloquence of her sweet and saintly life schooled their awaking faith and love to nobler arts.

Mr. Eliot went with the men to their fields to encourage the construction of fences and ditches. He furnished them with spades and crowbars, and for each rod constructed they were paid sixpence. Tools were called for faster than he could furnish them. A nursery was started to supply orchards. The spirit of trade was encouraged, the Indians making and selling brooms, staves, eel-pots, and baskets. They also sold venison and berries in their seasons. A simple civil administration was constituted. In 1647 the General Court established a quarterly term of court, presided over by an English magistrate. Inferior courts for the trial of minor offences and administered by the Indians were, and with eminent political wisdom, instituted.

Religious training was pursued unceasingly by Mr. Eliot with some native helpers. His dusky parishion-

ers soon became, and were always afterwards known as, the "praying Indians." An instance of the influence of his teaching may be noted: an Indian returning one Sabbath evening from church found his fire out; to kindle it he split a little dry wood with his hatchet; this act was deemed by many of his companions a breach of the Sabbath, and was formally discussed at their next meeting.

Very perplexing questions of casuistry arose among the reformed Indians. Mr. Eliot's method of adjusting one case is characteristic. The Indians were much addicted to gambling. When one of their number was converted, the question arose as to the binding nature of the debts incurred in gaming. Mr. Eliot went first to the creditor, pressed on him the sin of gambling, and desired him to remit half the indebtedness. To this he consented. There remained the debtor to be dealt with. Upon him Mr. Eliot urged the sin of breaking a promise, and secured his consent to pay the half of the amount due. "This became the established rule of justice in such cases," but was ludicrously misapplied, so as to justify gambling on the understanding that the winner would demand and be paid but half of the forfeit.

NEPONSET.

About three miles south of Roxbury, at a place which still bears its Indian name—Neponset, dwelt a body of Indians under a sachem named Cutshamakin. This chief is said to have been the first sachem to whom Mr. Eliot preached, and with him he had a varied expe-

rience. To him and several other sachems the colony extended the full protection of citizenship upon their expressed submission to the laws and government. This policy of our fathers is in honorable contrast to that of their descendants. The recent decision of the U. S. Supreme Court that the Indian is not a citizen and has no standing in our courts may be unexceptionable law, but as public policy it is an anachronism and a blunder whose correction should enlist every right-spirited citizen. Cutshamakin is connected with an interesting incident. His fifteen-year-old son had been intemperate and disobedient to his parents. Having been reproved for these offences, he confessed his wrong in the former instance, but accused his father of cruel treatment and of forcing him to drink sack. He was obdurate in his disrespect to his parents, always omitting, in his catechetical instruction, the words "and thy mother" from the fifth commandment, and was reluctant to say "Honor thy father." On the next lecture day the missionaries exhorted Cutshamakin to set an example to his son by confessing his own sins. This he frankly did, bitterly repenting his offences. Touched by this, the son's heart softened and he humbly begged his father's forgiveness. So overcome were the parents that they wept aloud. "The board on which the passionate and stern sachem stood was wet with his tears." "It is," says Francis, "delightful to recognize the subduing spirit of love bursting forth in the bosom of the savage, like a beautiful wild-flower from a cleft of the rock."

But the wild-flower in the cleft heart of Cutshama-

kin seems soon to have withered, "because it had not much earth." When he found that the influence of the missionaries lessened his despotic power, his friendship gave place to a resentful hatred. At one meeting he became so violent that Mr. Eliot was put in personal peril. The sachem, in denouncing the proposals of the missionary as to forming a community of all the Praying Indians, grew so fiercely angry that the Indians who had been friendly to Mr. Eliot slunk away in fear. The missionary stood alone facing the enraged and threatening warrior, but fronted him with calm and intrepid bearing. He declared that he was engaged in the work of God, and that he feared neither him nor any other sachem. The spirit of the savage quailed before the noble bearing of the missionary, and his invectives and threats gave way to appeal.

Interest in the work at Nonantum and Neponset soon became general among the neighboring Indians. Tahattawan, a sachem at Concord, induced his people to petition for a tract near the English, that they might be under their instruction and influence. Their request was granted, a teacher given them, and religious services instituted. They adopted a code of rules regulating not only civil and religious affairs, but also neatness of person and social conduct. The aptitude with which the Indians accepted the restrictions of self-government was significant. Impressively significant also was their aptness for some of the highest Christian graces. Their endurance of the most disheartening trials is worthy of note. Wampas—one of rare native

manliness, as of granite in the rough, not squared and finely wrought—thus expresses one peculiar trial: "On the one hand," he said to Mr. Eliot, "the other Indians hate and oppose us because we pray to God; on the other, the English will not put confidence in us, and suspect that we do not really pray. But," and his consciousness of honesty is indeed "affecting," "God who knows all things knows that we do pray to him." This suspiciousness of many of the English Mr. Eliot admitted, but added, "I and others who are in the habit of seeing and conversing with you have no such suspicion."

The Praying Indians early found a new flower in their hearts, the sweet exotic of "brotherly love." They wondered at it. "How is it," they asked, "that when an Indian comes among us and we find that he prays to God, we love him exceedingly; but when our own brother, dwelling at a distance, visits us, if he does not pray to God, we love him, yet it is not with such a love as we have for the other man?"

WIDENING THE FIELD.

Nonantum, Neponset, and Concord were within a morning's walk of Roxbury. Mr. Eliot determined in 1647 to enlarge his field of labor. In that year and in 1648 he visited Pawtucket, some thirty-five miles southward. At this place dwelt a powerful chief named Pas-saconaway, whose fame in arms and the chase was scarcely greater than in magic. He could, his tribe believed, "make a green leaf grow in winter, put trees into a dance, and set water on fire." At the first visit

of Mr. Eliot this chief feigned fear and fled. The second visit was made in the spring, when a large concourse of Indians had assembled at Pawtucket to fish and to feast; their merry-making reminded Mr. Eliot of the English fairs.

Mr. Eliot's text was Mal. 1 : 11, which he rendered, "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same thy name shall be great among the Indians." This certainly ingenious, if not ingenuous, method of interpretation is characteristic of his simple artfulness. At the conclusion of the sermon the question, so vexing to the theological mind to-day, was asked "whether all the Indians who had died hitherto had gone to hell, and only a few now at last were put in the way of going to heaven." Mr. Eliot's reply is not recorded. Other questions followed, and then at last the venerable sachem spoke. To the joy of the evangelist, who attached great importance to the conversion of the chiefs, he affirmed his belief in the truth of the gospel and his resolve henceforth to live in obedience to it. Two of his sons immediately followed their father's example, professing their faith. The conversion of Passaconaway seems to have been genuine. He entreated Mr. Eliot to come and live with them and instruct them, offering him the choicest location.

"ENDURING HARDNESS."

About the time of his visit to Pawtucket came, from out the wilderness, another appeal for the gospel. A chief living some sixty miles from Roxbury, where the

city of Brookfield now stands, besought Mr. Eliot to come and teach his people. To visit this distant post he would be compelled to pass through a region but recently the scene of several murders. His people shrunk with dread from having their pastor exposed to certain peril. Hearing of this, a sachem, through whose country he must pass, came with twenty of his warriors as a voluntary escort. Thus attended Mr. Eliot set out on horseback. The weather was very unfavorable, and the exposure and fatigue wore severely on his strength. "I have not been dry," he states, "night or day from the third day of the week until the sixth, but so travel, and at night pull off my boots to wring my stockings, and on with them, and so continue. But God stepped in and helped. I have considered the word of God, 'Endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'"

AID FROM ENGLAND.

Hitherto Mr. Eliot had pursued his labors with little aid or good cheer from others. It is peculiarly to his honor that, despite the apathy of most of the English and the antipathy of not a few to his work, despite the antagonism of many of the Indians, he followed with heroic faith his manifest mission. The sachems, almost without exception, opposed him. They subjected the Praying Indians to indignities and injuries, and even to death, it is said. An Indian of pure blood dying a martyr for the truth as it is in Jesus is a picture that might well be hung in our halls of Congress.

Most distressing to the sensitive and high-souled

missionary were the aspersions of his countrymen. Richard Mather states that "it was declared, both in Old and New England, that the whole scheme was one to make money, and that the conversion of the Indians was a fable." A year's labor, however, won for him the recognition of a gratuity of £10 from the General Court, and in 1649 the fame of his good works so stirred the Christian heart in England that a society, entitled "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England," was formed and incorporated by Parliament. The same body ordered a general collection throughout England and Wales for the object of the society. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge issued appeals to the clergy to incite their congregations to liberal gifts. As a result of this Mr. Eliot was greatly cheered. There was some delay in forwarding the supplies procured by this contribution, and this was an occasion of deep distress to him. He construed the disappointment as a token of divine disfavor at his dependence on human means. His church observed a day of fasting and prayer on his behalf. While still assembled in prayer word came that a ship had arrived bringing encouraging promise of aid. Mr. Eliot received this as a "fruit of prayer."

NATICK.

The plan of gathering all his converts in one settlement had long lain near the heart of Mr. Eliot. Coöperation, insulation from the unfriendly Indians, as well as the more inimical arts and rum of the white

men, the stimulus of numbers, and the completer civil and ecclesiastical organization possible, were among the leading reasons for this movement. The funds furnished by the English society made this scheme, into which the Indians entered heartily, practicable. A first and very important step was the choice of a site. On one of his several journeys and surveys for this object he was impelled to retire behind a rock and there pray for divine direction. Very soon thereafter he was led, at the suggestion of some of the Indians, to survey a locality on the Charles River, about eighteen miles from Boston. This suggestion was received as another "fruit of prayer." The location and natural features fitted admirably the plans of Mr. Eliot, and accordingly a tract of six thousand acres was set apart and named Natick, "a place of hills."

Thither all the Praying Indians, save the Cohanits, who insisted on forming a settlement of their own at Ponkapog, were gathered in the autumn of 1650. The town was laid out with two streets on the north side of the river and one on the south. A bridge, constructed by the Indians, united the sections, and a block-house was built for defence. To each family was assigned a house-lot, on which some erected houses of the English style, but most of the homes were substantial wigwams. Remains of the cellars of the former houses may still be seen. A large building was erected by the Indians, the lower story to serve as a church on Sabbath and as a schoolroom on week-days. In the upper story a room was set apart and simply furnished for the

use of Mr. Eliot, the remainder of the story being used as a store-room. Orchards were planted, fields sown, and they were ready to constitute a civil government. They had previously entered into the following agreements: "Powowing," wife-beating, profaning the Sabbath, and drunkenness, were to be punished with a fine of twenty shillings. One convicted of theft was to restore fourfold. They also covenanted to "pray in their wigwams and to say grace before and after meals; to cease howling, greasing their bodies and adorning their hair, and to follow the English fashions."

A plan for their permanent organization was at hand, draughted many centuries before. It was that contained in Exodus 18. This form of government Mr. Eliot considered obligatory, *jure divino*. On August 6, 1651, the Indians met in their first town-meeting, and elected a "ruler of a hundred," two "rulers of fifties," and "rulers of tens," or tithing-men. On September 24 they entered into a solemn covenant, professing—"The grace of Christ helping us, we do give ourselves and our children to God to be his people. He shall rule us in all our affairs, not only in our religion and affairs of the church, but also in all our works and affairs in this world."^a This covenant closed with the prayer, "Lord, take us to be thy people, and let us take thee to be our God."

On October 8 the governor with several others visited Natick to inspect the unique settlement. Their gratification was unmeasured. Gov. Endicott "could scarcely refrain from tears of joy." "Truly," he ex-

claimed, "I account this one of the best journeys I have made these many years." On the occasion of this visit an Indian preached before his excellency "with great devotion, gravity, decency, readiness, and affection;" a Psalm lined by the Indian schoolmaster was sung "in one of our ordinary English tunes melodiously!"

Mr. Eliot soon undertook the training of native preachers and teachers, supposing that "the most effectual and general way of spreading the gospel will be by themselves." Two of these teachers were sent with presents to the Narragansets of Rhode Island. The chief accepted their gifts, but declined their gospel. However, the common people heard them gladly and were helped. A request soon came for other native teachers.

Thriftily and happily the devoted missionary and his wards pursued their peaceful labors at Natick. The palms so lately red with other dye than that of nature came to know no darker stain than the dust of patient toil. Lips but yesterday quivering with the war-cry became with strange readiness attuned to words of charity and songs of praise. A gifted writer has recently declared that Mr. Eliot could not "tame" the red men. She is clearly in error. He, or One mightier than he and kindlier, assuredly tamed them to a marvellous docility. Wholly voluntarily, under no other inducement than a nobler social and moral life, they forsook their wild, fond freedom, their lust, the warpath with all its sweet charm of revenge and daring, and assumed—gratefully, manfully assumed—the restraints and

toils of their new life. "Think on these things," you who account that "there is no good Indian but a dead one."

An exception to the general fidelity occurred in 1654—an exception which was made rather to attest than to discredit the common faithfulness. In the year named three of the praying Indians procured some of the "strong water" (a delicate euphemism indeed!) of the whites and became drunk. While revelling on the river-bank a young son of one of the chiefs came to get some fish and corn for his father. He seems to have lingered among them, and was at last forced by them to drink some of the liquor. He lay out all night in drunken stupor. When the Indians learned of this misdemeanor their indignation was great and unfeigned. A council was convened; the three revellers were found guilty on four indictments, and sentenced to sit a long time in the stocks and to receive afterwards twenty lashes at the whipping-post.

The boy remained to be dealt with. His father declared that he felt "it was now put to the test whether he loved the religion of Christ better than his child." For "standing in the way of sinners" the son was sentenced to sit in the stocks a short time, and then to be whipped by his father before all the children.

This act of discipline was neither suggested nor directed by the missionary. Its significance is not slight.

THE FIRST INDIAN CHURCH.

With a caution that seems excessive Mr. Eliot delayed from year to year the formation of the Indian converts into a church. For fourteen years they remained, it would seem, simply as catechumens. Of their sincerity he had no question, but suspected himself of partiality. Thrice he convened his brethren in council. The first council was at Natick in 1652, the second at Roxbury in 1654, at each of which the Indians made full statements of their faith and religious experience. The statements made by them were prolix enough, but their answers to questions gave great satisfaction. In reply to the question how they knew the Bible to be the word of God, they said that it was "because they did find that it did change their hearts and wrought in them wisdom and humility." "What is sin?" they were asked. They replied, "There is root-sin—an evil heart; and there is actual sin—a breaking of the law of God."

Despite the soundness of their faith and the test of years of their piety, it was not until 1660 that a church was formed. This was at Natick, and was the first church formed among the natives of North America.

THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

Mr. Eliot had long felt the pressing need of a translation of the entire Bible. In the mosaic of Scripture he saw one wide pattern. The portions of the Bible he had had occasion to render into the native tongue, as

mere fragments of the mosaic, could give but very imperfect conception of that one great inwrought design.

The difficulties in the way of translating the Bible were exceedingly great. The task of casting the lofty Oriental imagery, and especially the subtle Greek refinements of thought and phrase, into the clumsy moulds of this savage tongue was one of a magnitude to engage his undivided energy. But the work must needs be done in the intervals of his other exacting labors. It must be prosecuted with slight aid and with the abiding sense that his labor might be in vain through the failure to secure publication.

But the will of this grand man was of heroic fibre. Although his stalwart form was bent with the weight of years, he undertook the task with the aid of some of his Indian converts. The New Testament when completed was, through the patronage of the English Society, issued in 1661. The Old Testament followed in 1663. This was the first *Bible* printed in America. Of this task Edward Everett has said, "The history of the Christian church does not contain an example of resolute, untiring, successful labor superior."

The Bible passed through a second edition in 1685, but this was the last. The language into which it was rendered has become in two centuries a dead tongue, dying with the dusky lips that spoke it. Fifty years ago Convers Francis said that "probably not an individual in the wide world can read the Indian Bible." There is, however, one person still living who can read it, Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford. But, as

Francis has affectingly said, "When we take that old dark volume in our hands we understand not the words in which it is written, but it has another and beautiful meaning which we do understand. It is a symbol of the affection a devoted man cherished for the soul of his fellow-man; it is the expression of a benevolence which fainted in no effort to give light to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death."

This Bible, translated into a dialect of the language common to all the New England Indians—the Mohegan—is of recognized and invaluable worth to the science of language. It is also, or was, an object of intense bibliomania in England.

Mr. Eliot made several other translations, among which were the "Call to the Unconverted" and "The Practice of Piety" of his friend Richard Baxter. His original works were "A Catechism," an "Indian Psalter," "Primer," and the "Indian Grammar," in the native language; and in English "The Communion of Churches," and others.

CLOSING LABORS.

Amid his varied literary labors his missionary activity did not slacken. His plan of gathering all the converts as they were made to the one mission at Natick was found inexpedient, and thirteen other towns of Praying Indians were formed. The industrial and educational work was pursued with ample success, except only in the matter of higher education, which was soon abandoned.

The number of Praying Indians under Mr. Eliot's immediate care was, in 1674, 1,100—a gratifying result of his thirty-eight years of labor. About 2,500 others, scattered through Massachusetts and on Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and who were under the special care of Messrs. Cotton, Bourne, and the Mayhews, may be attributed to the activities set moving and largely directed by Mr. Eliot.

But the havoc of war was at length let loose. *Sparing nothing, it wasted sadly this wide, ripe field in whose midst the old apostle toiled at his twilight reaping. In 1675 King Philip began his policy of extermination. "The white man is in our way, therefore the white man must go." The strict equity and humanity of this political casuistry is seen by us with some difficulty when the edge and not the hilt of the sword is towards us. The story of the dark days that followed is the old one, told with quivering lip and heart from age unto age, of this cruel and insane thing—war. When at last, as Increase Mather says, the English had "prayed the bullet into Philip's heart," they found six hundred of their number slain, thirteen towns wasted, hundreds of homes in ashes, and in sore bereavement thousands of them that mourn.

In this war the Praying Indians tared sadly. Hated and hunted to the death by the red men, they were cruelly distrusted by the white men. Mr. Eliot, who bravely plead for them, was himself reviled and suspected by the English. So cruel is suspicion: when once the boat in which he was sailing was upset by a

larger vessel and his life put in imminent peril, from which he was barely rescued, one, "full of the popular fury," said he wished he had been drowned. His noble co-worker, Mr. Gookin, feared even to walk the streets.

This fanaticism laid its heaviest hand on the converts themselves. At last those of Natick were exiled to Deer Island, a measure to which they "sadly but quietly submitted." At midnight on October 30, 1675, the aged missionary knelt with them on the shores of the Charles. Fervently they prayed while they wept that God would give them to look with charity upon their white brethren and with faith unto God. Then, at the ebbing of the tide, they were borne to their exile.

A crueller wrong was done to the Christian Indians of Wamesit. They were falsely suspected of having set fire to a barn. Fourteen armed men went to their camp and summoned the Indians to come out of their wigwams. Wholly unsuspecting they obeyed, only to be shot at like beasts. One was killed, five women and children wounded. Terrified they fled. When besought to return they refused, adding to their refusal these words, whose simple pathos is as affecting as it is unaffected: "We are not sorry for what we leave behind, but we are sorry that the English have driven us from our praying to God and from our teacher. We did begin to understand a little of praying to God." Numerous similar instances of injustice are recorded. The suspicions of the English had of course a slight pretence. A few of the Praying Indians had joined the

party of Philip; but the greater part were staunchly faithful. Some of them enlisted in the English army and exhibited marked courage and efficiency.

The harshness of their treatment by many of those who were called Christians gave a shock to their faith from which they never recovered. Returning from exile they took up their former life, but much disheartened and embittered.

Nothing, however, could embitter their sweet revering love for Mr. Eliot. Well deserved he their devotion, rare, brave old knight! With the sensitiveness of a mother's love he felt the wrongs of his rude children in the faith, and with the chivalry of a large and Christ-like manhood he sought their redress.

And his was too like the charity of Jesus not to bear the griefs and carry the sorrows of others than his followers. Utterly compassionate, he could not see the captive Indians of Philip's army sold into the hateful West Indian slavery without a burning plea in their behalf—a plea all unheeded, it would seem.

THE LAST DAYS.

With his native vigor conserved by a well-ordered life, Mr. Eliot had now attained the age of eighty-four. But while December wasted his frame, May lingered sweet and fresh and full of song in his large heart. In his simple home his last days wore peacefully to their end, solaced by the companionship of his aged wife. She was ever his good genius. In his deep concern for others' welfare he had a ludicrous unconcern

for his own. Small as was their earthly store, so little thought had he about it that when his wife once pointed to some of his cows before the door and asked him whose they were, he answered in good faith that he did not know.

Four times he and his wife had stood beside a new-made grave and laid a loved child there. In the harsh winds of March, 1687, he stood alone by the grave of his wife, and, weeping, longed to be with her.

Soon after this he wrote to his friend, Mr. Boyle, "I am going home," and on the 20th of May, 1690, the light from that home broke into the gray solitude of his old age. With the words "Welcome joy!" on his lips he

"Gave his being up, and went
To share the joys that wait a life well spent."

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